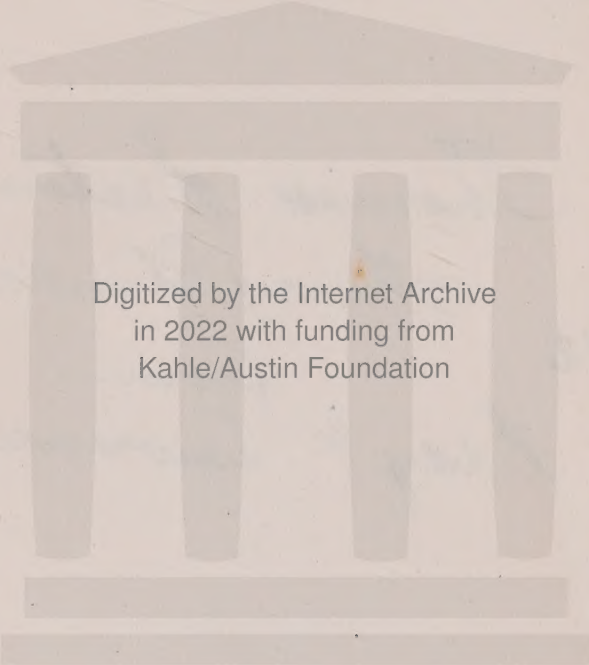


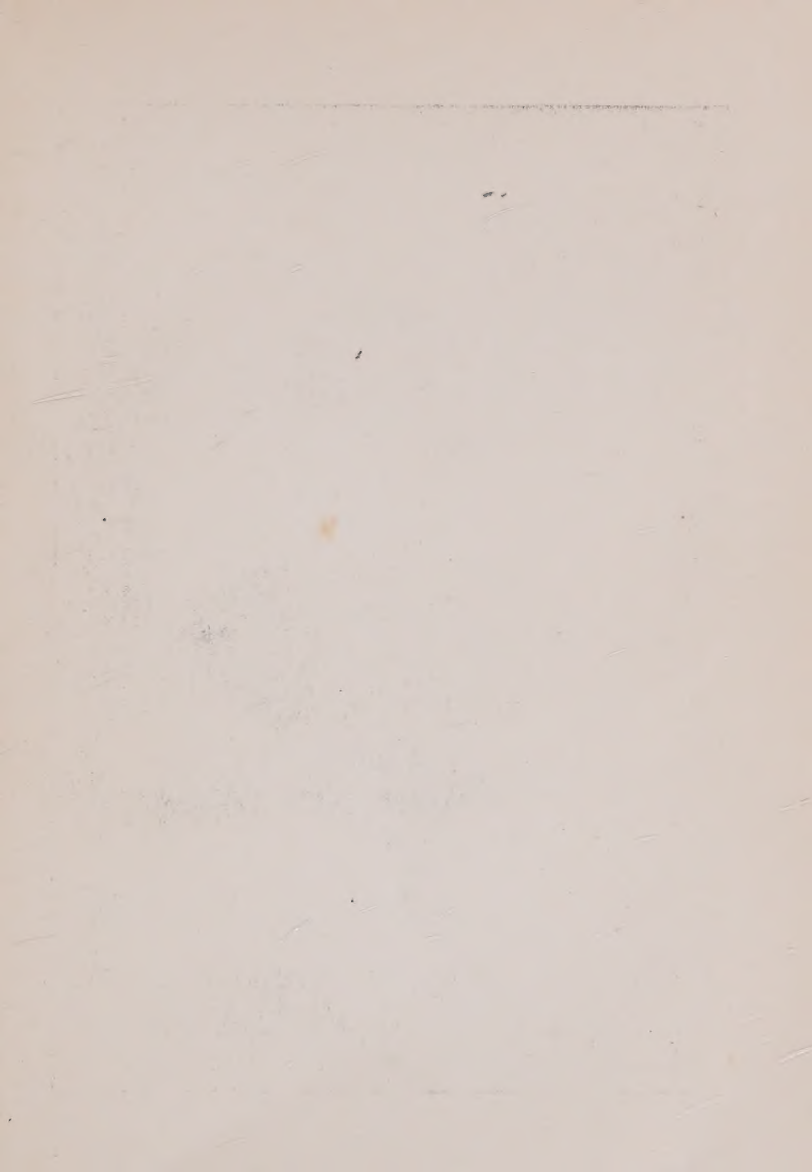
Thomas Sexton
Merry Xmas.

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AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR

BY
ONE HUNDRED OF AMERICA'S
LEADING HUMORISTS

INTRODUCTION BY
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

INCLUDING
WORLD FAMOUS CARTOONS AND CARICATURES

NEW YORK
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Charles B. Lewis—"M. Quad"

The Patent Gas Regulator

"I WAS thinking to-day that it was about time!" observed Mrs. Bowser, as Mr. Bowser came home the other evening with a suspicious-looking package under his arm.

"About time for what?"

"I suppose you've run across some more germ-killer, or a new kind of medicine-chest, or a pocket fire-escape. How on earth you let people take you in as they do is a wonder to me!"

"Who has ever taken me in?" he hotly demanded.

"Everybody who had anything in the shape of a swindle."

"I deny it! You can't point to one single instance where I have made a poor investment! On the contrary, I have saved us hundreds of dollars per year in cold cash, not to mention sickness, suffering, and doctors' bills, by the outlay of a few shillings now and then."

"What new idea is it this time?" she asked, as she resigned herself to the inevitable.

"Mrs. Bowser," he replied, after walking back and forth across the room three or four times, "if I can save one-half of our gas bill just as well as not, I'd be a chump not to do it, wouldn't I?"

"We can save it all by burning kerosene."

"Don't try to be funny, Mrs. Bowser. The gas bill is a serious thing. If I can save anywhere from thirty to forty dollars per month by the outlay of a couple of dollars at the start, common sense dictates my course. If I didn't save to

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offset your waste, we should soon be in the poorhouse. The gas bill for last month was something appalling."

"It was four dollars and twenty cents, I believe."

"What you believe has nothing to do with the matter. If it wasn't seventy-five or eighty dollars, it will be this month. Mrs. Bowser, do you know the principle on which a gas-meter works?"

"No."

"Of course not; and yet you assume to criticize my actions! There is a bellows inside the meter. The bellows is arranged to force the gas through the pipes faster than it can be burned, and thereby profit the gas company. We have paid out thousands of dollars for gas we never burned, and the time has come to call a halt."

"Well?"

"I have here a patent regulator. It is attached to the inlet pipe. With this on, the pressure is decreased and no gas wasted. Any child can attach it. It is simple, compact, and nothing about it to get out of order. By the expenditure of four dollars I save hundreds."

"Well, don't blame me if it doesn't work; and I'm sure it won't."

"Because I wish to save a thousand dollars instead of giving it to the gas company you are sure it won't work. Is it any wonder, Mrs. Bowser, that so many husbands throw their dollars away and pauperize their families? You object to my scheme. Of course you'd object. Nevertheless, the attachment will be attached, and before nine o'clock to-night the president of our gas company will hear something drop."

After dinner Mr. Bowser armed himself with a monkey-wrench, a hammer, a pair of pincers, a hatchet, a saw, and other things, and disappeared in the cellar, and half an hour

Charles B. Lewis

later came up-stairs to rub his hands and chuckle and announce:

"The president of the gas company is already beginning to grow white 'round the mouth, Mrs. Bowser. He won't put in four weeks at the Catskills next summer on our cash. Can't you see the difference already?"

"I see no difference whatever," she replied, as she looked up at the chandelier.

"Of course not. I didn't expect you would. When a wife is determined to bankrupt her husband, she can't see anything intended to save a dollar. The regulator is regulating, however, and I feel as if a great burden had rolled off my back."

A dozen times during the evening Mr. Bowser got up to walk about and chuckle and refer to that regulator, and he went to bed figuring that the gas company would be financially busted in six months. He hadn't got to sleep when Mrs. Bowser asked him if he didn't smell gas.

"Not a smell!" he replied, as he turned over. "The president of the gas company probably smells a rat, but there is no odor of gas here."

It was daylight next morning when a policeman rang the doorbell and banged away till he got Mr. Bowser down-stairs, and said:

"I've been smelling gas around here all night. You'd better look at your meter. The odor seems to come from that open cellar window."

He went down with Mr. Bowser to investigate. The regulator and the inlet pipe had parted company, and for eight or nine hours the gas had been steadily pouring out of the open window and sailing around the corner of the house. At the breakfast table, after the plumber and the policeman and the crowd had departed, and the house had been aired, and the

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cook's wages raised fifty cents a week to keep her on, Mrs. Bowser looked up, and asked:

"Mr. Bowser, if you call it eight hours, how much gas will have gone out of that window?"

He pretended not to hear, and hadn't a word to say until he stood at the door ready to go to the office. Then he turned on her with:

"You can figure it with your lawyer. You can give him the exact hour you sneaked down there and uncoupled that regulator to spite me, and he can work it out. While you are not entitled to alimony, I am willing for the sake of our child that you should have a reasonable sum until you can learn to make straw hats or hickory shirts! Farewell, Mrs. Bowser; the worm has turned!"

But "the worm" returned home at the usual hour, and two days later, when Mrs. Bowser saw the patent gas regulator in the back yard and asked what it was, he quietly replied:

"It's probably an old beer faucet that Green heaved at those howling cats last night!"

Two Cases of Grip

"WHAT'S this! What's this!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, as he came home the other evening and found Mrs. Bowser lying on the sofa and looking very much distressed.

"The doctor says it's the grip—a second attack," she explained. "I was taken with a chill and headache about noon, and——"

"Grip? Second attack? That's all nonsense, Mrs. Bowser! Nobody can have the grip a second time."

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"But the doctor says so."

"Then the doctor is an idiot, and I'll tell him so to his face. I know what's the matter with you. You've been walking around the back yard barefoot, or doing some other foolish thing. I expected it, however. No woman is happy unless she's flat down about half the time. How on earth any of your sex manage to live to be twenty years old is a mystery to me. The average woman has no more sense than a rag baby."

"I haven't been careless," she replied.

"I know better! Of course you have! If you hadn't been you wouldn't be where you are. Grip be hanged! Well, it's only right that you should suffer for it. Call it what you wish, but don't expect any sympathy from me. While I use every precaution to preserve my health, you go sloshing around in your bare feet, or sit on a cake of ice to read a dime novel, or do some other tomfool thing to flatten you out. I refuse to sympathize with you, Mrs. Bowser—absolutely and teetotally refuse to utter one word of pity."

Mrs. Bowser had nothing to say in reply. Mr. Bowser ate his dinner alone, took advantage of the occasion to drive a few nails and make a great noise, and by and by went off to his club and was gone until midnight. Next morning Mrs. Bowser felt a bit better and made a heroic attempt to be about until he started for the office.

The only reference he made to her illness was to say:

"If you live to be three hundred years old, you may possibly learn something about the laws of health and be able to keep out of bed three days in a week."

Mrs. Bowser was all right at the end of three or four days, and nothing more was said. Then one afternoon at three o'clock a carriage drove up and a stranger assisted Mr. Bowser

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into the house. He was looking pale and ghastly, and his chin quivered and his knees wobbled.

"What is it, Mr. Bowser?" she exclaimed, as she met him at the door.

"Bed—doctor—death!" he gasped in reply.

Mrs. Bowser got him to bed and examined him for bullet holes or knife wounds. There were none. He had no broken limbs. He hadn't fallen off a horse or been half drowned. When she had satisfied herself on these points, she asked:

"How were you taken?"

"W-with a c-chill!" he gasped—"with a c-chill and a b-back-ache!"

"I thought so. Mr. Bowser, you have the grip—a second attack. As I have some medicine left, there's no need to send for the doctor. I'll have you all right in a day or two."

"Get the doctor at once," wailed Mr. Bowser, "or I'm a dead man! Such a backache! So cold! Mrs. Bowser, if I should d-die, I hope——"

Emotion overcame Mr. Bowser, and he could say no more. The doctor came and pronounced it a second attack of grip, but a very mild one. When he had departed, Mrs. Bowser didn't accuse Mr. Bowser with putting on his summer flannels a month too soon; with forgetting his umbrella and getting soaked through; with leaving his rubbers at home and having damp feet all day. She didn't express her wonder that he hadn't died years ago, nor predict that when he reached the age of Methuselah he would know better than to roll in snow-banks or stand around in mud-puddles. She didn't kick over chairs or slam doors or leave him alone. When Mr. Bowser shed tears, she wiped them away. When he moaned, she held his hand. When he said he felt that the grim specter was near, and wanted to kiss the baby good-by, she cheered him

Charles B. Lewis

with the prediction that he would be a great deal better next day.

Mr. Bowser didn't get up next day, though the doctor said he could. He lay in bed and sighed, and uttered sorrowful moans and groans. He wanted toast and preserves; he had to have help to turn over; he worried about a relapse; he had to have a damp cloth on his forehead; he wanted to have a council of doctors, and he read the copy of his last will and testament over three times.

Mr. Bowser was all right next morning, however. When Mrs. Bowser asked him how he felt, he replied:

"How do I feel? Why, as right as a trivet, of course. When a man takes the care of himself that I do—when he has the nerve and will power I have—he can throw off 'most anything. You would have died, Mrs. Bowser; but I was scarcely affected. It was just a play spell. I'd like to be real sick once just to see how it would seem. Cholera, I suppose it was; but outside of feeling a little tired, I wasn't at all affected."

And the dutiful Mrs. Bowser looked at him and swallowed it all, and never said a word to hurt his feelings.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bowser."

The Island of Cyprus

MR. and MRS. BOWSER had finished dinner and were seated in the back parlor, when Mr. Bowser laid aside the paper he had been glancing over.

"Pitkins was in the office this afternoon, and the change in him was something amazing."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"I couldn't help but pity him, though I know he is all to

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blame. There's no doubt he drove Mrs. Pitkins into running away."

"I think he did."

"They say he was a regular domestic tyrant. He knew all, and wouldn't acknowledge that she had common sense. If he gave her a dollar he expected her to make it go as far as ten, and he was constantly taunting her that she was no house-keeper."

"I've heard so," remarked Mrs. Bowser.

"That's the way with some men, and I wonder that their wives stand it so long. By what right does a husband boss a wife? Matrimony is an equal partnership, as I understand it. The wife has all the rights of a husband, and in most cases she is just as intelligent and possessed of just as good judgment. By what legal or moral right does a husband hand his wife a dollar for pin-money and then go out and squander nine for his own selfish pleasures?"

"I don't know," admitted Mrs. Bowser, who was wishing the conversation had taken some other turn.

"As a matter of fact—as a matter of fact and right, Mrs. Bowser, you have as much right to our money as I have. Half of it belongs to you. Instead of coaxing and begging for money, you should demand it."

"Yes," very doubtfully.

"I know men," continued Mr. Bowser, as he warmed up to his subject, "who are jealous of their wives' intelligence, and who sit down on them at every opportunity. Thank Heaven, I am not of that sort! I have always been proud and pleased at your general knowledge of things. The fact that you are about as well-posted as I am makes me proud."

"Does it?" asked Mrs. Bowser, with a blush and a smile.

"Of course it does! I sometimes find that you are a bit

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ahead of me on things, and that pleases me the more. If I can learn anything from you I shall be glad of it."

"Won't you get mad if I tell you where you were wrong in talking to Mr. Abner last evening about the Chinese?"

"No, of course not. If I am in the wrong I want to be set right. What was it?"

"You said the war between China and Japan was caused by a dispute over the Island of Cyprus."

"Yes, and I didn't say it without knowing what I was talking about!"

"The trouble arose over Corea, my dear. The Island of Cyprus is in the Mediterranean Sea, thousands of miles away, while Corea is——"

"Mrs. Bowser, do you suppose I've lived for forty-nine years without knowing where the Island of Cyprus is?" interrupted Mr. Bowser, as he flushed up.

"You know, of course, and it was probably a slip of the tongue when you said that the Japanese and Chinese got into a dispute over it."

"Never! There was no slip about it! I am not in the habit of making slips when talking history. The dispute began over the Island of Cyprus."

"Don't you remember when Turkey ceded that Island to England?"

"No, ma'am, I don't; nor does any one else! The dispute began over Cyprus, and Corea had nothing to do with it. The idea of your trying to post me on current events strikes me as rather cheeky!"

"But right here in the paper, Mr. Bowser, is news from Corea in connection with the war."

"I can't help what is in the paper! That's the way with you and all other wives. Let a husband admit that you know

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a tenth of what he does, and you try to make him out a numskull. It was Cyprus, of course. The idea of your standing up and making me out an idiot!"

"You know where Corea is, of course?" queried Mrs. Bowser after a long silence, during which Mr. Bowser's face took on a deeper red and his breathing became more labored.

"Are you talking to me?" he demanded, as he stood up and extended his arm and pointed his finger full at her. "Do I know where my own house is? Have I got brains enough to drop off a street-car? Have I ever been sent to an idiot asylum?"

Mrs. Bowser made no reply. She realized her great mistake and regretted it, but it was too late.

"When a wife thinks she knows as much as her husband—when she even thinks she knows more—things are getting ready for a calamity! She should know her place, and her husband should see that she keeps it. The next thing you'll be getting up and talking about your legal rights!"

"You—you said you were proud and pleased at my knowledge of things," put in Mrs. Bowser, as he stamped around the room.

"And because I admitted that you might possibly have the horse sense to know that both ends of a street-car stopped at the same time, you presume to correct me about the Island of Cyprus! Didn't I say that was the way of all wives? I can see now what sort of a life poor Pitkins must have led, and what a glad relief it was when he found she had run away. Look around you, Mrs. Bowser, and see what sort of a house this is! If you'd pay some attention to our home, instead of having your nose stuck into a newspaper, we might take some little comfort!"

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"I'd like to see one kept in better order!" returned Mrs. Bowser, with a show of spirit.

"But don't sass me back! When a wife begins to sass back, her husband should get his eyes open. I did intend to hand you out a ten-dollar bill this evening and tell you to go down and use it as you liked, but now I sha'n't do it. It would simply be throwing money away. I came home this evening prepared to sit down and enjoy my fireside, and you see how I have been disappointed: It was with the kindest feelings that I frankly admitted that you might possibly know cornstalks from cabbages, and you repaid me by trying to make out that I ought to be led around by a guardian for fear I'd fall into the sewer. They talk about the hundreds of divorces coming up in the courts every term. The only wonder is that there are not thousands and tens of thousands—that there is a husband left in the land who can put up with these things."

"All I said was that it was Corea, and not Cyprus," quietly observed Mrs. Bowser.

"But I say it was Cyprus!" shouted Mr. Bowser. "Don't I know! Isn't it my business to know! Would I be idiot enough to say Cyprus if it wasn't Cyprus! Can any human being on the face of this earth imagine a wife knowing more than her husband about any subject more serious than whooping-cough and nursing-bottles! Mrs. Bowser, you have brought it on your own head! You have finally loaded the last hair on the camel's back! Our lawyers will get together to-morrow and arrange matters, and if you don't want to go to Texas you can go to Corea! I'm going to bed. If our child wakes up, kiss him for me and tell him his father will always love and cherish him, but that he had a dignity to maintain, and was driven to maintain it at the sacrifice of his home and happiness!"

David Law Proudfit

Prehistoric Smith

Quaternary Epoch—Post-Pliocene Period

A MAN sat on a rock and sought
Refreshment from his thumb;
A dinotherium wandered by
And scared him some.

His name was Smith. The kind of rock
He sat upon was shale.
One feature quite distinguished him—
He had a tail.

The danger past, he fell into
A reverie austere,
While with his tail he whisked a fly
From off his ear.

"Mankind deteriorates," he said,
"Grows weak and incomplete;
And each new generation seems
Yet more effete.

"Nature abhors imperfect work,
And on it lays her ban;
And all creation must despise
A tailless man.

David Law Proudfit

“But Fashion’s dictates rule supreme,
Ignoring common sense;
And Fashion says, to dock your tail
Is just immense.

“And children now come in the world
With half a tail or less;
Too stumpy to convey a thought,
And meaningless.

“It kills expression. How can one
Set forth, in words that drag,
The best emotions of the soul,
Without a wag?”

Sadly he mused upon the world,
Its follies and its woes;
Then wiped the moisture from his eyes
And blew his nose.

But clothed in earrings, Mrs. Smith
Came wandering down the dale;
And, smiling, Mr. Smith arose
And wagged his tail.

Katherine Kent Child Walker

The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things

I AM confident that, at the annunciation of my theme, And-over, Princeton, and Cambridge will skip like rams, and the little hills of East Windsor, Meadville, and Fairfax, like lambs. However divinity schools may refuse to "skip" in unison, and may butt and batter each other about the doctrine and origin of *human* depravity, all will join devoutly in the *credo*, I believe in the total depravity of inanimate things.

The whole subject lies in a nutshell, or, rather, an appleskin. We have clerical authority for affirming that all its miseries were let loose upon the human race by "them greenin's" tempting our mother to curious pomological speculations; and from that time till now—Longfellow, thou reasonest well!—"things are not what they seem," but are diabolically otherwise—masked batteries, nets, gins, and snares of evil.

(In this connection I am reminded of—can I ever cease to remember?—the unlucky lecturer at our lyceum a few winters ago, who, on rising to address his audience, applauding him all the while most vehemently, pulled out his handkerchief, for oratorical purposes only, and inadvertently flung from his pocket three "Baldwins" that a friend had given to him on his way to the hall, straight into the front row of giggling girls.)

My zeal on this subject received new impetus recently from an exclamation which pierced the thin partitions of the country parsonage, once my home, where I chanced to be a guest.

From the adjoining dressing-room issued a prolonged "Y-ah!"—not the howl of a spoiled child, nor the protest of a

Katherine Kent Child Walker

captive gorilla, but the whole-souled utterance of a mighty son of Anak, whose amiability is invulnerable to weapons of human aggravation.

I paused in the midst of toilet exigencies and listened sympathetically, for I recognized the probable presence of the old enemy to whom the bravest and sweetest succumb.

Confirmation and explanation followed speedily in the half-apologetic, wholly wrathful declaration, "The pitcher was made foolish in the first place." I dare affirm that, if the spirit of Lindley Murray himself were at that moment hovering over that scene of trial, he dropped a tear, or, better still, an adverbial *ly* upon the false grammar, and blotted it out forever.

I comprehended the scene at once. I had been there. I felt again the remorseless swash of the water over neat boots and immaculate hose; I saw the perverse intricacies of its meanderings over the carpet, upon which the "foolish" pitcher had been confidently deposited; I knew, beyond the necessity of ocular demonstration, that, as sure as there were "pipe-holes" or cracks in the ceiling of the study below, those inanimate things would inevitably put their evil heads together and bring to grief the long-suffering Dominie, with whom, during my day, such inundations had been of at least bi-weekly occurrence, instigated by crinoline. The inherent wickedness of that "thing of beauty" will be acknowledged by all mankind, and by every female not reduced to the deplorable poverty of the heroine of the following veracious anecdote.

A certain good bishop, on making a tour of inspection through a mission-school of his diocese, was so impressed by the aspect of all its beneficiaries that his heart overflowed with joy, and he exclaimed to a little maiden whose appearance was particularly suggestive of creature-comforts, "Why, my little girl! you have everything that heart can wish, haven't you?" Imagine

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the bewilderment and horror of the prelate when the miniature Flora McFlimsey drew down the corners of her mouth lugubriously, and sought to accommodate the puffs and dimples of her fat little body to an expression of abject misery, as she replied, "No, indeed, sir! I haven't got any—skeleton!"

We who have suffered know the disposition of graceless "skeletons" to hang themselves on "foolish" pitchers, bureau-knobs, rockers, cobblestones, splinters, nails, and, indeed, any projection a tenth of a line beyond a dead level.

The mention of nails is suggestive of voluminous distresses. Country parsonages, from some inexplicable reason, are wont to bristle all over with these impish assailants of human comfort.

I never ventured to leave my masculine relatives to their own devices for more than twenty-four consecutive hours that I did not return to find that they had seemingly manifested their grief at my absence after the old Hebraic method ("more honored in the breach than the observance"), by rending their garments. When summoned to their account, the invariable defense has been a vehement denunciation of some particular *nail* as the guilty cause of my woes.

By the way, O Christian woman of the nineteenth century, did it ever enter your heart to give devout thanks that you did not share the woe of those whose fate it was to "sojourn in Mesech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar?" that it did not fall to your lot to do the plain sewing and mending for some Jewish patriarch or prophet of yore?

Realize, if you can, the masculine aggravation and the feminine long-suffering of a period when the head of a family could neither go downtown, nor even sit at his tent-door, without descrying some wickedness in high places, some insulting placard, some exasperating war-bulletin, some offensive

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order from headquarters, which caused him to transform himself instantly into an animated rag-bag. Whereas in these women-saving days similar grievances send President Abraham into his cabinet to issue a proclamation, the Reverend Jeremiah into his pulpit with a scathing homily, Poet-Laureate David to the *Atlantic* with a burning lyric, and Major-General Joab to the privacy of his tent, there to calm his perturbed spirit with Drake's Plantation Bitters. In humble imitation of another, I would state that this indorsement of the potency of a specific is entirely gratuitous, and that I am stimulated thereto by no remuneration, fluid or otherwise.

Blessed be this day of sewing machines for women, and of safety-valves and innocent explosives for their lords!

But this is a digression.

I woke very early in life to the consciousness that I held the doctrine which we are considering.

On a hapless day, when I was perhaps five years old, I was, in my own estimation, entrusted with the family dignity, when I was deposited for the day at the house of a lordly Pharisee of the parish, with solemnly repeated instructions in table manners and the like.

One who never analyzed the mysteries of a sensitive child's heart cannot appreciate the sense of awful responsibility which oppressed me during that visit. But all went faultlessly for a time. I corrected myself instantly each time I said, "Yes, ma'am" to Mr. Simon, and "No, sir" to madam, which was as often as I addressed them; I clinched little fists and lips resolutely, that they might not touch, taste, handle tempting *bijouterie*. I even held in check the spirit of inquiry rampant within me, and indulged myself with only one question to every three minutes of time.

At last I found myself at the handsome dinner-table, triumph-

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antly mounted upon two "Comprehensive Commentaries" and a dictionary, fearing no evil from the viands before me. Least of all did I suspect the vegetables of guile. But deep in the heart of a bland, mealy-mouthed potato lurked cruel designs upon my fair reputation.

No sooner had I, in the most approved style of nursery good-breeding, applied my fork to its surface, than the hard-hearted thing executed a wild *pirouette* before my astonished eyes, and then flew on impish wings across the room, dashing out its malicious brains, I am happy to say, against the parlor door, but leaving me in a half-comatose state, stirred only by vague longings for a lodge with "proud Korah's troop," whose destination is unmistakably set forth in the "Shorter Catechism."

There is a possibility that I inherited my innate distrust of things from my maternal grandmother, whose holy horror at the profanity they once provoked from a bosom friend in her childhood was still vivid in her old age.

It was on this wise: When still a pretty Puritan maiden my grandame was tempted irresistibly by the spring sunshine to the tabooed indulgence of a Sunday walk. The temptation was probably intensified by the presence of the British troops, giving unwonted fascination to village promenades. Her confederate in this guilty pleasure was a like-minded little saint; so there was a tacit agreement between them that their transgression should be sanctified by a strict adherence to religious topics of conversation. Accordingly they launched boldly upon the great subject which was just then agitating church circles in New England.

Fortune smiled upon these criminals against the Blue Laws, until they encountered a wall surmounted by hickory rails. Without intermitting the discussion, Susannah sprang agilely up. Quoth she, balancing herself for one moment upon the

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summit, "No, no, Betsey, *I* believe God is the author of sin!" The next, she sprang toward the ground; but a salient splinter, a chip of depravity, clutched her Sunday gown and converted her, incontinently it seems, into a confessor of the opposing faith; for history records that, following the above-mentioned dogma, there came from hitherto unstained lips, "The devil!"

Time and space would, of course, be inadequate to the enumeration of all the demonstrations of the truth of the doctrine of the absolute depravity of things. A few examples only can be cited.

There is melancholy pleasure in the knowledge that a great soul has gone mourning before me in the path I am now pursuing. It was only to-day that, in glancing over the pages of Victor Hugo's greatest work, I chanced upon the following: "Every one will have noticed with what skill a coin let fall upon the ground runs to hide itself, and what art it has in rendering itself invisible; there are thoughts which play us the same trick," etc.

The similar tendency of pins and needles is universally understood and execrated—their base secretiveness when searched for, and their incensing intrusion when one is off guard.

I know a man whose sense of their malignity is so keen that, whenever he catches a gleam of their treacherous luster on the carpet, he instantly draws his two and a quarter yards of length into the smallest possible compass, and shrieks until the domestic police come to the rescue and apprehend the sharp little villains. Do not laugh at this. Years ago he lost his choicest friend by the stab of just such a little dastard lying in ambush.

So, also, every wielder of the needle is familiar with the propensity of the several parts of a garment in the process of

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manufacture to turn themselves wrong side out, and down side up; and the same viciousness cleaves like leprosy to the completed garment so long as a thread remains.

My blood still tingles with a horrible memory illustrative of this truth.

Dressing hurriedly and in darkness for a concert one evening, I appealed to the Dominie, as we passed under the hall lamp, for a toilet inspection.

"How do I look, father?"

After a sweeping glance came the candid statement:

"Beau-tifully!"

Oh, the blessed glamour which invests a child whose father views her with a critic's eye!

"Yes, *of course*, but look carefully, please; how is my dress?"

Another examination of apparently severest scrutiny.

"All right, dear. That's the new cloak, is it? Never saw you look better. Come, we shall be late."

Confidingly I went to the hall; confidingly I entered; since the concert-room was crowded with rapt listeners to the Fifth Symphony, I gingerly, but still confidingly, followed the author of my days, and the critic of my toilet, to the very uppermost seat, which I entered, barely nodding to my finically fastidious friend, Guy Livingston, who was seated near us with a stylish-looking stranger, who bent eyebrows and glass upon me superciliously.

Seated, the Dominie was at once lifted in the midst of the massive harmonies of the *adagio*; I lingered outside a moment in order to settle my garments and—that woman's look. What! was that a partially suppressed titter near me? Ah! she has no soul for music! How such ill-timed merriment will jar upon my friend's exquisite sensibilities!

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Shade of Beethoven! A hybrid cough and laugh, smothered decorously but still recognizable, from the courtly Guy himself! What can it mean?

In my perturbation my eyes fell, and rested upon the sack whose newness and glorifying effect had been already noticed by my lynx-eyed parent.

I here pause to remark that I had intended to request the compositor to "set up" the coming sentence in explosive capitals, by way of emphasis, but, forbear, realizing that it already staggers under the weight of its own significance.

That sack was wrong side out!

Stern necessity, proverbially known as "the mother of invention," and practically the stepmother of ministers' daughters, had made me eke out the silken facings of the front, with cambric linings for the back and sleeves. Accordingly, in the full blaze of the concert-room, there sat I, "accoutered as I was," in motley attire—my homely little economies patent to admiring spectators; on either shoulder budding wings composed of unequal parts of sarsenet-cambric and cotton-batting; and in my heart—*parricide* I had almost said, but it was rather the more filial sentiment of desire to operate for cataract upon my father's eyes. But a moment's reflection sufficed to transfer my indignation to its proper object, the sinful sack itself, which, concerting with its kindred darkness, had planned this cruel assault upon my innocent pride.

A constitutional obtuseness renders me delightfully insensible to one fruitful source of provocation among inanimate things. I am so dull as to regard all distinctions between "rights" and "lefts" as invidious; but I have witnessed the agonized struggles of many a victim of fractious boots, and been thankful that "I am not as other men are," in ability to comprehend the difference between my right and left foot. Still, as already

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intimated, I have seen wise men driven mad by a thing of leather and waxed-ends.

A little innocent of three years, in all the pride of his first boots, was aggravated by the perversity of the right to thrust itself on to the left leg, to the utterance of a contraband expletive.

When reproved by his horror-stricken mama he maintained a dogged silence.

In order to pierce his apparently indurated conscience his censor finally said, solemnly:

“Dugald! God knows that you said that wicked word.”

“Does He?” cried the baby victim of total depravity in a tone of relief; “then *He* knows it was a doke” (*Anglice*, joke).

But, mind you, the sin-tempting boot intended no “doke.”

The toilet, with its multiform details and complicated machinery, is a demon whose surname is Legion.

Time would fail me to speak of the elusiveness of soap, the knottiness of strings, the transitory nature of buttons, the inclination of suspenders to twist, and of hooks to forsake their lawful eyes and cleave only unto the hairs of their hapless owner's head. (It occurs to me as barely possible that in the last case the hooks may be innocent, and the sinfulness may lie in *capillary* attraction.)

And, oh my brother or sister in sorrow, has it never befallen you, when bending all your energies to the mighty task of “doing” your back hair, to find yourself gazing inanely at the opaque back of your brush, while the hand-mirror, which had maliciously insinuated itself into your right hand for this express purpose, came down upon your devoted head with a resonant whack?

I have alluded, parenthetically, to the possible guilt of

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capillary attraction, but I am prepared to maintain against the attraction of gravitation the charge of total depravity. Indeed, I should say of it, as did the worthy exhorter of the Dominie's old parish in regard to slavery, "It's the wickedest thing in the world, except sin!"

It was only the other day that I saw depicted upon the young divine's countenance, from this cause, thoughts "too deep for tears," and, perchance, too earthly for clerical utterance.

From a mingling of sanitary and economic considerations, he had cleared his own sidewalk after a heavy snow-storm. As he stood leaning upon his shovel, surveying with smiling complacency his accomplished task, the spite of the arch-fiend Gravitation was raised against him, and, finding the impish slates (hadn't Luther something to say about "*as many devils as tiles?*") ready to cooperate, an avalanche was the result, making the last state of that sidewalk worse than the first, and sending the divine into the house with a battered hat, and an Article of Faith supplementary to the orthodox Thirty-nine.

Prolonged reflection upon a certain class of grievances has convinced me that mankind has generally ascribed them to a guiltless source. I refer to the unspeakable aggravation of "typographical errors," rightly so-called—for, in nine cases out of ten, I opine it is the types themselves which err.

I appeal to fellow-sufferers if the substitutions and false combinations of letters are not often altogether too absurd for humanity.

Take as one instance the experience of a friend who, in writing in all innocence of a session of the Historical Society, affirmed mildly in manuscript, "All went smoothly," but weeks after was made to declare in blatant print, "All went *snoringly!*"

As among men, so in the alphabet, one sinner destroyeth much good.

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The genial Senator from the Granite Hills told me of an early aspiration of his own for literary distinction which was beheaded remorselessly by a villain of this type. By way of majestic peroration to a pathetic article he had exclaimed, "For what would we exchange the fame of Washington?"—referring, I scarcely need say, to the man of fragrant memory, and not to the odorous capital. The black-hearted little dies, left to their own devices one night, struck dismay to the heart of the aspirant author by propounding in black and white a prosaic inquiry as to what would be considered a fair equivalent for the *farm* of the Father of his Country!

Among frequent instances of this depravity in my own experience, a flagrant example still shows its ugly front on a page of a child's book. In the latest edition of "Our Little Girls" (good Mr. Randolph, pray, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest) there occurs a description of a christening, wherein a venerable divine is made to dip "his *head*" into the consecrating water and lay it upon the child.

Disembodied words are also sinners and the occasions of sin. Who has not broken the Commandments in consequence of the provocation of some miserable little monosyllable eluding his grasp in the moment of his direst need, or of some impertinent interloper thrusting itself in, to the utter demoralization of his well-organized sentences? Who has not been covered with shame at tripping over the pronunciation of some perfectly simple word like "statistics," "inalienable," "inextricable," etc.?

Whose experience will not empower him to sympathize with that unfortunate invalid who, on being interrogated by a pious visitor in regard to her enjoyment of means of grace, informed the horror-stricken inquisitor, "I have not been to church for years, I have been such an *infidel*," and then, moved by a dim

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impression of wrong somewhere, as well as by the evident shock inflicted upon her worthy visitor, but conscious of her own integrity, repeated still more emphatically: "No; I have been a confirmed infidel for years."

But a peremptory summons from an animated nursery forbids my lingering longer in this fruitful field. I can only add an instance of corroborating testimony from each member of the circle originating this essay.

The Dominie *loq.*—"Sha'n't have anything to do with it! It's a wicked thing! To be sure, I do remember, when I was a little boy, I used to throw stones at the chip-basket when it upset the cargo I had just laded, and it was a great relief to my feelings, too. Besides, you've told stories about me which were anything but true. I don't remember anything about that sack."

Lady Visitor *loq.*—"The first time I was invited to Mr. ——'s (the Hon. ——'s, you know) I was somewhat anxious, but went home flattering myself I had made a creditable impression. Imagine my consternation when I came to relieve the pocket of my gala gown, donned for the occasion, at discovering among its treasures a tea-napkin marked gorgeously with the Hon. ——'s family crest, which had maliciously crept into its depths in order to bring me into disgrace. I have never been able to bring myself to the point of confession, in spite of my subsequent intimacy with the family. If it were not for Joseph's positive assertion to the contrary, I should be of the opinion that his cup of divination conjured itself deliberately and sinfully into innocent Benjamin's sack."

Student *loq.* (Testimony open to criticism.)—"Met pretty girl on the street yesterday. Sure I had on my 'Armstrong' hat when I left home—sure as fate; but when I went to pull it off—by the crown, of course—to bow to pretty girl, I smashed

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in my beaver! How it got there, don't know. Knocked it off. Pretty girl picked it up and handed it to me. Confounded things, anyway!"

Young Divine *loq.*—"While I was in the army, I was in Washington on 'leave' for two or three days. One night at a party I became utterly bewildered in an attempt to converse, after long desuetude, with a fascinating woman. I went stumbling on, amazing her more and more, until finally I covered myself with glory by the categorical statement that in my opinion General McClellan could 'never get across the Peninsula without a *fattle*—I beg pardon, madam! what I mean to say is, without a *bight*.'" "

Schoolgirl *loq.*—"When Uncle —— was President, I was at the White House at a state dinner one evening. Senator —— came rushing in frantically after we had been at table some time. No sooner was he seated than he turned to aunt to apologize for his delay; and being very much heated, and very much embarrassed, he tugged away desperately at his pocket, and finally succeeded in extracting a huge blue stocking, evidently of home manufacture, with which he proceeded to wipe his forehead very energetically and very conspicuously. I suppose the truth was that the poor man's handkerchiefs were 'on a strike,' and thrust forward this homespun stocking to bring him to terms."

Schoolgirl No. 2, *loq.*—"My last term at F. I was expecting a box of 'goodies' from home. So when the message came, 'An express package for you, Miss Fanny,' I invited all my specials to come and assist at the opening. Instead of the expected box, there appeared a misshapen bundle, done up in yellow wrapping-paper. Four such dejected-looking damsels were never seen before as we, standing around the ugly old thing. Finally Alice suggested:

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“‘Open it!’

“‘Oh, I know what it is,’ I said; ‘it is my old Tibet, that mother has had made over for me.’

“‘Let’s see,’ persisted Alice.

“‘So I opened the package. The first thing I drew out was too much for me.

“‘What a funny-looking basque!’ exclaimed Alice. All the rest were struck dumb with disappointment.

“‘No, not a basque at all, but a man’s black satin waistcoat! and next came objects about which there could be no doubt—a pair of dingy old trousers and a swallow-tailed coat! Imagine the chorus of damsels!

“‘The secret was that two packages lay in father’s office, one for me, the other for those everlasting freedmen. John was to forward mine. He had taken up the box to write my address on it when the yellow bundle tumbled off the desk at his feet and scared the wits out of his head. So I came in for father’s second-hand clothes, and the Ethiopians had the ‘goodies!’”

Repentant Dominie *loq.*—“I don’t approve of it at all; but then, if you must write the wicked thing, I heard a good story for you to-day. Doctor —— found himself in the pulpit of a Dutch Reformed Church the other Sunday. You know he is one who prides himself on his adaptation to places and times. Just at the close of the introductory service a black gown lying over the arm of the sofa caught his eye. He was rising to deliver his sermon when it forced itself on his attention again.

“‘Sure enough,’ thought he, ‘Dutch Reformed clergymen do wear gowns. I might as well put it on.’

“‘So he solemnly thrust himself into the malicious (as you would say) garment, and went through the services as well as

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he could, considering that his audience seemed singularly agitated, and, indeed, on the point of bursting out into a general laugh throughout the entire service. And no wonder! The good Doctor, in his zeal for conformity, had attired himself in the black cambric duster in which the pulpit was shrouded during week-days, and had been gesticulating his eloquent homily with his arms thrust through the holes left for the pulpit lamps!"

Robert Jones Burdette

The Romance of the Carpet

BASKING in peace in the warm spring sun,
South Hill smiled upon Burlington.

The breath of May! and the day was fair,
And the bright motes danced in the balmy air.

And the sunlight gleamed where the restless breeze
Kissed the fragrant blooms on the apple-trees.

His beardless cheek with a smile was spanned,
As he stood with a carriage-whip in his hand.

And he laughed as he doffed his bobtail coat,
And the echoing folds of the carpet smote.

And she smiled as she leaned on her busy mop,
And said she'd tell him when to stop.

So he pounded away till the dinner-bell
Gave him a little breathing spell.

But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck one,
And she said the carpet wasn't done.

But he lovingly put in his biggest licks,
And he pounded like mad till the clock struck six.

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And she said, in a dubious kind of way,
That she guessed he could finish it up next day.

Then all that day, and the next day, too,
That fuzz from the dirtless carpet flew.

And she'd give it a look at eventide,
And say, "Now beat on the other side."

And the new days came as the old days went,
And the landlord came for his regular rent.

And the neighbors laughed at the tireless broom,
And his face was shadowed with clouds of gloom.

Till at last, one cheerless winter day,
He kicked at the carpet and slid away—

Over the fence and down the street,
Speeding away with footsteps fleet.

And never again the morning sun
Smiled on him beating his carpet-drum.

And South Hill often said with a yawn,
"Where's the carpet-martyr gone?"

Years twice twenty had come and passed,
And the carpet swayed in the autumn blast.

For never yet, since that bright spring-time,
Had it ever been taken down from the line.

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Over the fence a gray-haired man
Cautiously clim, clome, clem, clum, clamb.

He found him a stick in the old woodpile,
And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile.

A flush passed over his face forlorn
As he gazed at the carpet, tattered and torn.

And he hit it a most resounding thwack,
Till the startled air gave his echoes back.

And out of the window a white face leaned,
And a palsied hand the pale face screened.

She knew his face; she gasped, and sighed,
"A little more on the other side."

Right down on the ground his stick he throwed,
And he shivered, and said, "Well, I am blowed!"

And he turned away, with a heart full sore,
And he never was seen not more, not more.

The Artless Prattle of Childhood

WE always did pity a man who does not love childhood. There is something morally wrong with such a man. If his tenderest sympathies are not awakened by their innocent prattle, if his heart does not echo their merry laughter, if his whole nature does not reach out in ardent longing after their

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pure thoughts and unselfish impulses, he is a sour, crusty, crabbed old stick, and the world full of children has no use for him. In every age and clime the best and noblest men loved children. Even wicked men have a tender spot left in their hardened hearts for little children. The great men of the earth love them. Dogs love them. Kamehame Kemokimodahroah, the King of the Cannibal Islands, loves them. Rare, and no gravy. Ah, yes, we all love children.

And what a pleasure it is to talk with them! Who can chatter with a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, quick-witted little darling, anywhere from three to five years, and not appreciate the pride which swells a mother's breast when she sees her little ones admired? Ah, yes, to be sure.

One day—ah, can we ever cease to remember that dreamy, idle summer afternoon—a lady friend, who was down in the city on a shopping excursion, came into the sanctum with her little son, a dear little tid-toddler of five bright summers, and begged us to amuse him while she pursued the duties which called her down-town. Such a bright boy; so delightful it was to talk to him. We can never forget the blissful half-hour we spent booking that prodigy up in his centennial history.

"Now, listen, Clary," we said—his name was Clarence Fitzherbert Alençon de Marchemont Caruthers—"and learn about George Washington."

"Who's he?" inquired Clarence, etc.

"Listen," we said; "he was the father of his country."

"Whose country?"

"Ours—yours and mine; the confederated union of the American people, cemented with the life-blood of the men of '76 poured out upon the altars of our country as the dearest libation to Liberty that her votaries can offer."

"Who did?" asked Clarence.

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There is a peculiar tact in talking to children that very few people possess. Now, most people would have grown impatient and lost their temper when little Clarence asked so many irrelevant questions, but we did not. We knew that, however careless he might appear at first, we could soon interest him in the story, and he would be all eyes and ears. So we smiled sweetly—that same sweet smile which you may have noticed on our photographs. Just the faintest ripple of a smile breaking across the face like a ray of sunlight, and checked by lines of tender sadness just before the two ends of it pass each other at the back of the neck.

And so, smiling, we went on:

“Well, one day George’s father——”

“George who?” asked Clarence.

“George Washington. He was a little boy then, just like you. One day his father——”

“Whose father?” demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

“George Washington’s—this great man we were telling you of. One day George Washington’s father gave him a little hatchet for a——”

“Gave who a little hatchet?” the dear child interrupted with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn’t. We know how to talk to children, so we went on:

“George Washington. His——”

“Who gave him the little hatchet?”

“His father. And his father——”

“Whose father?”

“George Washington’s.”

“Oh!”

“Yes, George Washington. And his father told him——”

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"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh, yes, George."

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see that he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And he told him that——"

"Who told him what?" Clarence broke in.

"Why, George's father told George."

"What did he tell him?"

"Why, that's just what I'm going to tell you. He told him——"

"Who told him?"

"George's father. He——"

"What for?"

"Why, so he wouldn't do what he told him not to do. He told him——"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George——"

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him that he must be careful with the hatchet——"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with the hatchet——"

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"Yes; with the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his

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hatchet. At last he came to a splendid apple-tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down and——”

“Who cut it down?”

“George did.”

“Oh!”

“But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and——”

“Saw the hatchet?”

“No; saw the apple-tree. And he said, ‘Who has cut down my favorite apple-tree?’”

“What apple-tree?”

“George’s father’s. And everybody said they didn’t know anything about it, and——”

“Anything about what?”

“The apple-tree.”

“Oh!”

“And George came up and heard them talking about it——”

“Heard who talking about it?”

“Heard his father and the men.”

“What was they talking about?”

“About this apple-tree.”

“What apple-tree?”

“The favorite apple-tree that George cut down.”

“George who?”

“George Washington.”

“Oh!”

“So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he——”

“What did he cut it down for?”

“Just to try his little hatchet.”

“Whose little hatchet?”

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"Why, his own; the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Who gave it to him?"

"His father did."

"Oh!"

"So George came up, and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I——'"

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was——'"

"His father couldn't?"

"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh, George? Oh, yes."

"'It was I cut down your apple-tree. I did——'"

"His father did?"

"No, no. It was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple-tree."

"George's apple-tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said——"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said, 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No; his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple-trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than——"

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“Said he’d rather George would?”

“No; said he’d rather he would than have him lie.”

“Oh, George would rather have his father lie?”

We are patient, and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers, of Arch Street, hadn’t come and got her prodigy at this critical juncture, we don’t believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of that snarl. And as Clarence Fitzherbert Alençon de Marchemont Caruthers patted down the stairs, we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple-tree, and he said he’d rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree.

The Vacation of Mustapha

Now in the sixth month, in the reign of the good Caliph, it was so that Mustapha said, “I am wearied with much work; thought, care, and worry have worn me out; I need repose, for the hand of exhaustion is upon me, and death even now lieth at the door.”

And he called his physician, who felt of his pulse and looked upon his tongue, and said:

“Twodollahs!” (For this was the oath by which all physicians swore.) “Of a verity thou must have rest. Flee unto the valley of quiet, and close thine eyes in dreamful rest; hold back thy brain from thought and thy hand from labor, or you will be a candidate for the asylum in three weeks.”

And he heard him, and went out, and put the business in the hands of the clerk, and went away to rest in the valley of quiet. And he went to his Uncle Ben’s, whom he had not seen for lo, these fourteen years. Now, his Uncle Ben was

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a farmer, and abode in the valley of rest, and the mountains of repose rose round about him. And he was rich, and well favored, and strong as an ox, and healthy as an onion crop. Ofttimes he boasted to his neighbors that there was not a lazy bone in his body, and he swore that he hated a lazy man.

And Mustapha wist not that it was so.

But when he reached his Uncle Ben's they received him with great joy, and placed before him a supper of homely viands well cooked, and piled up on his plate like the wreck of a box-car. And when he could not eat all they laughed him to scorn.

And after supper they sat up with him and talked with him about relatives whereof he had never, in all his life, so much as heard. And he answered their questions at random, and lied unto them, professing to know Uncle Ezra and Aunt Bethesda, and once he said that he had a letter from Uncle George last week.

Now they all knew that Uncle George was shot in a neighbor's sheep-pen three years ago, but Mustapha wist not that it was so, and he was sleepy, and only talked to fill up the time. And then they talked politics to him, and he hated politics. So about one o'clock in the morning they sent him to bed.

Now the spare room wherein he slept was right under the roof, and there were ears and bundles of ears of seed corn hung from the rafters; and he bunged his eyes with the same, and he hooked his chin in festoons of dried apples, and shook dried herbs and seeds down his back as he walked along, for it was dark. And when he sat up in bed in the night he ran a scythe in his ear.

And it was so that the four boys slept with him, for the bed was wide. And they were restless, and slumbered crosswise

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and kicked, so that Mustapha slope not a wink that night, neither closed he his eyes.

And about the fourth hour after midnight his Uncle Ben smote him on the back and spake unto him, saying:

“Awake, arise, rustle out of this and wash your face, for the liver and bacon are fried and the breakfast waiteth. You will find the well down at the other end of the cow-lot. Take a towel with you.”

When they had eaten, his Uncle Ben spake unto him, saying, “Come, let us stroll around the farm.”

And they walked about eleven miles. And his Uncle Ben sat him upon a wagon and taught him how to load hay. Then they drove into the barn, and he taught him how to unload it. Then they girded up their loins and walked four miles, even into the forest, and his Uncle Ben taught him how to chop wood, and then walked back to supper. And the morning and the evening were the first day, and Mustapha wished that he were dead.

And after supper his Uncle Ben spoke once more, and said: “Come, let us have some fun.” And so they hooked up a team and drove nine miles, down to Belcher’s Branch, where there was a hop. And they danced until the second hour in the morning.

When the next day was come—which wasn’t long, for already the night was far spent—his Uncle Ben took him out and taught him how to make rail fence. And that night there was a wedding, and they danced, and made merry, and drank, and ate; and when they went to bed at three o’clock Mustapha prayed that death might come to him before breakfast-time. But breakfast had an early start, and got there first. And his Uncle Ben took him down to the creek, and taught him how to wash and shear sheep. And when evening

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was come they went to spelling-school, and they got home at the first hour after midnight, and Uncle Ben marveled that it was so early. And he lighted his pipe, and sat up for an hour and told Mustapha all about the forty acres he bought last spring of old Mosey Stringer, to finish out that north half, and about the new colt that was foaled last spring.

And when Mustapha went to bed that morning he bethought himself of a dose of strychnine he had with him, and he said his prayers wearily, and he took it. But the youngest boy was restless that night, and kicked all the poison out of him in less than ten seconds.

And in the morning, while it was yet night, they ate breakfast. And his Uncle Ben took him out and taught him how to dig a ditch.

And when evening was come there was a revival meeting at Ebenezer Methodist Church. They all went. And there were three regular preachers and two exhorters, and a Baptist evangelist. And when midnight was come they went home and sat up and talked over the meeting until it was bedtime.

Now, when Mustapha was at home, he left his desk at the fifth hour in the afternoon, and he went to bed at the third hour after sunset, and he arose not until the sun was high in the heavens.

So the next day, when his Uncle Ben would take him out into the field and show him how to make a post-and-rail fence, Mustapha would swear at him, and smote him with an ax-helve and fled, and got himself home.

And Mustapha sent for his physician and cursed him. And he said he was tired to death; he turned his face to the wall and died. So Mustapha was gathered to his fathers.

And his physician and his friends mourned, and said,

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"Alas, he did not rest soon enough! He tarried at his desk too long."

But his Uncle Ben, who came in to attend the funeral, and had to do all his weeping out of one eye, because the other was blacked half-way down to his chin, said it was a pity, but Mustapha was too awfully lazy to live and he had no get-up about him.

But Mustapha wist not what they said, because he was dead. So they divided his property among them, and said if he wanted a tombstone he might have attended to it himself while he was yet alive, because they had no time.

—"Chimes of a Jester's Bell."

The Legend of Mimir

It is a beautiful legend of the Norseland. Amilias was the village blacksmith, and under the spreading chestnut treekjn his village smithopjken stood. He the hot iron gehammered and sjhod horsee for fifty cents all round, please. He made tin hjelmets for the gjodds, and stovepipe trousers for the hjeroces.

Mimir was a rival blacksmith. He didn't go in very much for defensive armor, but he was lightning on two-edged Bjswords and cut-and-slash svjcutlassssses. He made chyjeese knives for the gjodds, and he made the great Bjsvsstnsen an Arkansaw toothpick that would make a free incision clear into the transverse semicolon of a cast-iron Ichthyosaurus and never turn its edge. That was the kind of a Bhjairpin Mimir said he was.

One day Amilias made an impenetrable suit of armor for a second-class gjodd, and put it on himself to test it, and boast-

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fully inserted a card in the *Svensska Norderbjarvisk jkanahel-desplutdenskgorodovusaken*, saying that he was wearing a suit of home-made, best-chilled Norway merino underwear that would nick the unnumbered saw-teeth in the pot-metal cutlery of the ironmongery over the way. That, Amilias remarked to Bjohnn Bjrobinsson, was the kind of a Bdjucckk he was.

When Mimir spelled out the card next morning, he said "Bjjj!" and went to work with a charcoal furnace, a cold anvil, and the new isomorphic process, and in a little while he came down street with a sjword that glittered like a dollar-store diamond, and met Amilias down by the new opera house. Amilias buttoned on his new Bjarmour, and said:

"If you have no hereafter use for your chyjeese-kjknife, strike."

Mimir spat on his hands, whirled his skjword above his head, and fetched Amilias a swipe that seemed to miss everything except the empty air, through which it softly whistled. Amilias smiled, and said, "Go on," adding that it "seemed to him he felt a general sense of cold iron somewhere in the neighborhood, but he hadn't been hit."

"Shake yourself," said Mimir.

Amilias shook himself, and immediately fell into halves, the most neatly divided man that ever went beside himself.

"That's where the boiler-maker was away off in his diagnosis," said Mimir, as he went back to his shop to put up the price of cutlery sixty-five per cent. in all lines, with an unlimited advance on special orders.

Thus do we learn that a good action is never thrown away, and that kind words and patient love will overcome the hardest natures.

Rheumatism Movement Cure

ONE day, not a great while ago, Mr. Middlerib read in his favorite paper a paragraph stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism, and citing several remarkable instances in which people had been perfectly cured by this abrupt remedy. Mr. Middlerib thought of the rheumatic twinges that grappled his knees once in a while and made his life a burden.

He read the article several times and pondered over it. He understood that the stinging must be done scientifically and thoroughly. The bee, as he understood the article, was to be gripped by the ears and set down upon the rheumatic joint and held there until it stung itself stingless. He had some misgivings about the matter. He knew it would hurt. He hardly thought it could hurt any worse than the rheumatism, and it had been so many years since he was stung by a bee that he had almost forgotten what it felt like. He had, however, a general feeling that it would hurt some. But desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and Mr. Middlerib was willing to undergo any amount of suffering if it would cure his rheumatism.

He contracted with Master Middlerib for a limited supply of bees; humming and buzzing about in the summer air, Mr. Middlerib did not know how to get them. He felt, however, that he could safely depend upon the instincts and methods of boyhood. He knew that if there was any way in heaven whereby the shyest bee that ever lifted a two-hundred-pound man off the clover could be induced to enter a wide-mouthed glass bottle, his son knew that way.

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For the small sum of one dime Master Middlerib agreed to procure several, to wit: six bees, sex and age not specified; but, as Mr. Middlerib was left in uncertainty as to the race, it was made obligatory upon the contractor to have three of them honey and three humble, or, in the generally accepted vernacular, bumblebees. Mr. M—— did not tell his son what he wanted those bees for, and the boy went off on his mission with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. Evening brings all home, and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middlerib with a short, wide-mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr. Middlerib and a dime. The dime and the bottle changed hands. Mr. Middlerib put the bottle in his coat pocket and went into the house, eying everybody he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person who said "bee" to him. He confided his guilty secret to none of his family. He hid his bees in his bedroom, and as he looked at them just before putting them away he half wished the experiment was safely over. He wished the imprisoned bees did not look so hot and cross. With exquisite care he submerged the bottle in a basin of water and let a few drops in on the heated inmates to cool them off.

At the tea-table he had a great fright. Miss Middlerib, in the artless simplicity of her romantic nature, said:

"I smell bees. How the odor brings up——"

But her father glared at her, and said, with superfluous harshness and execrable grammar: "Hush up! You don't smell nothing."

Whereupon Mrs. Middlerib asked him if he had eaten anything that disagreed with him, and Miss Middlerib said:

"Why, pa!" and Master Middlerib smiled as he wondered.

Bedtime at last, and the night was warm and sultry. Under

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various false pretences, Mr. Middlerib strolled about the house until everybody else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He turned the lamp down until its feeble ray shone dimly as a death-light.

Mr. Middlerib disrobed slowly—very slowly. When at last he was ready to go lumbering into his peaceful couch, he heaved a profound sigh, so full of apprehension and grief that Mrs. Middlerib, who was awakened by it, said if it gave him so much pain to come to bed perhaps he had better sit up all night. Mr. Middlerib choked another sigh, but said nothing and crept into bed. After lying still a few moments he reached out and got his bottle of bees.

It was not an easy thing to do to pick one bee out of the bottleful with his fingers and not get into trouble. The first bee Mr. Middlerib got was a little brown honey-bee, that wouldn't weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by the hind leg would weigh as much as the last end of a bay mule. Mr. Middlerib could not repress a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" sleepily asked his wife.

It was very hard for Mr. Middlerib to say he only felt hot, but he did it. He didn't have to lie about it either. He did feel very hot indeed—about eighty-six all over, and one hundred and ninety-seven on the end of his thumb. He reversed the bee and pressed the warlike terminus of it firmly against the rheumatic knee.

It didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would.

It didn't hurt at all.

Then Mr. Middlerib remembered that when a honey-bee stabs a human foe it generally leaves its harpoon in the wound, and the invalid knew that the only thing this bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of his thumb.

He reached his arm out from under the sheets and dropped

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this disabled atom of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then, after a second blank wonder, he began to feel round for the bottle, and wished he knew what he did with it.

In the meantime strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee, Mr. Middlerib, for reasons, drew it out in such haste that for a time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it lying uncorked in the bed, between himself and his innocent wife. In the darkness there had been a quiet but general emigration from that bottle. The bees, their wings clogged with the water Mr. Middlerib had poured upon them to cool and tranquillize them, were crawling aimlessly about over the sheet. While Mr. Middlerib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled and his heart frozen by a wild, piercing scream from his wife.

"Murder!" she screamed. "Murder! Oh! Help me! Help! Help!"

Mr. Middlerib sat bolt upright in bed. His hair stood on end. The night was warm, but he turned to ice in a minute.

"Where in thunder," he said, with pallid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste, "where in thunder are them infernal bees?"

And a large "bumble," with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then climbed up the inside of Mr. Middlerib's night-shirt, until it got squarely between his shoulders, and then it felt for his marrow, and he said calmly:

"Here is one of them."

And Mrs. Middlerib felt ashamed of her feeble screams when Mr. Middlerib threw up both arms, and, with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared:

"Take him off! Oh, land of Scott, somebody take him off!"

And when a little honey-bee began tickling the sole of Mrs.

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Middlerib's foot, she so shrieked that the house was bewitched, and immediately went into spasms.

The household was aroused by this time. Miss Middlerib and Master Middlerib and the servants were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion by howling at random and asking irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man a little on in years, arrayed in a long night-shirt, pawing fiercely at the unattainable spot in the middle of his back, while he danced an unnatural, weird, wicked-looking jig by the dim religious light of the night-lamp. And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy-blue wasp that Master Middlerib had put in the bottle for good measure and variety, and to keep the menagerie stirred up, had dried his legs and wings with a corner of the sheet, and after a preliminary circle or two around the bed to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, he fired himself across the room, and to his dying day Mr. Middlerib will always believe that one of the servants mistook him for a burglar and shot him.

No one, not even Mr. Middlerib himself, could doubt that he was, at least for the time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own boy could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent, and Mr. Middlerib does not like to talk about it.

—"New York Weekly."

The Great American Traveler

"EXCUSE me," said the man with side-whiskers, as he turned to the passenger on the seat behind him, "but I heard you speaking of Europe awhile ago. You have been there, I take it?"

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"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And I am on my way to New York to take a steamer to London. Were you in London?"

"Oh, yes."

"How much of London can I see in two days?"

"A mile or two, I should say."

"A mile or two—that will do first-rate," said the side-whiskered man as he took out pencil and note-book. "How long should you think I ought to stay in Paris?"

"From eight in the morning to six in the evening at least. In that time you can see at least four blocks of Paris."

"Thanks! Four blocks—ten hours. Good! Is the tomb of the great Napoleon at Paris?"

"Of course not."

"Glad of that. If it was, I should feel obliged to go and see it, and it always gives me the headache to look at tombs. I am told that I ought to go to Rome. Anything special to see in Rome?"

"A few ruins, I believe," replied the man who had been there.

"Then I shall skip Rome. Half of my town burned up last year, and there's no end of ruins to be seen right at home. I've seen the track of a cyclone, too, and you can't beat that for slivers and splinters and ruins. I'll find Switzerland over there somewhere, I suppose?"

"Yes, if you make inquiries."

"I've been told to take it in. 'Most all mountains, I believe. How long had I ought to be doing Switzerland?"

"At least a couple of hours."

"I can give it half a day if I find it interesting. I've got it down here to go to Naples, and to go from Naples to Vesuvius. Vesuvius is a volcano, isn't it?"

"Yes."

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"I never saw one and don't know as I care to. We had the biggest spring freshet in the Wabash this year known since 1848, and a man who has seen seven houses and barns floating down a river all at once can't feel knocked out at sight of a volcano. How's Venice?"

"It was all right when I was there, though most of the people had the grip. You ought to put in a full day in Venice."

"Half a day is all I can spare, and I shall spend most of that in a gondola. Europe, taken altogether, is quite a country, isn't it?"

"Yes, a pretty fair country."

"A man who hustles along can see most of it in three weeks, can't he?"

"He ought to."

"Well, I'm going to give it three weeks, and perhaps an extra day or two, and then scoot back here; and if my going abroad don't knock the other grocers in my town galley west I'll put the price of eggs down to ten cents a dozen and hold 'em down till I have got to go into bankruptcy! Thanks, sir; I've got it all down here—Europe—Rome—Naples—Venice—three weeks—no tombs—git up and dust and get back home again. Come into the smoker and have a nickel cigar with me."

Marietta Holley—"Josiah Allen's Wife"

An Unmarried Female

I SUPPOSE we are about as happy as the most of folks, but as I was sayin' a few days ago to Betsey Bobbet, a neighborin' female of ours, "Every station-house in life has its various skeletons. But we ort to try to be contented with that spear of life we are called on to handle." Betsey hain't married, and she don't seem to be contented. She is awful opposed to wimmin's rights; she thinks it is wimmin's only spear to marry, but as yet she can't find any man willin' to lay holt of that spear with her. But you can read in her daily life, and on her eager, willin' countenance, that she fully realizes the sweet words of the poet, "While there is life there is hope."

Betsey hain't handsome. Her cheek-bones are high, and she bein' not much more than skin and bone they show plainer than they would if she was in good order. Her complexion (not that I blame her for it) hain't good, and her eyes are little and sot way back in her head. Time has seen fit to deprive her of her hair and teeth, but her large nose he has kindly suffered her to keep; but she has got the best white ivory teeth money will buy, and two long curls fastened behind each ear, besides frizzles on the top of her head; and if she wasn't naturally bald, and if the curls was the color of her hair, they would look well. She is awful sentimental; I have seen a good many that had it bad, but of all the sentimental creeters I ever did see, Betsey Bobbet is the sentimentalest; you couldn't squeeze a laugh out of her with a cheese-press.

As I said, she is awful opposed to wimmin's havin' any right,

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only the right to get married. She holds on to that right as tight as any single woman I ever see, which makes it hard and wearyin' on the single men 'round here.

For take the men that are the most opposed to wimmin's havin' a right, and talk the most about its bein' her duty to cling to man like a vine to a tree, they don't want Betsey to cling to them; they *won't* let her cling to 'em. For when they would be a-goin' on about how wicked it was for wimmin' to vote, and it was her only spear to marry, says I to 'em, "Which had you ruther do: let Betsey Bobbet cling to you, or let her vote?" and they would every one of 'em quail before that question. They would drop their heads before my keen gray eyes, and move off the subject.

But Betsey don't get discouraged. Every time I see her she says in a hopeful, wishful tone, "That the deepest men of minds in the country agree with her in thinkin' that it is wimmin's duty to marry and not to vote." And then she talks a sight about the retirin' modesty and dignity of the fair sect, and how shameful and revoltin' it would be to see wimmin throwin' 'em away and boldly and unblushin'ly talkin' about law and justice.

Why, to hear Betsey Bobbet talk about wimmin's throwin' their modesty away, you would think if they ever went to the political pole they would have to take their dignity and modesty and throw 'em against the pole, and go without any all the rest of their lives.

Now I don't believe in no such stuff as that. I think a woman can be bold and unwomanly in other things besides goin' with a thick veil over her face, and a brass-mounted parasol, once a year, and gently and quietly dropping a vote for a Christian President or a religious and noble-minded pathmaster.

She thinks she talks dreadful polite and proper. She says "I was cameing," instead of "I was coming"; and "I have

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saw," instead of "I have seen"; and "papah" for paper, and "deah" for dear. I don't know much about grammer, but common sense goes a good ways. She writes the poetry for the *Jonesville Augur*, or "*Augah*," as she calls it. She used to write for the opposition paper, the *Jonesville Gimlet*, but the editor of the *Augur*, a long-haired chap, who moved into Jonesville a few months ago, lost his wife soon after he come there, and sence that she has turned Dimocrat, and writes for his paper stidy. They say that he is a dreadful big-feelin' man, and I have heard—it came right straight to me—his cousin's wife's sister told it to the mother-in-law of one of my neighbor's brother's wife, that he didn't like Betsey's poetry at all, and all he printed it for was to plague the editor of the *Gimlet*, because she used to write for him. I myself wouldn't give a cent a bushel for all the poetry she can write. And it seems to me that if I was Betsey I wouldn't try to write so much. Howsumever, I don't know what turn I should take if I was Betsey Bobbet; that is a solemn subject, and one I don't love to think on.

I never shall forget the first piece of her poetry I ever see. Josiah Allen and I had both on us been married goin' on a year, and I had occasion to go to his trunk one day, where he kept a lot of old papers, and the first thing I laid my hand on was these verses. Josiah went with her a few times after his wife died, on the Fourth of July or so, and two or three camp-meetin's, and the poetry seemed to be wrote about the time *we* was married. It was directed over the top of it, "Owed to Josiah," just as if she were in debt to him. This was the way it read:

Marietta Holley

Owed to Josiah

“Josiah, I the tale have hurn,
With rigid ear, and streaming eye,
I saw from me that you did turn,
I never knew the reason why.

Oh, Josiah,
It seemed as if I must expiah.

“Why did you—oh, why did you blow
Upon my life of snowy sleet,
The fiah of love to fiercest glow,
Then turn a dampah on the heat?

Oh, Josiah,
It seemed as if I must expiah.

“I saw thee coming down the street,
She by your side in bonnet bloo;
The stuns that grated 'neath thy feet
Seemed crunching on my vitals, too.

Oh, Josiah,
It seemed as if I must expiah.

“I saw thee washing sheep last night,
On the bridge I stood with marble brow,
The waters raged, thou clasped it tight,
I sighed, ‘Should both be drowned now’—

I thought, Josiah,
Oh, happy sheep to thus expiah.”

I showed the poetry to Josiah that night after he came home, and told him I had read it. He looked awful ashamed to think I had seen it, and says he, with a dreadful sheepish look: “The

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persecution I underwent from that female can never be told; she fairly hunted me down. I hadn't no rest for the soles of my feet. I thought one spell she would marry me in spite of all I could do, without givin' me the benefit of law or gospel." He see I looked stern, and he added with a sick-lookin' smile, "I thought one spell," to use Betsey's language, "I was a gonah."

I didn't smile. Oh, no, for the deep principle of my sect was reared up. I says to him, in a tone cold enough to almost freeze his ears: "Josiah Allen, shet up. Of all the cowardly things a man ever done, it is goin' 'round braggin' about wimmin likin' 'em, and foller'n' 'em up. Enny man that'll do that is little enough to crawl through a knot-hole without rubbing his clothes." Says I: "I suppose you made her think the moon rose in your head and set in your heels. I daresay you acted foolish enough round her to sicken a snipe, and if you makes fun of her now to please me, I let you know you have got holt of the wrong individual.

"Now," says I, "go to bed," and I added, in still more freezing accents, "for I want to mend your pantaloons." He gathered up his shoes and stockin's and started off to bed, and we hain't never passed a word on the subject sence. I believe when you disagree with your pardner, in freein' your *mind* in the first on't, and then not to be a-twittin' about it afterward. And as for bein' jealous, I should jest as soon think of bein' jealous of a meetin'-house as I should of Josiah. He is a well-principled man. And I guess he wasn't fur out o' the way about Betsey Bobbet, though I wouldn't encourage him by lettin' him say a word on the subject, for I always make it a rule to stand up for my own sect; but when I hear her go on about the editor of the *Augur*, I can believe anything about Betsey Bobbet.

Marietta Holley

She came in here one day last week. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. I had got my house slick as a pin, and my dinner under way (I was goin' to have a b'iled dinner, and a cherry puddin' b'iled, with sweet sass to eat on it), and I sot down to finish sewin' up the breadth of my new rag carpet. I thought I would get it done while I hadn't so much to do, for it bein' the first of March I knew sugarin' would be comin' on, and then cleanin'-house time, and I wanted it to put down jest as soon as the stove was carried out in the summer kitchen. The fire was sparklin' away, and the painted floor a-shinin' and the dinner a-b'ilin', and I sot there sewin' jest as calm as a clock, not dreamin' of no trouble, when in came Betsey Bobbet.

I met her with outward calm, and asked her to set down and lay off her things. She sot down, but she said she couldn't lay off her things. Says she: "I was comin' down past, and I thought I would call and let you see the last numbah of the *Augah*. There is a piece in it concernin' the tariff that stirs men's souls. I like it evah so much."

She handed me the paper, folded so I couldn't see nothin' but a piece of poetry by Betsey Bobbet. I see what she wanted of me, and so I dropped my breadths of carpetin' and took hold of it, and began to read it.

"Read it audible, if you please," says she. "Especially the precious remahks ovah it; it is such a feast for me to be a-sittin' and heah it rehearsed by a musical vorce."

Says I, "I s'pose I can rehearse it if it will do you any good," so I began as follows:

"It is seldom that we present to the readers of the *Augur* (the best paper for the fireside in Jonesville or the world) with a poem like the following. It may be, by the assistance of the *Augur* (only twelve shillings a year in advance, wood and potatoes taken in exchange), the name of Betsey Bobbet will yet be carved on the

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lofty pinnacle of Fame's towering pillow. We think, however, that she could study such writers as Sylvanus Cobb and Tupper with profit both to herself and to them.

—"EDITOR OF THE *Augur*."

Here Betsey interrupted me. "The deah editah of the *Augah* has no need to advise me to read Tuppah, for he is indeed my most favorite authar. You have devorhed him, haven't you, Josiah Allen's wife?"

"Devoured who?" says I, in a tone pretty near as cold as a cold icicle.

"Mahten Fahqueah Tuppah, that sweet authar," says she.

"No, mam," says I shortly; "I hain't devoured Martin Farquhar Tupper, nor no other man. I hain't a cannibal."

"Oh, you understand me not; I meant, devorhed his sweet, tender lines."

"I hain't devoured his tenderlines, nor nothin' relatin' to him," and I made a motion to lay the paper down, but Betsey urged me to go on, and so I read:

"Gushings of a Tendah Soul

"Oh, let who will,
Oh, let who can,
Be tied onto
A horrid male man."

"Thus said I ere
My tendah heart was touched;
Thus said I ere
My tendah feelings gushed.

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"But oh, a change
Hath swept ore me,
As billows sweep
The 'deep blue sea.'

"A voice, a noble form
One day I saw;
An arrow flew,
My heart is nearly raw.

"His first pardner lies
Beneath the turf;
He is wondering now
In sorrow's briny surf.

"Two twins, the little
Death cherub creechahs,
Now wipe the teahs
From off his classic feachahs.

"Oh, sweet lot, worthy
Angel arisen,
To wipe teahs
From eyes like hisen."

"What think you of it?" says she, as I finished readin'.

I looked right at her 'most a minute with a majestic look. In spite of her false curls and her new white ivory teeth, she is a humbly critter. I looked at her silently while she sot and twisted her long yellow bunnet-strings, and then I spoke out. "Hain't the editor of the *Augur* a widower with a pair of twins?"

"Yes," says she, with a happy look.

Then says I, "If the man hain't a fool, he'll think you are one."

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"Oh!" says she, and she dropped her bunnet-strings and clasped her long bony hands together in her brown cotton gloves. "Oh, we ahdent soles of genious have feelin's you cold, practical natures know nuthing of, and if they did not gush out in poetry we should expiah. You may as well try to tie up the gushing catarack of Niagarah with a piece of welting-cord as to tie up the feelin's of an ahdent sole."

"Ardent sole!" says I coldly. "Which makes the most noise, Betsey Bobbet, a three-inch brook or a ten-footer? which is the tearer? which is the roarer? Deep waters run stillest. I have no faith in feelin's that's talk round in public in mournin' weeds. I have no faith in such mourners," says I.

"Oh, Josiah's wife, cold, practical female being, you know me not; we are sundered as fah apart as if you was sitting on the North Pole and I was sitting on the South Pole. Uncongenial being, you know me not."

"I may not know you, Betsey Bobbet, but I do know decency, and I know that no munny would tempt me to write such stuff as that poetry and send it to a widower with twins."

"Oh!" says she, "what appeals to the tendah feelin' heart of a single female woman more than to see a lonely man who has lost his relict? And pity never seems so much like pity as when it is given to the deah little children of widowehs. And," says she, "I think moah than as likely as not, this soaring sole of genious did not wed his affinity, but was united to a mere woman of clay."

"Mere woman of clay!" says I, fixin' my spektacles upon her in a most searchin' manner. "Where will you find a woman, Betsey Bobbet, that hain't more or less clay? And affinity, that is the meanest word I ever heard; no married woman has any right to hear it. I'll excuse you, bein' a female;

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but if a man had said it to me I'd holler to Josiah. There is a time for everything, and the time to hunt affinity is before you are married; married folks hain't no right to hunt it," says I sternly.

"We kindred soah above such petty feelin's—we soah far above them."

"I hain't much of a soarer," says I, "and I don't pretend to be; and to tell you the truth," says I, "I am glad I hain't."

"The editah of the *Aukah*," says she, and she grasped the paper offen the stand and folded it up, and presented it at me like a spear, "the editah of this paper is a kindred sole; he appreciates me, he undahstands me, and will not our names in the pages of this very papah go down to posterety togethah?"

"Then," says I, drove out of all patience with her, "I wish you was there now, both of you. I wish," says I, lookin' fixedly on her, "I wish you was both of you in posterity now."

—"*My Opinions and Betsey Bobbet's.*"

A Pleasure Exertion

WAL, the very next mornin' Josiah got up with a new idee in his head; and he broached it to me to the breakfast table. They have been havin' sights of pleasure exertions here to Jonesville lately. Every week a'most they would go off on a exertion after pleasure, and Josiah was all up on end to go too

That man is a well-principled man as I ever see, but if he had his head he would be worse than any young man I ever see to foller up picnics and 4th of Julys and camp-meetin's and all pleasure exertions. But I don't encourage him in it. I have said to him time and again: "There is a time for every-

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thing, Josiah Allen, and after anybody has lost all their teeth, and every mite of hair on the top of their head, it is time for 'em to stop goin' to pleasure exertions."

But, good land! I might jest as well talk to the wind! If that man should get to be as old as Mr. Methusler, and be goin' on a thousand years old, he would prick up his ears if he should hear of a exertion. All summer long that man has beset me to go to 'em, for he wouldn't go without me. Old Bunker Hill himself hain't any sounder in principle than Josiah Allen, and I have had to work head-work to make excuses and quell him down. But last week they was goin' to have one out on the lake, on a island, and that man sot his foot down that go he would.

We was to the breakfast table a-talkin' it over, and says I: "I sha'n't go, for I am afraid of big water anyway."

Says Josiah: "You are jest as liable to be killed in one place as another."

Says I, with a almost frigid air as I passed him his coffee, "Mebee I shall be drowned on dry land, Josiah Allen, but I don't believe it."

Says he, in a complainin' tone: "I can't get you started onto a exertion for pleasure anyway."

Says I, in a almost eloquent way: "I don't believe in makin' such exertions after pleasure. As I have told you time and ag'in, I don't believe in chasin' of her up. Let her come of her own free will. You can't ketch her by chasin' after her, no more than you can fetch up a shower in a drowth by goin' outdoors and runnin' after a cloud up in the heavens above you. Set down and be patient, and when it gets ready the refreshin' raindrops will begin to fall without none of your help. And it is jest so with pleasure, Josiah Allen; you may chase her up over all the oceans and big mountains of the earth, and

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she will keep ahead of you all the time; but set down and not fatigue yourself a-thinkin' about her, and like as not she will come right into your house unbeknown to you."

"Wal," says he, "I guess I'll have another griddle-cake, Samantha."

And as he took it and poured the maple syrup over it, he added gently but firmly:

"I shall go, Samantha, to this exertion, and I should be glad to have you present at it, because it seems jest to me as if I should fall overboard durin' the day."

Men are deep. Now that man knew that no amount of religious preachin' could stir me up like that one speech. For though I hain't no hand to coo, and don't encourage him in bein' spoony at all, he knows that I am wrapped almost completely up in him. I went.

Wal, the day before the exertion Kellup Cobb come into our house of a errant, and I asked him if he was goin' to the exertion; and he said he would like to go, but he dassent.

"Dassent!" says I. "Why dassent you?"

"Why," says he, "how would the rest of the wimmen 'round Jonesville feel if I should pick out one woman and wait on her?" Says he bitterly: "I hain't perfect, but I hain't such a cold-blooded rascal as not to have any regard for wimmen's feelin's. I hain't no heart to spile all the comfort of the day for ten or a dozen wimmen."

"Why," says I in a dry tone, "one woman would be happy accordin' to your tell."

"Yes, one woman happy, and ten or fifteen gauled—bruised in the tenderest place."

"On their heads?" says I, inquirein'ly.

"No," says he, "their hearts. All the girls have probable had more or less hopes that I would invite 'em—make a choice

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of 'em. But when the blow was struck, when I had passed 'em by and invited some other, some happier woman, how would them slighted ones feel? How do you s'pose they would enjoy the day, seein' me with another woman, and they droopin' 'round without me? That is the reason, Josiah Allen's wife, that I dassent go. It hain't the keepin' of my horse through the day that stops me; for I could carry a quart of oats and a little jag of hay in the bottom of the buggy. If I had concluded to pick out a girl and go, I had got it all fixed out in my mind how I would manage. I had thought it over while I was undecided and duty was a-strugglin' with me. But I was made to see where the right way for me lay, and I am goin' to foller it. Joe Purday is goin' to have my horse, and give me seven shillin's for the use of it and its keepin'. He come to hire it jest before I made up my mind that I hadn't ort to go.

"Of course it is a cross to me. But I am willin' to bear crosses for the fair sect. Why," says he, a-comin' out in a open, generous way, "I would be willin', if necessary for the general good of the fair sect—I would be willin' to sacrifice ten cents for 'em, or pretty nigh that, I wish so well to 'em. I *hain't* that enemy to 'em that they think I am. I can't marry 'em all, Heaven knows I can't, but I wish 'em well."

"Wal," says I, "I guess my dishwater is hot; it must be pretty near b'ilin' by this time."

And he took the hint and started off. I see it wouldn't do no good to argue with him that wimmen didn't worship him. For when a feller once gets it into his head that female wimmen are all after him you might jest as well dispute the wind as argue with him. You can't convince him ner the wind—neither of 'em—so what's the use of wastin' breath on 'em? And I didn't want to spend a extra breath that day anyway, knowin' I had such a hard day's work in front of me, a-finishin'

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cookin' up provisions for the exertion, and gettin' things done up in the house so I could leave 'em for all day.

We had got to start about the middle of the night; for the lake was fifteen miles from Jonesville, and the old mare's bein' so slow, we had got to start an hour or two ahead of the rest. I told Josiah in the first on't, that I had just as lives set up all night as to be routed out at two o'clock. But he was so animated and happy at the idee of goin' that he looked on the bright side of everything, and he said that we would go to bed before dark, and get as much sleep as we commonly did. So we went to bed the sun an hour high. And I was truly tired enough to lay down, for I had worked dretful hard that day—almost beyond my strength. But we hadn't more'n got settled down into the bed, when we heard a buggy and a single wagon stop at the gate, and I got up and peeked through the window, and I see it was visitors come to spend the evenin'. Elder Bamber and his family, and Deacon Dobbins's folks.

Josiah vowed that he wouldn't stir one step out of bed that night. But I argued with him pretty sharp while I was throwin' on my clothes, and I finally got him started up. I hain't deceitful, but I thought if I got my clothes all on before they came in I wouldn't tell 'em that I had been to bed that time of day. And I did get all dressed up, even to my handkerchief pin. And I guess they had been there as much as ten minutes before I thought that I hadn't took my nightcap off. They looked dreadful curious at me, and I felt awful meachin'; but I jest ketched it off and never said nothin'. But when Josiah come out of the bedroom with what little hair he has got standin' out in every direction, no two hairs a-layin' the same way, and one of his galluses a-hangin' most to the floor under his best coat, I up and told 'em. I thought mebbe they wouldn't stay long. But Deacon Dobbins's folks seemed to

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be all waked up on the subject of religion, and they proposed we should turn it into a kind of a conference meetin'; so they never went home till after ten o'clock.

It was 'most eleven when Josiah and me got to bed ag'in. And then, jest as I was gettin' into a drowse, I heered the cat in the buttery, and I got up to let her out. And that roused Josiah up, and he thought he heered the cattle in the garden, and he got up and went out. And there we was a-marchin' 'round 'most all night.

And if we would get into a nap, Josiah would think it was mornin' and he would start up and go out to look at the clock. He seemed so afraid we would be belated and not get to that exertion in time. And there we was on our feet 'most all night. I lost myself once, for I dreampt that Josiah was a-drowndin', and Deacon Dobbins was on the shore a-prayin' for him. It started me so that I jest ketched hold of Josiah and hollered. It skairt him awfully, and says he, "What does ail you, Samantha? I hain't been asleep before to-night, and now you have roused me up for good. I wonder what time it is?"

And then he got out of bed again and went and looked at the clock. It was half past one, and he said he "didn't believe we had better go to sleep again, for fear we would be too late for the exertion, and he wouldn't miss that for nothin'."

"Exertion!" says I, in a awful cold tone. "I should think we had had exertion enough for one spell."

But as bad and wore out as Josiah felt bodily, he was all animated in his mind about what a good time he was a-goin' to have. He acted foolish, and I told him so. I wanted to wear my brown-and-black gingham and a shaker, but Josiah insisted that I should wear a new lawn dress that he had brought me home as a present and I had jest got made up. So, jest to please him, I put it on, and my best bonnet.

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And that man, all I could do and say, would put on a pair of pantaloons I had been a-makin' for Thomas Jefferson. They was gettin' up a military company to Jonesville, and these pantaloons was blue, with a red stripe down the sides—a kind of uniform. Josiah took a awful fancy to 'em, and says he:

“I will wear 'em, Samantha; they look so dressy.”

Says I: “They hain't hardly done. I was goin' to stitch that red stripe on the left leg on again. They ain't finished as they ort to be, and I would not wear 'em. It looks vain in you.”

Says he: “I will wear 'em, Samantha. I will be dressed up for once.”

I didn't contend with him. Thinks I: We are makin' fools of ourselves by goin' at all, and if he wants to make a little bigger fool of himself by wearin' them blue pantaloons, I won't stand in his light. And then I had got some machine oil onto 'em, so I felt that I had got to wash 'em, anyway, before Thomas J. took 'em to wear. So he put 'em on.

I had good vittles, and a sight of 'em. The basket wouldn't hold 'em all, so Josiah had to put a bottle of red rossberry jell into the pocket of his dress-coat, and lots of other little things, such as spoons and knives and forks, in his pantaloons and breast pockets. He looked like Captain Kidd armed up to the teeth, and I told him so. But, good land! he would have carried a knife in his mouth if I had asked him to, he felt so neat about goin', and boasted so on what a splendid exertion it was goin' to be.

We got to the lake about eight o'clock, for the old mare went slow. We was about the first ones there, but they kep' a-comin' and before ten o'clock we all got there.

The young folks made up their minds they would stay and

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eat their dinner in a grove on the mainland. But the majority of the old folks thought it was best to go and set our tables where we laid out to in the first place. Josiah seemed to be the most rampant of any of the company about goin'. He said he shouldn't eat a mouthful if he didn't eat on that island. He said what was the use of goin' to a pleasure exertion at all if you didn't try to take all the pleasure you could? So about twenty old fools of us sot sail for the island.

I had made up my mind from the first on't to face trouble, so it didn't put me out so much when Deacon Dobbins, in gettin' into the boat, stepped onto my new lawn dress and tore a hole in it as big as my two hands, and ripped it half offen the waist. But Josiah havin' felt so animated and tickled about the exertion, it worked him up awfully when, jest after we had got well out onto the lake, the wind took his hat off and blew it away out onto the lake. He had made up his mind to look so pretty that day that it worked him up awfully. And then the sun beat down onto him; and if he had had any hair onto his head it would have seemed more shady.

But I did the best I could by him. I stood by him and pinned on his red bandanna handkerchief onto his head. But as I was a-fixin' it on, I see there was suthin' more than mortification ailded him. The lake was rough and the boat rocked, and I see he was beginning to be awful sick. He looked deathly. Pretty soon I felt bad, too. Oh, the wretchedness of that time! I have enjoyed poor health considerable in my life, but never did I enjoy so much sickness in so short a time as I did on that pleasure exertion to that island. I s'pose our bein' up all night a'most made it worse. When we reached the island we was both weak as cats.

I sot right down on a stun and held my head for a spell, for it did seem as if it would split open. After awhile I staggered up

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onto my feet, and finally I got so I could walk straight and sense things a little; though it was tejus work to walk anyway, for we had landed on a sand-bar, and the sand was so deep it was all we could do to wade through it, and it was as hot as hot ashes ever was.

Then I began to take the things out of my dinner-basket. The butter had all melted, so we had to dip it out with a spoon. And a lot of water had washed over the side of the boat, so my pies and tarts and delicate cakes and cookies looked awful mixed up; but no worse than the rest of the company's did.

But we did the best we could, and the chicken and cold meats bein' more solid, had held together quite well, so there was some pieces of it conside'able hull, though it was all very wet and soppy. But we separated 'em out as well as we could, and begun to make preparations to eat. We didn't feel so animated about eatin' as we should if we hadn't been so sick to our stomachs. But we felt as if we must hurry, for the man that owned the boat said he knew it would rain before night by the way the sun scalded.

There wasn't a man or a woman there but what the presperation and sweat jest poured down their faces. We was a haggard and melancholy lookin' set. There was a piece of woods a little ways off, but it was up quite a rise of ground, and there wasn't one of us but what had the rheumatiz more or less. We made up a fire on the sand, though it seemed as if it was hot enough to steep tea and coffee as it was.

After we got the fire started, I h'isted a umberell and sot down under it and fanned myself hard, for I was afraid of a sunstroke.

Wal, I guess I had set there ten minutes or more, when all of a sudden I thought, Where is Josiah? I hadn't seen him since

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we had got there. I riz up and asked the company, almost wildly, if they had seen my companion, Josiah.

They said No, they hadn't.

But Celestine Wilkin's little girl, who had come with her grandpa and grandma Gowdy, spoke up, and says she:

"I seen him goin' off toward the woods. He acted dretful strange, too; he seemed to be a-walkin' off sideways."

"Had the sufferin's he had undergone made him delerious?" says I to myself; and then I started off on the run toward the woods, and old Miss Bobbet, and Miss Gowdy, and Sister Bamber, and Deacon Dobbinses' wife, all rushed after me.

Oh, the agony of them two or three minutes! my mind so distracted with fourbodins', and the presperation and sweat a-pourin' down. But all of a sudden, on the edge of the woods, we found him. Miss Gowdy, weighin' a little less than me, mebbe one hundred pounds or so, had got a little ahead of me. He sot backed up against a tree in a awful cramped position, with his left leg under him. He looked dretful uncomfortable. But when Miss Gowdy hollered out: "Oh, here you be! We have been skairt about you. What is the matter?" he smiled a dretful sick smile, and says he: "Oh, I thought I would come out here and meditate a spell. It was always a real treat to me to meditate."

Just then I come up a-pantin' for breath, and as the wimmen all turned to face me, Josiah scowled at me and shook his fist at them four wimmen, and made the most mysterious motions of his hands toward 'em. But the minute they turned 'round he smiled in a sickish way, and pretended to go to whistlin'.

Says I, "What is the matter, Josiah Allen? What are you off here for?"

"I am a-meditatin', Samantha."

Says I, "Do you come down and jine the company this min-

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ute, Josiah Allen. You was in a awful takin' to come with 'em, and what will they think to see you act so?"

The wimmen happened to be a-lookin' the other way for a minute, and he looked at me as if he would take my head off, and made the strangest motions toward 'em; but the minute they looked at him he would pretend to smile—that deathly smile.

Says I, "Come, Josiah Allen, we're goin' to get dinner right away, for we are afraid it will rain."

"Oh, wal," says he, "a little rain, more or less, hain't a-goin' to hender a man from meditatin'."

I was wore out, and says I, "Do you stop meditatin' this minute, Josiah Allen!"

Says he, "I won't stop, Samantha. I let you have your way a good deal of the time; but when I take it into my head to meditate, you hain't a-goin' to break it up."

Jest at that minute they called to me from the shore to come that minute to find some of my dishes. And we had to start off. But oh! the gloom of my mind that was added to the lameness of my body. Them strange motions and looks of Josiah wore on me. Had the sufferin's of the night, added to the trials of the day, made him crazy? I thought more'n as likely as not I had got a lunny on my hands for the rest of my days.

And then, oh, how the sun did scald down onto me! and the wind took the smoke so into my face that there wasn't hardly a dry eye in my head. And then a perfect swarm of yellow wasps lit down onto our vittles as quick as we laid 'em down, so you couldn't touch a thing without runnin' a chance to be stung. Oh, the agony of that time! the distress of that pleasure exertion! But I kep' to work, and when we had got dinner 'most ready I went back to call Josiah again. Old Miss Bobbet said she would go with me, for she thought she see a wild turnip in

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the woods there, and her Shakespeare had a awful cold, and she would try to dig one to give him. So we started up the hill again. He sot in the same position, all huddled up, with his leg under him, as uncomfortable a lookin' creeter as I ever see. But when we both stood in front of him he pretended to look careless and happy, and smiled that sick smile.

Says I, "Come, Josiah Allen; dinner is ready."

"Oh, I hain't hungry," says he. "The table will probable be full. I had jest as lieves wait."

"Table full!" says I. "You know jest as well as I do that we are eatin' on the ground. Do you come and eat your dinner this minute."

"Yes, do come," says Miss Bobbet; "we can't get along without you!"

"Oh!" says he, with a ghastly smile, pretending to joke, "I have got plenty to eat here—I can eat muskeeters."

The air was black with 'em, I couldn't deny it.

"The muskeeters will eat you, more likely," says I. "Look at your face and hands; they are all covered with 'em."

"Yes, they have eat considerable of a dinner out of me, but I don't begrech 'em. I hain't small enough, nor mean enough, I hope, to begrech 'em one good meal."

Miss Bobbet started off in search of her wild turnip, and after she had got out of sight Josiah whispered to me, with a savage look and a tone sharp as a sharp axe:

"Can't you bring forty or fifty more wimmen up here? You couldn't come here a minute, could you, without a lot of other wimmen tight to your heels?"

I begun to see daylight, and after Miss Bobbet had got her wild turnip and some spignut, I made some excuse to send her on ahead, and then Josiah told me all about why he had gone off by himself alone, and why he had been a-settin' in such

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a curious position all the time since we had come in sight of him.

It seems he had sot down on that bottle of rossberry jell. That red stripe on the side wasn't hardly finished, as I said, and I hadn't fastened my thread properly, so when he got to pullin' at 'em to try to wipe off the jell, the thread started, and bein' sewed on a machine, that seam jest ripped from top to bottom. That was what he had walked off sideways toward the woods for. But Josiah Allen's wjfe hain't one to desert a companion in distress. I pinned 'em up as well as I could, and I didn't say a word to hurt his feelin's, only I jest said this to him, as I was fixin' 'em—I fastened my gray eye firmly, and almost sternly onto him, and says I:

“Josiah Allen, is this pleasure?” Says I, “You was determined to come.”

“Throw that in my face ag'in, will you? What if I was? There goes a pin into my leg! I should think I had suffered enough without your stabbin' of me with pins.”

“Wal, then, stand still, and not be a-caperin' round so. How do you s'pose I can do anything with you a-tossin' round so?”

“Wal, don't be so aggravatin', then.”

I fixed 'em as well as I could, but they looked pretty bad, and there they was all covered with jell, too. What to do I didn't know. But finally I told him I would put my shawl onto him. So I doubled it up corner-ways as big as I could, so it almost touched the ground behind, and he walked back to the table with me. I told him it was best to tell the company all about it, but he just put his foot down that he wouldn't, and I told him if he wouldn't that he must make his own excuses to the company about wearin' the shawl. So he told 'em he always loved to wear summer shawls; he thought it made a man look so dressy.

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But he looked as if he would sink all the time he was a-sayin' it. They all looked dretful curious at him, and he looked as meachin' as if he had stole sheep—and meachin'er—and he never took a minute's comfort, nor I nuther. He was sick all the way back to the shore, and so was I. And jest as we got into our wagons and started for home, the rain began to pour down. The wind turned our old umberell inside out in no time. My lawn dress was most sp'ilt before, and now I give up my bonnet. And I says to Josiah:

“This bonnet and dress are sp'ilt, Josiah Allen, and I shall have to buy some new ones.”

“Wal, wal, who said you wouldn't?” he snapped out.

But it were on him. Oh, how the rain poured down! Josiah, havin' nothin' but a handkerchief on his head, felt it more than I did. I had took a apron to put on a-gettin' dinner, and I tried to make him let me pin it on his head. But says he firmly:

“I hain't proud and haughty, Samantha, but I do feel above ridin' out with a pink apron on for a hat.”

“Wal, then,” says I, “get as wet as sop, if you had ruther.”

I didn't say no more, but there we jest sot and suffered. The rain poured down; the wind howled at us; the old mare went slow; the rheumatiz laid holt of both of us; and the thought of the new bonnet and dress was a-wearin' on Josiah, I knew.

There wasn't a house for the first seven miles, and after we got there I thought we wouldn't go in, for we had got to get home to milk anyway, and we was both as wet as we could be. After I had beset him about the apron, we didn't say hardly a word for as much as thirteen miles or so; but I did speak once, as he leaned forward, with the rain drippin' offen his bandanna handkerchief onto his blue pantaloons. I says to him in stern tones:

“Is this pleasure, Josiah Allen?”

Marietta Holley

He give the old mare a awful cut, and says he: "I'd like to know what you want to be so aggravatin' for?"

I didn't multiply any more words with him, only as we drove up to our doorstep, and he helped me out into a mud-puddle, I says to him:

"Mebbe you'll hear to me another time, Josiah Allen."

And I'll bet he will. I hain't afraid to bet a ten-cent bill that that man won't never open his mouth to me again about a pleasure exertion.—"*My Wayward Pardner.*"

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Mrs. Ward)

An Old Maid's Paradise

I

In Prospect.

"I WANT—" said Corona.

Tom and Susy looked up. Corona did not often say she wanted anything. Susy thought this natural. Was it not enough to live in the house with Tom? But Tom had never thought anything about it.

"I want—" began Corona again; and then she stopped. What did she want? Her thoughts were vagabonds. They roamed a great way from Tom and Susy at that moment. They were a lawless, disorganized, hungry horde.

"Nothing for tramps!" said Corona severely. But she did not say it aloud. She took up the grape-scissors thoughtfully; she showed a slight contraction between a pair of well-controlled, charitable gray eyes, and snipped the Malagas leisurely upon her plate, before she said:

"I want a home."

Tom laid down his nut-pick and Susy the baby. It took quite a shock to make Susy put down the baby. Corona colored. Tom was her own brother; but Susy was the mother of her niece.

"Give her to me!" cried Corona hurriedly. "She's putting up her lip. You've hurt her feelings. And oh! Susy, don't mind me a bit, and Tom, you've always done everything; but, Susy, the baby won't cry for me more than a day or two, and, Tom, you must see that to have a place of your own——"

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"Get married," said Tom.

"I can't afford to support a husband till the panic is over."

"Write a book," said Susy. "It will divert your mind. You're morbid. The baby has kept you awake too much this winter. *I'll take her to-night.*"

"Experience with three poems, two Sunday-school books, one obituary, and one letter to *The Transcript*," said Corona calmly, measuring off these articles in shag-barks on the tablecloth, "has not encouraged me to pursue a literary life. If there had not happened to be such a press of matter every time it might have been different. The editors regretted it exceedingly, Susy; and the manuscripts are in the hair trunk in the inner attic."

"I think if I did not let you draw baby about so much," observed Susy, with a judicial expression; "and she is growing so cunning! And we meant to put something Eastlake into your room this spring.—Didn't we, Tom?—But we were going to wait for a surprise, till you got home from Aunt Anna Maria's. Besides, Coro, if you are not contented in your present way of life, you could make yourself very useful by showing a little more interest in the Widow's Mite, or the Reform Club, and the sewing-circle, you know——"

When matters got around to the sewing-circle, argument ceased to be a sane method of conducting conversation. Susy's mind was so constructed. Corona sighed. But Tom interrupted:

"There are depths of human nature, Sue, which even the sewing-circle will not fill. Let Coro alone. If she wants to go, go she shall. Why shouldn't she? We went ourselves. You didn't stay because your mother wanted help in scouring the preserves."

"*Scouring preserves?*" began Susy, but Tom laughed and left.

American Wit and Humor

From beyond the front door he heard Susy talking; but it was a mild, safe chatter—something about marmalade. It was clear that her mind was temporarily diverted in a sweet direction.

Tom had that amount of profound respect for his wife which is involved in a well-assured and well-controlled conjugal affection of several years' hard use. Still, the sight of Susy giving advice to Corona was something which he never found himself able to witness with that gravity which his ideal of his wife demanded.

Coro slid after him. She wore slippers without heels. It was one of her "ways." Her footfall dropped at his side without noise, and he started when she touched him on the elbow.

"Co, what do you look like that for? I understand."

"You don't mind, Tom, dear, a bit?"

"Not a mind," said Tom. "Where will you build it, Coro? On Fifth Avenue, Pike's Peak, or out in my garden? I'll lease you a lot. Come!"

"If you *do* understand," said Corona hastily, "then there is no difficulty in the way. Nothing is hard in the world but hurting people's feelings."

"Perhaps not," said Tom, "unless you count in starving, or death at the stake, or a codfish breakfast, or a few such things. But don't you bother, Co. Go ahead. I'll stand by you."

"Tom," replied Corona, "I'd like to kiss you."

She did not often. At least, she did not often say so. Tom and Corona had never been of "the kissing kind." He took off his hat—he was in a hurry, too—and they kissed one another so gravely that Tom was quite embarrassed. But that was not till afterward, when he thought of it.

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II

In Plan.

Corona had five hundred dollars and some pluck for her enterprise. She had also at her command a trifle for furnishing. But that seemed very small capital. Her friends at large discouraged her generously. Even Tom said he didn't know about that, and offered her three hundred more.

This manly offer she declined in a womanly manner.

"It is to be *my* house, thank you, Tom, dear. I can live in yours at home."

Corona's architectural library was small. She found on the top shelf one book on the construction of chicken-roosts, a pamphlet in explanation of the kindergarten system, a cook-book that had belonged to her grandmother, and a treatise on crochet. There her domestic literature came to an end. She accordingly bought a book entitled "North American Homes"; then, having, in addition, begged or borrowed everything within two covers relating to architecture that was to be found in her immediate circle of acquaintance, she plunged into that unfamiliar science with hopeful zeal.

The result of her studies was a mixed one. It was necessary, it seemed, to construct the North American home in so many contradictory methods, or else fail forever of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, that Corona felt herself to be laboring under a chronic aberration of mind. . . . Then the plans. Well, the plans, it must be confessed, Corona *did* find it difficult to understand. She always had found it difficult to understand such things; but then she had hoped several weeks of close architectural study would shed light upon the density of the subject. She grew quite morbid about it. She counted the

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steps when she went up-stairs to bed at night. She estimated the bedroom post when she waked in the cold gray dawn. . . .

But the most perplexing thing about the plans was how one story ever got upon another. Corona's imagination never fully grappled with this fact, although her intellect accepted it. She took her books down-stairs one night, and Susy came and looked them over.

"Why, these houses are all one-story," said Susy. "Besides, they're nothing but lines, anyway. I shouldn't draw a house so."

Corona laughed with some embarrassment and no effort at enlightenment. She was not used to finding herself and Susy so nearly on the same intellectual level as in this instance. She merely asked: "How should you draw it?"

"Why, so," said Susy, after some severe thought. So she took her little blunt lead-pencil, that the baby had chewed, and drew her plan as follows:



Nursery and your room behind.

Susy's Plan

Corona made no comment upon this plan, except to ask Susy if that were the way to spell L; and then to look in the dictionary, and find that it was not spelled at all. Tom came in, and asked to see what they were doing.

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"I'm helping Corona," said Susy, with much complacency. "These architects' things don't look any more like houses than they do like the first proposition in Euclid; and the poor girl is puzzled."

"*I'll* help you to-morrow, Co," said Tom, who was in too much of a hurry to glance at his wife's plan. But to-morrow Tom went into town by the early train, and when Corona emerged from her "North American Homes," with wild eye and knotted brow, at 5 o'clock P.M., she found Susy crying over a telegram, which ran:

Called to California immediately. Those lost cargoes A No. 1 hides turned up. Can't get home to say good-by. Send overcoat and flannels by Simpson on midnight express. Gone four weeks. Love to all.

TOM.

This unexpected event threw Corona entirely upon her own resources; and, after a few days more of patient research, she put on her hat and stole away at dusk to a builder she knew of down-town—a nice, fatherly man who had once built a piazza for Tom and had just been elected superintendent of the Sunday-school. These combined facts gave Corona confidence to trust her case to his hands. She carried a neat little plan of her own with her, the result of several days' hard labor. Susy's plan she had taken the precaution to cut into paper dolls for the baby. Corona found the good man at home, and in her most business-like manner presented her points.

"Got any plan in yer own head?" asked the builder, hearing her in silence. In silence Corona laid before him the paper which had cost her so much toil.

It was headed in her clear black hand:

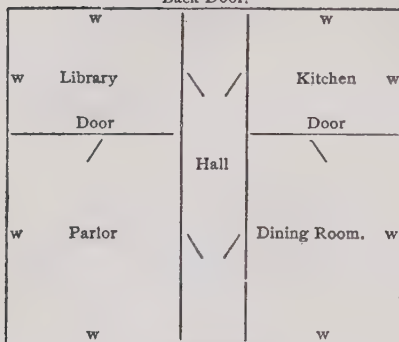
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PLAN

FOR A SMALL BUT HAPPY
HOME.

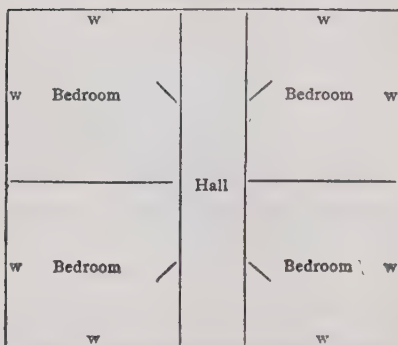
GROUND FLOOR.

Back Door.



Front Door.

SECOND FLOOR.



This was Corona's Plan

"Well," said the builder, after a silence, "well, I've seen worse."

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"Thank you," said Corona faintly.

"How does she set?" asked the builder.

"Who set?" said Corona a little wildly. She could think of nothing that set but hens.

"Why, the house. Where's the points o' compass?"

"I hadn't thought of those," said Corona.

"And the chimney," suggested the builder. "Where's your chimneys?"

"I didn't put in any chimneys," said Corona.

"Where did you count on your stairs?" pursued the builder.

"Stairs? I—forgot the stairs."

"That's natural," said Mr. Timbers. "Had a plan brought me once without an entry or a window to it. It wasn't a woman did it, neither. It was a widower, in the noospaper line. What's your scale?"

"Scale?" asked Corona without animation.

"Scale of feet. Proportions."

"Oh! I didn't have any scales, but I thought about forty feet front would do. I have but five hundred dollars. A small house must answer."

The builder smiled. He said he would show her some plans. He took a book from his table and opened at a plate representing a small, snug cottage, not uncomely. It stood in a flourishing apple-orchard, and a much larger house appeared dimly in the distance, upon a hill. The cottage is what is called a "story-and-half" and contained six rooms. The plan was drawn with the beauty of science.

"There," said Mr. Timbers, "I know a lady built one of those upon her brother-in-law's land. He gave her the land, and she just put up the cottage, and they was all as pleasant as pease about it. That's about what I'd recommend to you, if you don't object to the name of it."

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"What is the matter with the name?" asked Corona.

"Why," said the builder, hesitating, "it is called the Old Maid's House—in the *book*."

"Mr. Timbers," said Corona with decision, "why should we seek farther than the truth? I will have that house. Pray draw me the plan at once."

III

Building

. . . Fairharbor is in Massachusetts. Corona had spent several seasons there, in the uncertain capacity of "summer folks" and "perm'nent boarder." Her experience with landladies had been large, varied, and pathetic, and just as she had found one to whom she thought she could be happy to return year by year, the excellent woman—like other people who have reached an unusual pitch of sanctification—died.

Yet what were summer without the sea—its purpose, its passion, its rapture?

"I will build my house," said Corona, "in Fairharbor."

And so it was settled. To be sure, Susy said she did not see how Corona could decide anything so important while Tom was away. But, nevertheless, it was settled.

Corona went on to Fairharbor with the builder, to select and lease her land. When I say that it was March, I need add nothing about the weather. Corona felt very independent and very cold. She and the builder stood together on the cliff-side which she had chosen, and yelled at one another through the thunder of the wind and surf.

When they had wandered about in the wind and discussed the matter till Corona was quite hoarse, when she had pointed

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out to the builder all the locations which she liked, and when the builder had raised insuperable objections to every one, Corona suggested that if he could find a place not too windy nor too sunny, too hard, too soft, too wet, too dry, too anything, he should select the spot himself and put the house on it at once.

"All I ask is permission to live in it," said Corona meekly. "Do as you like. I shall perish if I stay here another minute, and I've no heir to leave the place to but my sister-in-law, who has neuralgia, at the sea-side."

"No offense, I hope?" asked Mr. Timbers anxiously; "but, you see, women-folks *don't* know so much as they might. I'll blast out this ridge for ye, if ye say so—the house is yours; but it would cost you a hundred more, besides the damp."

"Blast the ridge!" replied Corona. But she saved her good name by an interrogation point. "Blast the ridge? No, we will let the ridge go. Build in the harbor, if you want to; only build, and let me go and get warm."

Soon after her first trip to Fairharbor, Corona went a little way into the country to visit an old schoolmate with a new baby. One day the baby fell into the fire, and Corona sprang to pick it out, and sprained her ankle. This gallant deed and its untoward consequence confined her for some weeks to the house.

Meanwhile the carpenters were at work. Corona had contracted with Mr. Timbers that the cottage should be finished by the middle of May. She had made this provision with a keen sense of the accepted helplessness of her sex in such matters, and a keener desire to be on her guard against the traditional imposition of the builders. She would have expected Mr. Timbers to cheat her, had he not been superintendent of the Sunday-school. And now here she was, wearing upon the deli-

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cate health of her hostess; dependent upon the surgery of a more than rural doctor, who said he had *dog-nosed* the case; and reduced entirely to her imagination and the daily mail (it seemed to make everything worse that it was brought five miles by a stage-coach) for any knowledge of her now sacred and absorbing interests at Fairharbor.

The builder wrote often. One day he asked, Would she have cedar post?

And Corona, whose architectural education was already rusting out, wrote back: "What do I need a cedar post for?"

Another time he said that the A No. 1 shingles he ordered had not come, but, by mistake, only the best pine shingles. He thought he might use those, seeing they were on hand, and he would make it square on the estimate. Corona, in some indignation, telegraphed that, of course, she wanted the best pine shingles under any circumstances.

Mr. Timbers leisurely replied that best shingles did not mean best shingles, and that nothing was best but A No. 1. This was honest but perplexing, and in either light it was lost time.

The next day he sent word that he thought the kitchen closet had better be built in the parlor, and that, if 'twas his, he'd turn the piazza the lee side of the house; that one of his men had hammered a finger off, and one was drunk, and another had a baby to bury, which delayed the work; that he thought he should leave the kitchen unfinished till she got there, on account of the sink and a few such; and that the weather was against them, for it had rained ever since he began.

Then followed a peculiarly harrowing correspondence about details, which at this helpless distance assumed enormous and morbid importance in Corona's mind, and the discussion of which Mr. Timbers always closed with the remark that the weather was against them and it had rained ever since they

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

began. It was invariably bright sunlight when Corona received these letters.

For the first time she began to wish that Tom were at home to help her; but the Corliss engine could not have wrung from her the acknowledgment of this not unworthy sentiment.

She found a certain relief in occupying herself with preparations for the internal arrangements of her home. Susy had promised (if there were a closet for it) to provide the bedding; and the mother of the baby that fell into the fire kindly agreed to mark the pillow-cases in tambour cotton. Corona felt grateful for the removal of these important burdens. But enough remained. As she lay upon her lounge, in her friend's "spare room," they gathered awful proportions. Things to be done dawned upon her, one at a time, in a diseased, sporadic way. Now it was the fixture of a bedroom curtain; now a poker for the parlor grate. Then she remembered she hadn't any grate to poke. Then, by some incredible psychological caprice, her attention would concentrate itself upon the clothes-horse. Did clothes-horses grow in Fairharbor? How should she get one from Boston, if they didn't? Suddenly she would be overcome by a fierce anxiety about the nature of waffle-irons, and then she would remember that she must have a broom. In the depths of the night there would mysteriously darken down upon her the consciousness that she could never keep house without salt-cellars. In the sparkle of the dawn she would jerk herself feverishly upright in bed, to wonder if dish-towels came fringed. At moments her whole soul reeled beneath the prospect of getting her sheets marked; and at others the realization of the fact that she must have soft soap for Mondays seemed a burden greater than she could bear. Two things in particular assumed curious and portentous shapes in her imagination: one was the clothes-post, and another was the hogshead for rain-water.

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How should she get the hogshead? How should she get any rain, if she *had* a hogshead? How could she keep house till she had a clothes-post? And how could she get a clothes-post till she had begun to keep house? Night after night she dreamed of hogsheads and clothes-posts. She waked cold with her efforts to plant the clothes-post in the parlor carpet, and weak with the attempt to set a lunch-table for sixteen upon the slippery surface of the hogshead. Her mind became a frightful chaos of household detail.

Corona was not of precisely what we call a domestic temperament, and this experience had some distressing effects. There, for instance, were the pincushions. One noon it occurred to her that she could not have a house without pincushions, and from that unhappy hour her tortured fancy had no rest. She had never made a pincushion in her life. It seemed to her that it would be easier to make a man-of-war. Corona was determined to keep the balance of power economical and artistic in her modest home. She would not fill even a cushion with a "dear" stuffing in a cheap house. She would not have emery and silk with matched boards and bare floors. She agitated herself over these appalling questions.

That came, perhaps, of being a woman, she thought. Did men think about pincushions when they built houses? Six rooms—six pincushions. Six colors for six pincushions in six rooms. She tormented herself with calculations. One day she said to her friend:

"I'll tear my heart out and put it into the spare room before I will think about this any longer. The only trouble is, they might find it a little hard."

"It could be used for hairpins," said her friend absently. "I should flute it, too, and put a mock Valenciennes cover on."

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"Buy your furniture at a factory in the white," telegraphed Tom, one day, from California, in the perfectly disconnected but useful manner characteristic of Tom when he gave advice. He had not written to Corona since he went away. A serial story could not have so convinced her that his busy heart remembered her. And in the moment, the worry and wear of her somewhat solitary plans dissolved like the fogs within the sunrise on her own golden harbor shore. She had almost cried, the day before, when she went out alone (her first walk since her accident) to buy her own silver. It had seemed to her a very pathetic thing to do. Now it seemed rather amusing than otherwise. How Tom would laugh! And Tom remembered her; always had. She put the foolish, extravagant telegram to her lips. She said "Dear Tom," sitting alone. Her heart lifted. She was sure she should be happy in her house.

Besides, the silver was plated. It wasn't worth a sentiment, however cheap.

"Let me catch you at it again!" said Corona, apostrophizing her wet lashes in the glass. "I'll feed you off of pewter, if I do!"

Corona was interrupted by the stage rumbling by with the afternoon mail. She dried her eyes and went over to the office, where she found two letters. One was from Susy, and ran:

DEAR CO: I hope you're coming home soon. Baby has the mumps. There are a great many express packages for you that keep coming. It will remind you how many friends you have. I have taken the liberty—I knew you wouldn't care—I opened them all. Sixteen of them are pincushions and fourteen are tidies. One is a patent nutmeg-grater.

Yours aff.,

SUE.

P. S.—The tidies are all green, and fifteen of the cushions are red.

American Wit and Humor

The other letter was from the builder, and read as follows:

FAIRHARBOR.

DEAR MADAM: I should like to have you send your furniture on at once. We find it won't go up the stairs. We must build it into the house.

The weather has been very poor, and it has rained almost ever since we began to work.

Yours, with respect,

G. W. TIMBERS.

—“*Old Maids and Burglars in Paradise.*”

George T. Lanigan

The Amateur Orlando

The Result of the Hunky Kid's Playing Charles the Wrestler

It was an Amateur Dram. Ass.
 (Kind reader, although your
Knowledge of French is not first-class,
 Don't call that Amature),
It was an Amateur Dram. Ass.,
 The which did warfare wage
On the dramatic works of this
 And every other age.

It had a walking gentleman,
 A leading juvenile,
First lady in book-muslin dressed,
 With a galvanic smile;
Thereto a singing chambermaid,
 Benignant heavy pa,
And, oh, heavier still was the heavy vill-
 Ain, with his fierce "Ha! ha!"

There wasn't an author from Shakespeare down
 —Or up—to Boucicault,
These amateurs weren't competent
 (S. Wegg) to collar and throw.
And when the winter time came round—
 "Season's" a stagier phrase—

American Wit and Humor

The Am. Dram. Ass. assaulted one
Of the Bard of Avon's plays.

'Twas "As You Like It" that they chose,
For the leading lady's heart
Was set on playing Rosalind,
Or some other page's part.
And the president of Am. Dram. Ass.,
A stalwart dry-goods clerk,
Was cast for Orlando, in which rôle
He felt he'd make his mark.

"I mind me," said the president
(All thoughtful was his face),
"When Orlando was taken by Thingummy,
That Charles was played by Mace.
Charles hath not many lines to speak;
Nay, not a single length;
Oh, if find we can a Mussulman
(That is, a man of strength),
And bring him on the stage as Charles—
But, alas! it can't be did——"
"It can," replied the treasurer;
"Let's get The Hunky Kid."

This Hunky Kid, of whom they spoke,
Belonged to the P. R.;
He always had his hair cut short,
And always had catarrh.
His voice was gruff, his language rough,
His forehead villainous low,
And 'neath his broken nose a vast
Expanse of jaw did show.

George T. Lanigan

He was forty-eight about the chest,
And his forearm at the mid-
Dle measured twenty-one and a half—
Such was The Hunky Kid!

The Am. Dram. Ass. they have engaged
This pet of the P. R.;
As Charles the Wrestler, he's to be
A bright particular star.
And when they put 'the program out,
Announce him thus they did:

Orlando MR. ROMEO JONES

Charles MR. T. H. KIDD

. . . The night has come; the house is packed
From pit to gallery,
As those who through the curtain peep
Quake inwardly to see.
A squeak's heard in the orchestra,
The leader draws across
Th' intestines of the agile cat
The tail of the noble hoss.
All is at sea behind the scenes;
Why do they fear and funk?
Alas! alas! The Hunky Kid
Is lamentably drunk!
He's in that most unlovely stage
Of half-intoxication,
When men resent the hint they're tight
As a personal imputation.

"Ring up! Ring up!" Orlando cried,
"Or we must cut the scene;

American Wit and Humor

For Charles the Wrestler is imbued
With poisonous benzine,
And every moment gets more drunk
Than he before has been."

. . . The wrestling scene has come, and Charles
Is much disguised in drink;
The stage to him's an inclined plane,
The footlights make him blink.
Still strives he to act well his part
Where all the honor lies,
Though Shakespeare would not in his lines
His language recognize.
Instead of "Come, where is this young——?"
This man of bone and brawn,
He squares himself, and bellows, "Time!
Fetch your Orlandos on!"

"Now Hercules be thy speed, young man,"
Fair Rosalind, said she,
As the two wrestlers in the ring
They grappled furiously;
But Charles the Wrestler had no sense
Of dramatic propriety.

He seized on Mr. Romeo Jones
In Græco-Roman style;
He got what they call a grape-vine lock
On that leading juvenile.
He flung him into the orchestra,
And the man with the ophicleide,
On whom he fell, he just said—well,
No matter what, and died!

George T. Lanigan

When once the tiger has tasted blood,
And found that it is sweet,
He has a habit of killing more
Than he can possibly eat.
And thus it was that The Hunky Kid,
In his homicidal blindness,
He lifted his hand against Rosalind
Not in the way of kindness.
He chased poor Celia off at L.,
At R. U. E., Le Beau,
And he put such a head upon Duke Fred,
In fifteen seconds or so,
That never one of the courtly train
Might his haughty master know.
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And that's precisely what came to pass
Because the luckless carls
Belonging to the Am. Dram. Ass.
Cast The Hunky Kid for Charles!

The Ahkoond of Swat

"The Ahkoond of Swat is dead."

—London papers of January 22, 1878.

What, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,

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Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn—
 Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
 But he Ahkoodn't.
Dead, dead, dead:
 (Sorrow, Swats!)
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
 Or to victory,
 As the case might be.
 Sorrow, Swats!
Tears shed,
 Shed tears like water.
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
 That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat!
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But laid 'mid worms to rot.
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
 (Because he was a good Ahkoond)
 Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthly walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed by the ground!)
And skeptics mock the lowly mound,

George T. Lanigan

And say, "He's now of no Ahkoond!"

His soul is in the skies—

The azure skies that bend above his loved

Metropolis of Swat.

He sees with larger, other eyes,

Athwart all earthly mysteries—

He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond

With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond

With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish nation!

Fallen is at length

Its tower of strength;

Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;

Dead lies the great Ahkoond.

The great Ahkoond of Swat

Is not!

Fables

The Merchant of Venice

A VENETIAN merchant who was lolling in the lap of Luxury was accosted upon the Rialto by a Friend who had not seen him for many months.

"How is this?" cried the latter. "When I last saw you your Gabardine was out at elbows, and now you sail in your own Gondola!"

"True," replied the Merchant, "but since then I have met with serious losses, and been obliged to compound with my Creditors for ten Cents on the Dollar."

Moral.—Composition is the Life of Trade.

American Wit and Humor

The Good Samaritan

A CERTAIN Man went from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among Thieves, who beat him and stripped him and left him for dead. A Good Samaritan, seeing this, clapped Spurs to his ass and galloped away, lest he should be sent to the House of Detention as a Witness, while the Robbers were released on bail

Moral.—The Perceiver is worse than the Thief.

The Villager and the Snake

A VILLAGER one frosty day found under a hedge a Snake almost dead with cold. Moved with compassion, and having heard that Snake Oil was good for the Rheumatiz, he took it home and placed it on the Hearth, where it shortly began to wake and crawl. Meanwhile, the Villager having gone out to keep an Engagement with a Man 'round the Corner, the Villager's Son (who had not drawn a sober Breath for a Week) entered, and, beholding the Serpent unfolding its plain, unvarnished Tail, with the cry, "I've got 'em again!" fled to the office of the nearest Justice of the Peace, swore off, and became an Apostle of Temperance at \$700 a week. The beneficent Snake next bit the Villager's Mother-in-law so severely that Death soon ended her sufferings—and his; then silently stole away, leaving the Villager deeply and doubly in its Debt.

Moral.—A Virtuous Action is not always its only Reward. A Snake in the Grass is Worth two in the Boot.

George T. Lanigan

The Ostrich and the Hen

AN Ostrich and a Hen chanced to occupy adjacent apartments, and the former complained loudly that her rest was disturbed by the cackling of her humble neighbor. "Why is it," she finally asked the Hen, "that you make such an intolerable noise?" The Hen replied, "Because I have laid an egg." "Oh, no," said the Ostrich, with a superior smile, "it is because you are a Hén and don't know any better."

Moral.—The moral of the foregoing is not very clear, but it contains some reference to the Agitation for Female Suffrage.

The Grasshopper and the Ant

A FRIVOLOUS Grasshopper, having spent the summer in Mirth and Revelry, went on the Approach of the inclement winter to the Ant and implored it of its charity to stake him. "You had better go to your Uncle," replied the prudent Ant. "Had you imitated my Forethought and deposited your Funds in a Savings Bank, you would not now be compelled to regard your Duster in the light of an Ulster." Thus saying, the virtuous Ant retired, and read in the Papers next morning that the Savings Bank where he had deposited his Funds had suspended.

Moral.—*Dum vivimus, vivamus.*

The Philosopher and the Simpleton

A SIMPLETON, having had Occasion to seat himself, sat down on a Pin; whereon he made an Outcry unto Jupiter. A

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Philosopher, who happened to be holding up a Hitching-Post in the Vicinity, rebuked him, saying: "I can tell you how to avoid hurting yourself by sitting down on Pins, and will, if you will set them up." The Simpleton eagerly accepting the Offer, the Philosopher swallowed four fingers of the Rum which perisheth, and replied, "Never sit down." He subsequently acquired a vast Fortune by advertising for Agents, to whom he guaranteed \$77 a Week for light and easy employment at their Homes.

Moral.—The Wise Man saith: "There is a Nigger in the Fence," but the Fool Sendeth on 50 Cents for Sample and is Taken in.

The Shark and the Patriarch

DURING the Deluge, as a Shark was conducting a Thanksgiving service for an abundant Harvest, a prudent Patriarch looked out and addressed him thus: "My Friend, I am much struck with your open Countenance; pray come into the Ark and make one of us. The Probabilities are a falling Barometer and Heavy Rains throughout the Region of the Lower Universe during the next Forty Days." "That is just the sort of Hairpin I am," replied the Shark, who had cut several rows of Wisdom Teeth; "fetch on your Deluges." About six Weeks subsequently the Patriarch encountered him on the summit of Mount Ararat, in very straitened Circumstances.

Moral.—You Can't pretty much 'most Always Tell how Things are going to Turn Out Sometimes.

— "*Fables, by G. Washington Æsop.*"

George T. Lanigan

The Kind-hearted She-Elephant

A KIND-HEARTED She-Elephant, while walking through the Jungle where the Spicy Breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle, heedlessly set foot upon a Partridge, which she crushed to death within a few inches of the Nest containing its Callow Brood. "Poor little things!" said the generous Mammoth. "I have been a Mother myself, and my affection shall atone for the Fatal Consequences of my neglect." So saying, she sat down upon the Orphaned Birds.

Moral.—The above Teaches us What Home is Without a Mother; also, that it is not every Person who should be entrusted with the Care of an Orphan Asylum.

The Fox and the Crow

A CROW, having secured a Piece of Cheese, flew with its Prize to a lofty Tree, and was preparing to devour the Luscious Morsel, when a crafty Fox, halting at the foot of the Tree, began to cast about how he might obtain it.

"How tasteful is your Dress!" he cried in well-feigned Ecstasy; "it cannot surely be that your Musical Education has been neglected? Will you not oblige——"

"I have a horrid Cold," replied the Crow, "and never sing without my Music; but since you press me—at the same time, I should add that I have read Æsop, and been there before."

So saying, she deposited the Cheese in a safe Place on the Limb of the Tree, and favored him with a Song.

"Thank you!" exclaimed the Fox, and trotted away, with the Remark that Welsh Rabbits never agreed with him, and were far inferior in Quality to the animate Variety.

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Moral.—The foregoing fable is supported by a whole Gatling Battery of Morals. We are taught (1) that it Pays to take the Papers; (2) that Invitation is not Always the Sincerest Flattery; (3) that a Stalled Rabbit with Contentment is better than no Bread; and (4) that the Aim of Art is to Conceal Disappointment.

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Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

A Remarkable Dream

MANY stories are told of children, but this strikes me as a remarkable one in many ways, not the least of which is that it is true.

This child was allowed to sit up one evening when there were guests at dinner. The child was five years old.

Her grandmother was her especial guardian in matters of conduct, and toward the middle of the dinner, feeling that the child had been up longer than was good for her, told her that she must say good night and go up to bed.

The child did not show any ill-temper. She had been well brought up, and she left the table without any protest.

But the next morning at breakfast she complained to her mother that she had had such a terrible dream. Her mother and her grandmother tried to get her to tell what it was, but she hesitated. She did not want to tell her dream. Finally she said:

"I dreamed that I was dead."

Her mother was worried, and asked her to tell the rest of her dream.

"I dreamed that I was dead, and I went up to heaven and knocked at the gate. And then some one came to the gate, and he had keys in his hand, and so I knew it must be St. Peter"—the child had had Bible instruction—"and St. Peter said, 'Well, little girl, what do you want here?'"

"And I said, 'I died, and I've come up to heaven.'"

"And St. Peter said: 'I'm sorry, little girl, but heaven's full. There isn't any room for you.'"

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“So I went away, and then I went down to hell, and knocked at the door. A man came to open the door—and he was a very nice-looking man. ‘Well,’ he said, ‘little girl, what are you coming here for?’

“And I said, ‘I died, and I went up to heaven, and St. Peter said he couldn’t let me in, and all that sort of thing, so I came here.’

“And the man was very nice. He said: ‘Well, we’ll find room for you, little girl. We’ve got a good many people here, but we’ll find some place for you.’ So I went in, and it seemed to be quite a pleasant place, and there were a good many people there. It didn’t seem to be a very uncomfortable place. And the man took me to a room where there was a lounge against the wall, and he said, ‘You can sit there on the lounge for a little while, but you can’t stay very long, because we’re saving this lounge for your grandmother.’”

Well, there was nothing to be said. It was her dream. They couldn’t punish her. They just had to let it go—but I’ve never believed it *was* a dream.

Maria Louise Pool

The Last Straw

RANDY RANKIN always sits straight. She never lolls. As she sat there, in the most uncomfortable chair in the tent, she was a great contrast to us, who came to the shore with intent to do nothing but lounge, and who appeared to be accomplishing our intentions. I am sure there are some people who are never comfortable save when they are uncomfortable. As I reclined on our couch and looked at Mrs. Rankin, I could but wonder if Mr. Rankin also always wanted to sit straight; if he did not, I thought I had a clue as to why he should now live by himself in that old schoolhouse, while she should dwell in the Two-mile. This woman is considerably above the average native on these shores. It was interesting to have her spend part of a day with us, but I could not put from me the feeling that she might be somewhat overwhelming as a constant companion. I noticed one peculiarity about her speech: she would frequently speak correctly for several consecutive sentences, and then would lapse with apparent hopelessness into a tangle of subjects and predicates. I decided that she knew how to use the simple laws of grammar, but that the custom and example of years were generally more powerful than any other consideration.

At our request she had taken off her "things," which were a black-fringed silk shawl and a sunbonnet. A pair of large drab cotton gloves had also been removed, and were pulled into each other in the form of a ball and placed in the sun-

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bonnet. Her dress was black alpaca, which was so shiny as to look new; of course it was not wrinkled, for alpaca cannot wrinkle. Although the cloth looked so new, I felt that this appearance was deceptive, for I was sure that not within thirty years at the very least could any dressmaker have been persuaded to cut a "bodice" like that. Perhaps I may as well state here that later I was informed by Mrs. Marlow that the dress was new, had never been worn before, and was cut and made by Mrs. Rankin herself. It was of that fashion once known as "the fan waist." Those who have seen this style will know what I mean, and to those who have not I can give no description which would be sufficiently graphic. It was cut down in the neck, so that a slight hint of the collar-bone could be seen, and round this neck was "fulled on" a strip of that Hamburg edging which is brought round in packs by Jew pedlers. She wore a white apron with three tucks at the bottom, and finished off with more edging.

Now, if you think Randy Rankin, in spite of her face and dress, was one for whom you could feel anything like pity or condescension, you are entirely mistaken. There was a grimness, a decision, and a strength about her, a shrewdness and sense, that made it impossible not to have a sort of respect for her. If she chose to dress as she did when she was young, you could only be amused; the conviction that she would not care if you went into convulsions of laughter at her made the convulsions impossible.

She was in the habit of relating some of the infelicities of her married life with the matter-of-fact calmness with which any of the fishermen here might tell of a poor haul at certain seasons. A poor haul was unfortunate, but it was a subject which could be fully discussed without any delicacy.

I have said that my walking across the floor of the tent with

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slippers whose heels clacked at every step excited in our caller reminiscences of her married life.

"It ain't no secret why Mr. Rankin and me can't live together," she said as she slowly drank her lemonade. "I never did believe in mysteries, and when folks want to know the trouble I'm always willin' to tell 'em. Mr. Rankin was so easy goin' 't I guess he could 'a' put up with me, or anybody, till the judgment-day, but my nerves can't bear everything. There were two things that decided me." Mrs. Rankin here spoke with extraordinary decision. "One was them down-to-the-heel slippers. I d'know where he fished 'em up from; under the eaves somewhere, I expect. 'T any rate, he come into the kitchen one morning with them on. He wa'n't very well that day, 'n' he stayed in the house, and kep' walkin' up and down, clack, clack, clack, clack, across that oilcloth, until I felt that I should fly. I c'n bear some things well enough, but some things I can't; and Mr. Rankin, one way 'n' 'nother, had got to be awful tryin'. My teeth were on edge most of the time. I said to him, 'Hadn't you better put on them list slippers o' yours?' I went and got 'em, and put 'em down in front of him. He didn't say he wouldn't put 'em on; that wa'n't his way; but all the same, he didn't do it, but kept on them things, and kept walkin' and clackin' all that day. He wa'n't well for a week, and the whole of that mortal time he wore them slippers, with heels that had busted off the uppers jest far enough to let 'em down good with every step. I s'pose you know there's always a last straw. I concluded that I had about reached that straw, and I told Mr. Rankin so. He laughed, and said he guessed not; he guessed things would go on with us about as usual. Will you believe it, all the rest of the time I lived with him, about six months, he would never wear any other slippers but them! I had given the matter the most earnest thought of

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which I was capable. I was fearful unhappy, and growin' more so every day. The man's whole nature rasped on mine so that I was sometimes afraid of myself when I saw him coming. And yet he was an upright, honest man. I have nothing to say against his character. He must have had his trials with me. Luckily for him, he had a thick skin."

Mrs. Rankin paused, and seemed to be looking into the past. After a moment she resumed:

"But, lor, 'tain't no use whining. Jonas Rankin's jest what he is, 'n' I'm jest what I be. I had made a firm resolution that them slippers, even if he wore 'em's long's I lived, shouldn't be the last straw. But I told him fair and square that the very next thing would be. I'd got to the end of my rope. He laughed. I guess that laugh of his has made me as mad's I ever wanter be. I used to pray over things. My health wa'n't first-rate, and I've noticed prayer seems to do more good when you're kind of sound bodily. No, don't give me no more lemonade. Wall, what do you think that man did next?"

Randy waited for us to guess, but, naturally, we did not fully know the capabilities of Mr. Jonas Rankin, and so could make no guess at all.

"The Tree of Death was the next thing," she said, with such an intensity of utterance that we stopped the laugh that rose to our lips, and waited with what patience we might.

"Yes," she went on. "It belonged to his first wife, she that was a Lincoln, and he said they used to have it in their parlor. This he told me when we were first married. He gave it to his son, who lives under the first cliff on the shore, you know. One day Mr. Rankin come in with a large flat parcel under his arm. He took off the wrappings, and said he guessed we'd have that in the sitting-room now. Then he hung up the thing in a place where you'd see it, and nothing else, if you were

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anywhere in the room. I begged him not to have it there. There was nothing in the world I hated so much. Did you ever see one?"

No, we never had seen one.

"It's a tall, black, dead-looking tree, with a horrible picture of the devil tramping about the roots with a watering-pot, from which great streams of water are running. The devil has cloven feet, horns, and a tail with a prong to it. He is grinning because the tree is so flourishing. For fruit there are great black balls, and in each ball is printed the name of some sin, such as Lying, Theft, Lust, Covetousness, and other sins which I need not mention. This picture was in a frame of wood painted a light blue, with gilt sprigs on it. What do you think? That man was bound to have the picture hung there. He said the sight of it was wholesome for frivolous souls. I told him that if we had ever been frivolous, it had all been taken out of us long ago. He said he guessed it had better hang there. And I knew it was settled. I found out afterward that John's little girl—John is Mr. Rankin's son—had had fits just from looking at the Tree of Death. I could believe that well enough, for the child was a nervous, fanciful thing. She was frightened almost out of her senses. She couldn't keep away from the picture, either, and used to steal into the room where it was and stand and look at it. Finally her mother found it out. Lily threw herself into her mother's arms one day, and said that the devil was watering the sins in her heart, and soon they would be as big as those black balls. Then she had a kind of convulsion. That picture came down double quick. The doctor said that child would be crazy if she were left to have such notions.

"Do you think I was goin' ter hev that blarsted thing there for me ter stare at? No; that was the last straw. I told Mr. Rankin it was the last straw. I wa'n't a-goin' ter keep house.

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for him no more. He tried ter argue the point. I told him he might save his breath. The house happened ter be mine. I told him he might take his traps and go.

“He had jest about enough int’reest money to git his victuals and clothes, if he lived by himself. ‘Jest keep yer int’reest,’ says I. ‘You jest row your own boat, and I’ll row mine.’ I guess there wa’n’t no love lost atween us. He took his things, or ruther his fust wife’s things, ’n’ went an’ bought an old schoolhouse that the town ain’t had no use for this dozen years. He paid fifty dollars for it. He’s lived there ever sence; be seven years next spring. I do some washin’ and some slop-work, and pick some huckleberries. I git ’long. I ain’t got no Tree of Death in my house, nor nobody that wears slippers that click on the oilcloth. I do Mr. Rankin’s washing and mending, but I don’t charge him nothin’ for it. I send the clothes back by the baker every fortnit, and the grocery man brings ’em. I don’t see Mr. Rankin from year’s end to year’s end, and I don’t want to. His son and I are on good terms. John is a good fellow. I like him; and naturally there’s great sympathy between his family and me on the subject of that picture. John’s wife has been so far as to say that she didn’t blame no woman for not livin’ with no man who wanted to put the Tree of Death under her nose all the time. Of course I’m lonesome once in a while. I often think, if my son had lived, ’twould have been different.”

Mrs. Rankin became silent. Her deep-set eyes seemed to look more sunken than ever. She roused herself.

“Oh, yes,” she said, “I git ’long.”

—“*Tenting at Stony Beach.*”

James Jeffrey Roche

The V-a-s-e

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell, from sight alone,
In which had Culture ripest grown—

The Gotham Million, fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

.

Long they worshiped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who, blushing, said, "What a lovely vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

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But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'Tis indeed a lovely vase!"

But brief her unworthy triumph, when
The lofty one from the house of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims, "It is quite a lovely vash!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs, "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

Dies erit prægélida

Sinistra quum Bostonia.

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A Boston Lullaby

BABY'S brain is tired of thinking
On the Wherefore and the Whence;
Baby's precious eyes are blinking
With incipient somnolence.

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Little hands are weary turning
Heavy leaves of lexicon;
Little nose is fretted learning
How to keep its glasses on.

Baby knows the laws of nature
Are beneficent and wise;
His medulla oblongata
Bids my darling close his eyes,

And his pneumogastrics tell him
Quietude is always best
When his little cerebellum
Needs recuperative rest.

Baby must have relaxation,
Let the world go wrong or right.
Sleep, my darling, leave Creation
To its chances for the night.

Joel Chandler Harris

The Awful Fate of Mr. Wolf

UNCLE REMUS was half-soling one of his shoes, and his Miss Sally's little boy had been handling his awls, his hammers, and his knives to such an extent that the old man was compelled to assume a threatening attitude; but peace reigned again, and the little boy perched himself on a chair, watching Uncle Remus driving in pegs.

"Folks w'at's allers pesterin' people, en bodderin' 'longer dat w'at ain't dern, don't never come ter no good eend. Dar wuz Brer Wolf; stidder mindin' un his own bizness, he hatter take en go in pardnerships wid Brer Fox, en dey wa'n't skacely a minnit in de day dat he wa'n't atter Brer Rabbit, en he kep' on en kep' on twel fus' news you knowed he got kotch up wid—en he got kotch up monst'us bad."

"Goodness, Uncle Remus! I thought the Wolf let the Rabbit alone, after he tried to fool him about the Fox being dead."

"Better lemme tell dish yer my way. Bimeby hit'll be yo' bedtime, en Miss Sally'll be a-hollerin' atter you, en you'll be a-whimplin' roun', en den Mars John'll fetch up de re'r wid dat ar strop w'at I made fer 'im."

The child laughed, and playfully shook his fist in the simple, serious face of the venerable old daky, but said no more. Uncle Remus waited awhile to be sure there was to be no other demonstration, and then proceeded:

"Brer Rabbit ain't see no peace w'atsumever. He can't leave home 'cep' Brer Wolf 'ud make a raid en tote off some

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er de fambly. Brer Rabbit b'ilt 'im a straw house, en hit wuz tored down; den he made a house ouden pine-tops, en dat went de same way; den he made 'im a bark house, en dat wuz raided on, en eve'y time he los' a house he los' one er his chilluns. Las' Brer Rabbit got mad, he did, en cust, en den he went off, he did, en got some kyarpinters, en dey b'ilt 'm a plank house wid rock foundashuns. Atter dat he could have some peace en quietness. He could go out en pass de time er day wid his nabers, en come back en set by de fier, en smoke his pipe, en read dé newspapers same like enny man w'at got a fambly. He made a hole, he did, in de cellar whar de little Rabbits could hide out w'en dar wuz much uv a racket in de naberhood, en de latch er de front do' kotch on de inside. Brer Wolf he see how de lan' lay, he did, en he lay low. De little Rabbits was mighty skittish, but hit got so dat cole chills ain't run up Brer Rabbit's back no mo' w'en he heered Brer Wolf go gallopin' by.

"Bimeby, one day w'en Brer Rabbit wuz fixin' fer ter call on Miss Coon, he heered a monst'us fussen clatter up de big road, en 'mos' 'fo' he could fix his years fer ter lissen, Brer Wolf run in de do'. De little Rabbits dey went inter dere hole in de cellar, dey did, like blowin' out a cannle. Brer Wolf wuz far'ly kiver'd wid mud, en mighty nigh outer win'.

"'Oh, do pray save me, Brer Rabbit!' sez Brer Wolf, sezee. 'Do, please, Brer Rabbit! de dogs is atter me, en dey'll t'ar me up. Don't you year um comin'? Oh, do please save me, Brer Rabbit! Hide me some'rs whar de dogs won't git me.'

"No quicker sed dan done.

"'Jump in dat big chist dar, Brer Wolf,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee; 'jump in dar en make yo'se'f at home.'

"In jump Brer Wolf, down come de lid, en inter de hasp

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went de hook, en dar Mr. Wolf wuz. Den Brer Rabbit went ter de lookin'-glass, he did, en wink at hisse'f, en den he draw'd de rockin'-cheer in front er de fier, he did, en tuck a big chaw terbarker."

"Tobacco, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy incredulously.

"Rabbit terbarker, honey. You know dis yer life ev'lastin' w'at Miss Sally puts 'mong de cloze in de trunk; well, dat's rabbit terbarker. Den Brer Rabbit sot dar long time, he did, turnin' his mine over en wukken' his thinkin' masheen. Bimeby he got up, en sorter stir 'roun'. Den Brer Wolf open up:

"'Is de dogs all gone, Brer Rabbit?'

"'Seem like I hear one un um smellin' roun' de chimbly cornder des now.'

"Den Brer Rabbit git de kittle en fill it full er water, en put it on de fier.

"'W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?'

"'I'm fixin' fer ter make you a nice cup er tea, Brer Wolf.'

"Den Brer Rabbit went ter de cubberd en git de gimlet, en commence for ter bo' little holes in de chist-lid.

"'W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?'

"'I'm a-bo'in' little holes so you kin get bref, Brer Wolf.'

"Den Brer Rabbit went out en git some mo' wood, en fling it on de fier.

"'W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?'

"'I'm a-chunkin' up de fier so you won't git cole, Brer Wolf.'

"Den Brer Rabbit went down inter de cellar en fotch out all his chilluns.

"'W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?'

"'I'm a-tellin' my chilluns w'at a nice man you is, Brer Wolf.'

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"En de chilluns, dey had ter put der han's on der moufs fer ter keep fum laffin'. Den Brer Rabbit he got de kittle en commenced fer to po' de hot water on de chist-lid.

"'W'at dat I hear, Brer Rabbit?'

"'You hear de win' a-blowin', Brer Wolf.'

"Den de water begin fer ter sif' thoo.

"'W'at dat I feel, Brer Rabbit?'

"'You feels de fleas a-bitin', Brer Wolf.'

"'Dey er bitin' mighty hard, Brer Rabbit.'

"'Tu'n over on de udder side, Brer Wolf.'

"'W'at dat I feel now, Brer Rabbit?'

"'Still you feels de fleas, Brer Wolf.'

"'Dey er eatin' me up, Brer Rabbit,' en dem wuz de las' words er Brer Wolf, kase de scaldin' water done de bizness.

"Den Brer Rabbit call in his nabers, he did, en dey hilt a reg'lar juberlee; en ef you go ter Brer Rabbit's house right now, I dunno but w'at you'll fine Brer Wolf's hide hangin' in de back-po'ch, en all bekaze he wuz so bizzzy wid udder fo'kses doin's."—*From "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings," copyright, 1880, by D. Appleton & Company.*

Uncle Remus Has Peculiar Dreams

ONE afternoon, while Uncle Remus was sitting in the sun, he drifted across the dim and pleasant borderland that lies somewhere between sleeping and waking. He must have drifted back again immediately, for it seemed that he was not so fast asleep that he was unable to hear the sound of stealthy footsteps somewhere near him. Instantly he was on the alert, but still kept his eyes closed. He knew at once that the little boy was trying to surprise him. . . .

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By opening one eye a trifle, Uncle Remus could watch the youngster, who was creeping, Indian-like, upon him, and this gave the old negro an immense advantage, for just as the little boy was about to jump at him, Uncle Remus straightened himself in his chair and uttered a blood-curdling yell that would have alarmed a much larger and older person than the lad.

"Why, what in the world is the matter with you, Uncle Remus?" he asked as soon as he could speak.

"Wuz dat you comin' 'long dar, honey?" said Uncle Remus, by way of response. "Well, ef 'twuz, you kin des go up dar ter de big house an' tell um all dat you saved my life, kaze dat what you done. Dey ain't no tellin' what would 'a' happen ef you had n't 'a' come creepin' 'long an' woke me up, kaze whiles I wuz dozin' dar I wuz on a train, an' de bullgine look like it wuz runnin' away. 'Twant one er deze yer 'commydatin' trains, kaze de man what tuck up de tickets say he w'a n't in no hurry fer ter see how fur anybody gwine; dey wuz all boun' fer de same place, an' when dey got dar dey 'd know it. De kyars wuz lined wid caliker, an' de brakeman wuz made out 'n straw. It went on, it did, an' de bullgine run faster an' faster twel it run so fast you could n't hear it toot fer brakes, an' des 'bout de time dat eve'ything wuz a gittin' smashed up, here you come an' wokened me—an' a mighty good thing, kaze ef I 'd 'a' stayed on dat train, dey would n't 'a' been 'nough er me left fer de congergation ter sing a song over. I 'm mighty thankful dat dey 's somebody got sense 'nough fer ter come 'long an' skeer me out er my troubles."

This statement was intended to change the course of the little boy's thoughts—to cause him to forget that he had been frightened—and it was quite successful, for he began to talk about dreams in general, telling some peculiar ones of his own, such as children have.

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"Talkin' 'bout dreams," remarked Uncle Remus, "it put me in min' er de man what been sick off an' on, an' he hatter be mighty keerful er his eatin'. One night he had a dream. It seemed like dat somebody come 'long an' gi' him a great big hunk er ol' time ginger-cake, an' it smell so sweet an' taste so good dat he e't 'bout a poun'. He wuz eatin' it in his sleep, but de dream wuz so natchal dat de nex' mornin' dey hatter sen' fer de doctor, an' 'twuz e'en 'bout all dey could do fer ter pull 'im thoo."—*From "Told by Uncle Remus," used by permission of Joel Chandler Harris and the publishers, McClure, Phillips & Co.*

Mr. Rabbit Grossly Deceives Mr. Fox

ONE evening, when the little boy—whose nights with Uncle Remus were as entertaining as those Arabian ones of blessed memory—had finished supper and hurried out to sit with his venerable patron, he found the old man in great glee. Indeed, Uncle Remus was talking and laughing to himself at such a rate that the little boy was afraid he had company. The truth is, Uncle Remus had heard the child coming, and, when the rosy-cheeked chap put his head in at the door, was engaged in a monologue, the burden of which seemed to be:

"Ole Molly Har',
W'at you doin' dar,
Settin' in de cornder
Smokin' yo' seegyar?"

As a matter of course this vague allusion reminded the little boy of the fact that the wicked Fox was still in pursuit of the

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Rabbit, and he immediately put his curiosity in the shape of a question.

"Uncle Remus, did the Rabbit have to go clean away when he got loose from the Tar-Baby?"

"Bless gracious, honey, dat he didn't. Who? Him? You dunno nothin' 'tall 'bout Brer Rabbit ef dat's de way you puttin' 'im down. W'at he gwine 'way fer? He moughter stayed sorter close twel de pitch rub off'n his ha'r, but tweren't menny days 'fo' he wuz lopin' up en down de naberhood same ez ever, en I dunno ef he weren't mo' sassier dan befo'.

"Seem like dat de tale 'bout how he got mixt up wid de Tar-Baby got 'roun' 'mongst de nabers. Leas'ways, Miss Meadows en de gals got win' un it, en de nex' time Brer Rabbit paid um a visit Miss Meadows tackled 'im 'bout it, en de gals sot up a monst'us gigglement. Brer Rabbit he sot up des ez cool ez a cowcumber, he did, en let 'em run on."

"Who was Miss Meadows, Uncle Remus?" inquired the little boy.

"Don't ax me, honey. She wuz in de tale, Miss Meadows en de gals wuz, en de tale I give you like hit wer' gun ter me. Brer Rabbit he sot dar, he did, sorter lam'like, en den bimeby he cross his legs, he did, and wink his eye slow, en up and say, sezee:

"'Ladies, Brer Fox wuz my daddy's ridin'-hoss fer thirty year; maybe mo', but thirty year dat I knows un,' sezee; en den he paid um his 'spects, en tip his beaver, en march off, he did, des ez stiff en ez stuck up ez a fire-stick.

"Nex' day Brer Fox cum a-callin', and w'en he 'gun fer ter laugh 'bout Brer Rabbit, Miss Meadows en de gals dey ups en tells 'im 'bout w'at Brer Rabbit say. Den Brer Fox grit his tushes sho' 'nuff, he did, en he look mighty dumpy, but w'en he riz fer ter go he up en say, sezee:

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“‘Ladies, I ain’t ’sputin’ w’at you say, but I’ll make Brer Rabbit chaw up his words en spit um out right yere whar you kin see ’im,’ sezee, en wid dat off Brer Fox put.

“En w’en he got in de big road he shuck de dew offen his tail, en made a straight shoot fer Brer Rabbit’s house. W’en he got dar, Brer Rabbit wuz ’spectin’ un ’im, en de do’ wuz shet fas’. Brer Fox knock. Nobody ain’t ans’er. Brer Fox knock. Nobody ans’er. Den he knock ag’in—blam! blam! Den Brer Rabbit holler out mighty weak:

“‘Is dat you, Brer Fox? I want you ter run en fetch de doctor. Dat bait er pusly w’at I e’t dis mawnin’ is gittin’ ’way wid me. Do, please, Brer Fox, run quick,’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

“‘I come atter you, Brer Rabbit,’ sez Brer Fox, sezee. ‘Dar’s gwineter be a party up at Miss Meadows’s,’ sezee. ‘All de gals ’ll be dere, en I promus dat I’d fetch you. De gals, dey ’lowed dat hit wouldn’t be no party ’ceppin’ I fotch you,’ sez Brer Fox, sezee.

“Den Brer Rabbit say he wuz too sick, en Brer Fox say he wuzzent, en dar dey had it up and down, ’sputin’ en contendin’. Brer Rabbit say he can’t walk. Brer Fox say he tote ’im. Brer Rabbit say how? Brer Fox say in his arms. Brer Rabbit say he drap ’im. Brer Fox ’low he won’t. Bimeby Brer Rabbit say he go ef Brer Fox tote ’im on his back. Brer Fox say he would. Brer Rabbit say he can’t ride widout a saddle. Brer Fox say he git de saddle. Brer Rabbit say he can’t set in saddle ’less he have bridle fer to hol’ by. Brer Fox say he git de bridle. Brer Rabbit say he can’t ride widout bline bridle, kaze Brer Fox be shyin’ at stumps ’long de road, en fling ’im off. Brer Fox say he git bline bridle. Den Brer Rabbit say he go. Den Brer Fox say he ride Brer Rabbit mos’ up ter Miss Meadows’s, en den he could git down en walk de balance er de way.

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Brer Rabbit 'greed, en den Brer Fox lipt up out atter de saddle en de bridle.

"Co'se Brer Rabbit know de game dat Brer Fox wuz fixin' fer ter play, en he 'termin' fer ter outdo 'im, en by de time he koam his ha'r en twis' his mustarsh, en sorter rig up, yere come Brer Fox, saddle en bridle on, en lookin' ez peart ez a circus pony. He trot up ter de do' en stan' dar pawin' de ground en chompin' de bit same like sho' 'nuff hoss, en Brer Rabbit he mount, he did, en dey amble off. Brer Fox can't see behime wid de bline bridle on, but bimeby he feel Brer Rabbit raise one er his foots.

"'W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?' sezee.

"'Short'nin' de lef' stir'p, Brer Fox,' sezee.

"Bimeby Brer Rabbit raise up de udder foot.

"'W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?' sezee.

"'Pullin' down my pants, Brer Fox,' sezee.

"All de time, bless grashus, honey, Brer Rabbit wer' puttin' on his spurrers, en w'en dey got close to Miss Meadows's, whar Brer Rabbit wuz to git off, en Brer Fox made a motion fer ter stan' still, Brer Rabbit slap de spurrers inter Brer Fox's flanks, en you better b'leeve he got over groun'. W'en dey got ter de house, Miss Meadows en all de gals wuz settin' on de peazzer, en stidder stoppin' at de gate, Brer Rabbit rid on by, he did, en den come gallopin' down de road en up ter de hoss-rack, w'ich he hitch Brer Fox at, en den he santer inter de house, he did, en shake han's wid de gals, en set dar, smokin' his seegyar same ez a town man. Bimeby he draw in a long puff, en den let hit out in a cloud, en squar' hisse'f back en holler out, he did:

"'Ladies, ain't I done tell you Brer Fox wuz de ridin'-hoss fer our fambly? He sorter losin' his gait now, but I 'spect I kin fetch 'im all right in a mont' er so,' sezee.

"En den Brer Rabbit sorter grin, he did, en de gals giggle,

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en Miss Meadows she praise up de pony, en dar wuz Brer Fox hitch fas' ter de rack, en couldn't he'p hisse'f."

"Is that all, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy as the old man paused.

"Dat ain't all, honey, but 'twon't do fer ter give out too much cloff fer ter cut one pa'r pants," replied the old man sententiously.—*From "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings," copyright, 1880, by D. Appleton & Co.*

The Pimmerly Plum

ONE night, when the little boy had grown tired of waiting for a story, he looked at Uncle Remus, and said:

"I wonder what ever became of old Brother Tarrypin."

Uncle Remus gave a sudden start, glanced all around the cabin, and then broke into a laugh that ended in a yell like a view-halloo.

"Well, well, well! How de name er goodness come you ter know w'at runnin' on in my min', honey? Mon, you skeer'd me; you sho'ly did; en w'en I git skeer'd I 'bleedz ter holler. Let 'lone dat, ef I keep on gittin' skeerder en skeerder, you better gimme room, kaze ef I can't git 'way fum dar somebody gwine ter git hurted, en dey er gwine ter git hurted bad. I tell you dat right pine-blank."

"Ole Brer Tarrypin!" continued Uncle Remus in a tone of exultation. "Ole Brer Tarrypin! Now, who bin yere tell er de beat er dat? Dar you sets studyin' 'bout ole Brer Tarrypin, en yere I sets studyin' 'bout ole Brer Tarrypin. Hit make me feel so kuse dat little mo' en I'd a draw'd my Rabbit-foot en shuck it at you."

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The little boy was delighted when Uncle Remus went off into these rhapsodies. However nonsensical they might seem to others, to the child they were positively thrilling, and he listened with rapt attention, scarcely daring to stir.

“Ole Brer Tarrypin? Well, well, well!—

*“W'en in he prime
He tuck he time!”*

“Dat w'at make he hol' he age so good. Dey tells me dat somebody 'cross dar in Jasper county tuck'n kotch a Tarrypin w'ich he got marks cut in he back dat 'uz put dar 'fo' our folks went fer ter git revengeance in de Moccasin war. Dar whar yo' Unk' Jeems bin,” Uncle Remus explained, noticing the little boy's look of astonishment.

“Oh!” exclaimed the child, “that was the Mexican war.”

“Well,” responded Uncle Remus, closing his eyes with a sigh, “I ain't one er deze yere kinder folks w'at choke deyse'f wid names. One name ain't got none de 'vantage er no yuther name. En ef de Tarrypin got de marks on 'im hit don't make no diff'unce whe'er yo' Unk' Jeems Abercrombie git his revengeance out'n de Moccasin folks, er whe'er he got it out'n de Mackersons.”

“Mexicans, Uncle Remus.”

“Tooby sho', honey; let it go at dat. But don't less pester ole Brer Tarrypin wid it, kaze he don' b'long ter a tribe all by he own 'lone se'f. I 'clar' ter gracious,” exclaimed the old man after a pause, “ef hit don't seem perriently lak 'twuz yistiddy!”

“What, Uncle Remus?”

“Oh, des ole Brer Tarrypin, honey; des ole Brer Tarrypin en a tale w'at I year 'bout 'im, how he done tuck'n do Brer Fox.”

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"Did he scare him, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked as the old man paused.

"No, my goodness! Wuss'n dat!"

"Did he hurt him?"

"No, my goodness! Wuss'n dat!"

"Did he kill him?"

"No, my goodness! Lots wuss'n dat!"

"Now, Uncle Remus, what *did* he do to Brother Fox?"

"Honey!" here the old man lowered his voice as if about to describe a great outrage: "Honey! he tuck'n make a fool out'n 'im!"

The child laughed, but it was plain that he failed to appreciate the situation, and this fact caused Uncle Remus to brighten up and go on with the story.

"One time w'en de sun shine down mighty hot, ole Brer Tarrypin wuz gwine 'long down de road. He wuz gwine 'long down, en he feel mighty tired; he puff, en he blow, en he pant. He breff come lak he got de azmy 'way down in he win'-pipe, but, nummine! he de same ole Creep-um-crawl-um Have-some-fun-um. He wuz gwine 'long down de big road, ole Brer Tarrypin wuz, en bimeby he come ter de branch. He tuck'n crawl in, he did, en got 'im a drink er water, en den he crawl out on t'er side en set down und' de shade un a tree. Atter he sorter ketch he win', he look up at de sun fer ter see w'at time er day is it, en, lo en beholes! he tuck'n 'skiver dat he settin' in de shade er de sycamo' tree. No sooner is he 'skiver dis dan he sing de old song:

*"Good luck ter dem w'at come en go,
W'at set in de shade er de sycamo'."*

"Brer Tarrypin he feel so good en de shade so cool, dat twa'n't long 'fo' he got ter noddin', en bimeby he drapt off

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en went soun' asleep. Co'se, Brer Tarrypin kyar he house wid 'im eve'ywhar he go, en w'en he fix fer ter go ter sleep he des shet de do' en pull too de winder-shetters, en dar he is des ez snug ez de ole black cat und' de barn.

"Brer Tarrypin lay dar, he did, en sleep, en sleep. He dunno how long he sleep, but bimeby he feel somebody foolin' 'long wid 'im. He keep de do' shet, en he lay dar en lissen. He feel somebody tu'nin' he house 'roun' en 'roun'. Dis sorter skeer Brer Tarrypin, kaze he know dat ef dey tu'n he house upside down he 'ull have all sorts er times gittin' back. Wid dat he open de do' little ways, en he see Brer Fox projickin' wid 'im. He open de do' little funder, he did, en he break out in a great big hoss-laff, en holler:

"'Well! well, well! Who'd a thunk it! Ole Brer Fox, cuter dan de common run, is done come en kotch me. En he come at sech a time, too! I feels dat full twel I can't see straight skacely. Ef dey wuz any jealousyness proned inter me, I'd des lay yere en pout kaze Brer Fox done fine out whar I gits my Pimmerly Plum.'

"In dem days," continued Uncle Remus, speaking to the child's look of inquiry, "de Pimmerly Plum wuz monst'us skace. Leavin' out Brer Rabbit en Brer Tarrypin, dey wa'n't none er de yuther creeturs dat yuvver got a glimp' un it, let 'lone a tas'e. So den w'en Brer Fox year talk er de Pimmerly Plum, bless gracious! he h'ist up he head en let Brer Tarrypin 'lone. Brer Tarrypin keep on laffin', en Brer Fox 'low:

"'Hush, Brer Tarrypin! you makes my mouf water! Whar-'bouts de Pimmerly Plum?'

"Brer Tarrypin, he sorter cle'r up de ho'seness in he throat, en sing:

*"'Poun' er sugar, en a pint er rum,
Ain't nigh so sweet ez de Pimmerly Plum!'*

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“Brer Fox, he lif’ up he han’s, he did, en holler:

“‘Oh, hush, Brer Tarrypin! you makes me dribble! Whar-’bouts dat Pimmerly Plum?’

“‘You stannin’ right und’ de tree, Brer Fox!’

“‘Brer Tarrypin, sho’ly not!’

“‘Yit dar you stan’s, Brer Fox!’

“Brer Fox look up in de tree dar, en he wuz ’stonish’.”

“What did he see in the sycamore tree, Uncle Remus?” inquired the little boy.

There was a look of genuine disappointment on the old man’s face as he replied:

“De gracious en de goodness, honey! Ain’t you nev’ is see dem ar little bit er balls w’at grow on de sycamo’ tree?”

The little boy laughed. There was a huge sycamore tree in the center of the circle made by the carriage-way in front of the “big house,” and there were sycamore trees of various sizes all over the place. The little balls alluded to by Uncle Remus are very hard at certain stages of their growth, and cling to the tree with wonderful tenacity. Uncle Remus continued:

“Well, den, w’en ole Brer Tarrypin vouch dat dem ar sycamo’ balls wuz de ginnywine Pimmerly Plum, ole Brer Fox he feel mighty good, yit he dunno how he gwine git at um. Push ’im clos’t, en maybe he mought beat Brer Tarrypin clammin’ a tree, but dis hyer sycamo’ tree wuz too big fer Brer Fox fer ter git he arms ’roun’. Den he up’n ’low:

“‘I sees um hangin’ dar, Brer Tarrypin, but how I gwine git um?’

“Brer Tarrypin open he do’ little ways en holler out:

“‘Ah-yi! Dar whar ole Slickum Slow-come got de ’vantage! Youer mighty peart, Brer Fox, yit somehow er nudder you ain’t bin a keepin’ up wid ole Slickum Slow-come.’

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“‘Brer Tarrypin, how de name er goodness does you git um?’

“‘Don’t do no good fer ter tell you, Brer Fox. Nimble heel make restless min’. You ain’t got time fer ter wait en git um, Brer Fox.’

“‘Brer Tarrypin, I got all de week befo’ me.’

“‘Ef I tells you, you’ll go en tell all de t’er creeters, en den dat’ll be de las’ er de Pimmerly Plum, Brer Fox.’

“‘Brer Tarrypin, dat I won’t. Des try me one time en see.’

“‘Brer Tarrypin shet he eye lak he studyin’, en den he ’low:

“‘I tell you how I does, Brer Fox. W’en I wants a bait er de Pimmerly Plum right bad, I des takes my foot in my han’ en comes down yere ter dish yere tree. I comes en I takes my stan’. I gits right und’ de tree, en I r’ars my head back en opens my mouf. I opens my mouf, en w’en de Pimmerly Plum draps, I boun’ you she draps right spang in dar. All you got ter do is ter set en wait, Brer Fox.’

“‘Brer Fox ain’t sayin’ nothin’. He des sot down und’ de tree, he did, en r’ar’d he head back, en open he mouf, en I wish ter goodness you mought er bin had er chance fer ter see ’im settin’ dar. He look scan’lous, dat’s de long en de short un it; he des look scan’lous.”

“‘Did he get the Pimmerly Plum, Uncle Remus?’” asked the little boy.

“‘Shoo’! How he gwine git plum whar dey ain’t no plum?”

“‘Well, what did he do?”

“‘He sot dar wid he mouf wide open, en eve’y time Brer Tarrypin look at ’im, much ez he kin do fer ter keep from bustin’ aloose en laffin’. But bimeby he make he way todes home, Brer Tarrypin did, chucklin’ en laffin’, en ’twa’n’t long ’fo’ he meet Brer Rabbit tippin’ ’long down de road. Brer Rabbit, he hail ’im.

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“‘W’at ’muse you so mighty well, Brer Tarrypin?’

“Brer Tarrypin kotch he breff atter so long a time, en he ’low:

“‘Brer Rabbit, I’m dat tickle’ twel I can’t shuffle ’long, skacely, en I’m fear’d ef I up’n tell you de ’casion un it, I’ll be taken wid one er my spells whar folks hatter set up wid me kaze I laff so loud en laff so long.’

“Yit atter so long a time, Brer Tarrypin up’n tell Brer Rabbit, en dey sot dar en chaw’d terbacker en kyar’d on des lak sho’ nuff folks. Dat dey did!”

Uncle Remus paused; but the little boy wanted to know what became of Brer Fox.

“Hit’s mighty kuse,” said the old man, stirring around in the ashes as if in search of a potato, “but endurin’ er all my days I ain’t never year nobody tell ’bout how long Brer Fox sot dar waitin’ fer de Pimmerly Plum.”—*From “Nights With Uncle Remus,” copyright, 1881 and 1883, by Houghton, Mifflin & Company.*

Sarah Orne Jewett

The Passing of Sister Barsett

MRS. MERCY CRANE was of such firm persuasion that a house is meant to be lived in, that during many years she was never known to leave her own neat two-storied dwelling-place on the Ridge road. Yet being very fond of company, in pleasant weather she often sat in the side doorway looking out on her green yard, where the grass grew short and thick and was undisfigured even by a path toward the steps. All her faded green blinds were securely tied together and knotted on the inside by pieces of white tape; but now and then, when the sun was not too hot for her carpets, she opened one window at a time for a few hours, having pronounced views upon the necessity of light and air. Although Mrs. Crane was acknowledged by her best friends to be a peculiar person and very set in her ways, she was much respected, and one acquaintance vied with another in making up for her melancholy seclusion by bringing her all the news they could gather. She had been left alone many years before by the sudden death of her husband from sunstroke, and though she was by no means poor, she had, as some one said, "such a pretty way of taking a little present that you couldn't help being pleased when you gave her anything."

For a lover of society, such a life must have had its difficulties at times, except that the Ridge road was more traveled than any other in the township, and Mrs. Crane had invented a system of signals, to which she always resorted in case of wishing to speak to some one of her neighbors.

The afternoon was wearing late, one day toward the end of

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summer, and Mercy Crane sat in her doorway dressed in a favorite old-fashioned light calico and a small shoulder-shawl figured with large palm-leaves. She was making some tatting of a somewhat intricate pattern; she believed it to be the prettiest and most durable of trimmings, and having decorated her own wardrobe in the course of unlimited leisure, she was now making a few yards apiece for each of her more intimate friends, so that they might have something to remember her by. She kept glancing up the road as if she expected some one, but the time went slowly by, until at last a woman appeared to view, walking fast, and carrying a large bundle in a checked handkerchief.

Then Mercy Crane worked steadily for a short time without looking up, until the desired friend was crossing the grass between the dusty road and the steps. The visitor was out of breath, and did not respond to the polite greeting of her hostess until she had recovered herself to her satisfaction. Mrs. Crane made her the kind offer of a glass of water or a few peppermints, but was answered only by a shake of the head, so she resumed her work for a time until the silence should be broken.

"I have come from the house of mourning," said Sarah Ellen Dow at last, unexpectedly.

"You don't tell me that Sister Barsett——"

"She's left us this time; she's really gone," and the excited news-bringer burst into tears. The poor soul was completely overwrought; she looked tired and wan, as if she had spent her forces in sympathy as well as hard work. She felt in her great bundle for a pocket-handkerchief, but was not successful in the search, and finally produced a faded gingham apron with long, narrow strings, with which she hastily dried her tears. The sad news appealed also to Mercy Crane, who looked across to the apple-trees, and could not see them for a dazzle of tears in her

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own eyes. The spectacle of Sarah Ellen Dow going home with her humble workaday possessions, from the house where she had gone in haste only a few days before to care for a sick person well known to them both, was a very sad sight.

"You sent word yesterday that you should be returnin' early this afternoon, and would stop. I presume I received the message as you gave it?" asked Mrs. Crane, who was tenacious in such matters; "but I do declare I never looked to hear she was gone."

"She's been failin' right along sence yisterday about this time," said the nurse. "She's taken no notice to speak of, an' been eatin' the vally o' nothin', I may say, sence I went there a-Tuesday. Her sisters both come back yisterday, an' of course I was expected to give up charge to them. They're used to sickness, an' both havin' such a name for bein' great house-keepers!"

Sarah Ellen spoke with bitterness, but Mrs. Crane was reminded instantly of her own affairs. "I feel condemned that I ain't begun my own fall cleanin' yet," she said, with an ostentatious sigh.

"Plenty o' time to worry about that," her friend hastened to console her.

"I do desire to have everything decent about my house," resumed Mrs. Crane. "There's nobody to do anything but me. If I was to be taken away sudden myself, I shouldn't want to have it said afterward that there was wisps under my sofy or— There! I can't dwell on my own troubles with Sister Barsett's loss right before me. I can't seem to believe she's really passed away; she always was saying she should go in some o' these spells, but I deemed her to be troubled with narves."

Sarah Ellen Dow shook her head. "I'm all nerved up my-

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self," she said brokenly. "I made light of her sickness when I went there first, I'd seen her what she called dreadful low so many times; but I saw her looks this morning, an' I begun to believe her at last. Them sisters o' hers is the master for unfeelin' hearts. Sister Barsett was a-layin' there yisterday, an' one of 'em was a-settin' right by her tellin' how difficult 'twas for her to leave home, her niece was goin' to graduate to the high school, an' they was goin' to have a time in the evening, an' all the exercises promised to be extry interesting. Poor Sister Barsett knew what she said an' looked at her with contempt, an' then she give a glance at me an' closed up her eyes as if 'twas for the last time. I know she felt it."

Sarah Ellen Dow was more and more excited by a sense of bitter grievance. Her rule of the afflicted household had evidently been interfered with; she was not accustomed to be ignored and set aside at such times. Her simple nature and uncommon ability found satisfaction in the exercise of authority, but she had now left her post feeling hurt and wronged, besides knowing something of the pain of honest affliction.

"If it hadn't been for esteemin' Sister Barsett as I always have done, I should have told 'em No, an' held to it, when they asked me to come back an' watch to-night. 'Tain't for none o' their sakes, but Sister Barsett was a good friend to me in her way." Sarah Ellen broke down once more, and felt in her bundle again hastily, but the handkerchief was again elusive, while a small object fell out upon the doorstep with a bounce.

"'Tain't nothin' but a little taste-cake I spared out o' the loaf I baked this mornin'," she explained, with a blush. "I was so shoved out that I seemed to want to turn my hand to somethin' useful an' feel I was still doin' for Sister Barsett. Try a little piece, won't you, Mis' Crane? I thought it seemed light an' good."

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They shared the taste-cake with serious enjoyment, and pronounced it very good indeed when they had finished and shaken the crumbs out of their laps. "There's nobody but you shall come and do for me at the last, if I can have my way about things," said Mercy Crane impulsively. She meant it for a tribute to Miss Dow's character and general ability, and as such it was meekly accepted.

"You're a younger person than I be, an' less wore," said Sarah Ellen, but she felt better now that she had rested, and her conversational powers seemed to be refreshed by her share of the little cake. "Doctor Bangs has behaved real pretty, I can say that," she continued presently in a mournful tone.

"Heretofore, in the sickness of Sister Barsett, I have always felt to hope certain that she would survive; she's recovered from a sight o' things in her day. She has been the first to have all the new diseases that's visited this region. I know she had the spinal mergeetis months before there was any other case about," observed Mrs. Crane with satisfaction.

"An' the new throat troubles, all of 'em," agreed Sarah Ellen; "an' has made trial of all the best patent medicines, an' could tell you their merits as no one else could in this vicinity. She never was one that depended on herbs alone, though she considered 'em extremely useful in some cases. Everybody has their herb, as we know, but I'm free to say that Sister Barsett sometimes done everything she could to kill herself with such rovin' ways o' dosin'. She must see it now she's gone an' can't stuff down no more invigorators." Sarah Ellen Dow burst out suddenly with this, as if she could no longer contain her honest opinion.

"There, there! you're all worked up," answered placid Mercy Crane, looking more interested than ever.

"An' she was dreadful handy to talk religion to other folks,

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but I've come to a realizin' sense that religion is somethin' besides opinions. She an' Elder French has been mostly of one mind, but I don't know's they've got hold of all the religion there is."

"Why, why, Sarah Ellen!" exclaimed Mrs. Crane, but there was still something in her tone that urged the speaker to further expression of her feelings. The good creature was much excited, her face was clouded with disapproval.

"I ain't forgettin' nothin' about their good points either," she went on in a more subdued tone, and suddenly stopped.

"Preachin' 'll be done away with soon or late—preachin' o' Elder French's kind," announced Mercy Crane, after waiting to see if her guest did not mean to say anything more. "I should like to read 'em out that verse another fashion: 'Be ye doers o' the word, not preachers only,' would hit it about right; but there, it's easy for all of us to talk. In my early days I used to like to get out to meetin' regular, because sure as I didn't I had bad luck all the week. I didn't feel pacified 'less I'd been half a day, but I was out all day the Sabbath before Mr. Barlow died as he did. So you mean to say that Sister Barsett's really gone?"

Mrs. Crane's tone changed to one of real concern, and her manner indicated that she had put the preceding conversation behind her with decision.

"She was herself to the last," instantly responded Miss Dow. "I see her put out a thumb an' finger from under the spread an' pinch up a fold of her sister Deckett's dress, to try an' see if 'twas all wool. I thought't wa'n't all wool, myself, an' I know it now by the way she looked. She was a very knowin' person about materials; we shall miss poor Mis' Barsett in many ways, she was always the one to consult with about matters o' dress."

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"She passed away easy at the last, I hope?" asked Mrs. Crane with interest.

"Why, I wa'n't there, if you'll believe it!" exclaimed Sarah Ellen, flushing, and looking at her friend for sympathy. "Sister Barsett revived up the first o' the afternoon, an' they sent for Elder French. She took notice of him, and he exhorted quite a spell, an' then he spoke o' there being need of air in the room, Mis' Deckett havin' closed every window, an' she asked me of all folks if I hadn't better step out; but Elder French come too, an' he was very reasonable, an' had a word with me about Mis' Deckett an' Mis' Peak an' the way they was workin' things. I told him right out how they never come near when the rest of us was havin' it so hard with her along in the spring, but now they thought she was re'lly goin' to die, they come settlin' down like a pair o' old crows in a field to pick for what they could get. I just made up my mind they should have all the care, if they wanted it. It didn't seem as if there was anything more I could do for Sister Barsett, an' I set there in the kitchen within call an' waited, an' when I heard 'em sayin', 'There, she's gone, she's gone!' an' Mis' Deckett a-weepin', I put on my bunnit and stepped myself out into the road. I felt to repent after I had gone but a rod, but I was so worked up, an' I thought they'd call me back, an' then I was put out because they didn't, an' so here I be. I can't help it now." Sarah Ellen was crying again; she and Mrs. Crane could not look at each other.

"Well, you set an' rest," said Mrs. Crane kindly, and with the merest shadow of disapproval. "You set an' rest, an' by an' by, if you'd feel better, you could go back an' just make a little stop an' inquire about the arrangements. I wouldn't harbor no feelin's, if they be inconsiderate folks. Sister Barsett has often deplored their actions in my hearin' an' wished

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she had sisters like other folks. With all her faults she was a useful person an' a good neighbor," mourned Mercy Crane sincerely. "She was one that always had somethin' interestin' to tell, an' if it wa'n't for her dyin' spells an' all that sort o' nonsense, she'd make a figger in the world, she would so. She walked with an air always, Mis' Barsett did; you'd ask who she was, if you hadn't known, as she passed you by. How quick we forget the outs about anybody that's gone! but I always feel grateful to anybody that's friendly, situated as I be. I shall miss her runnin' over. I can seem to see her now, comin' over the rise in the road. But don't you get in a way of takin' things too hard, Sarah Ellen! You've worked yourself all to pieces since I saw you last; you're gettin' to be as lean as a meetin'-house fly. Now, you're comin' in to have a cup o' tea with me, an' then you'll feel better. I've got some new molasses gingerbread that I baked this mornin'."

"I do feel beat out, Mis' Crane," acknowledged the poor little soul, glad of a chance to speak, but touched by this unexpected mark of consideration. "If I could ha' done as I wanted to I should be feelin' well enough; but to be set aside an' ordered about, where I'd taken the lead in sickness so much, an' knew how to deal with Sister Barsett so well! She might be livin' now, perhaps——"

"Come; we'd better go in, 'tis gettin' damp," and the mistress of the house rose so hurriedly as to seem bustling. "Don't dwell on Sister Barsett an' her foolish folks no more; I wouldn't, if I was you."

They went into the front room, which was dim with the twilight of the half-closed blinds and two great syringa bushes that grew against them. Sarah Ellen put down her bundle and bestowed herself in the large, cane-seated rocking-chair. Mrs.

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Crane directed her to stay there a while and rest, and then come out into the kitchen when she got ready.

A cheerful clatter of dishes was heard at once upon Mrs. Crane's disappearance. "I hope she's goin' to make one o' her nice shortcakes, but I don't know's she'll think it quite worth while," thought the guest humbly. She desired to go out into the kitchen, but it was proper behavior to wait until she should be called. Mercy Crane was not a person with whom one could venture to take liberties. Presently Sarah Ellen began to feel better. She did not often find such a quiet place, or the quarter of an hour of idleness in which to enjoy it, and was glad to make the most of this opportunity. Just now she felt tired and lonely. She was a busy, unselfish, eager-minded creature by nature, but now, while grief was sometimes uppermost in her mind, and sometimes a sense of wrong, every moment found her more peaceful, and the great excitement little by little faded away.

"What a person poor Sister Barsett was to dread growin' old so she couldn't get about. I'm sure I shall miss her as much as anybody," said Mrs. Crane, suddenly opening the kitchen door, and letting in an unmistakable and delicious odor of shortcake that revived still more the drooping spirits of her guest. "An' a good deal of knowledge has died with her," she added, coming into the room and seeming to make it lighter.

"There, she knew a good deal, but she didn't know all, especially o' doctorin'," insisted Sarah Ellen from the rocking-chair, with an unexpected little laugh. "She used to lay down the law to me as if I had neither sense nor experience, but when it came to her bad spells she'd always send for me. It takes everybody to know everything, but Sister Barsett was of an opinion that her information was sufficient for the town. She was tellin' me, the day I went there, how she disliked to have old Mis' Doubleday come an' visit with her, an' remarked that

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she called Mis' Doubleday very officious. 'Went right down on her knees an' prayed,' says she. 'Anybody would have thought I was a heathen!' But I kind o' pacified her feelin's, an' told her I supposed the old lady meant well."

"Did she give away any of her things?—Mis' Barsett, I mean," inquired Mrs. Crane.

"Not in my hearin'," replied Sarah Ellen Dow. "Except one day, the first of the week, she told her oldest sister, Mis' Deckett—'twas that first day she rode over—that she might have her green quilted petticoat; you see it was a rainy day, an' Mis' Deckett had complained o' feelin' thin. She went right up an' got it, and put it on an' wore it off, an' I'm sure I thought no more about it, until I heard Sister Barsett groanin' dreadful in the night. I got right up to see what the matter was, an' what do you think but she was wantin' that petticoat back, and not thinkin' any too well o' Nancy Deckett for takin' it when 'twas offered. 'Nancy never showed no sense o' propriety,' says Sister Barsett. I just wish you'd heard her go on!

"If she had felt to remember me," continued Sarah Ellen, after they had laughed a little, "I'd full as soon have some of her nice crockery-ware. She told me once, years ago, when I was stoppin' to tea with her an' we were havin' it real friendly, that she should leave me her Britannia tea-set, but I ain't got it in writin', an' I can't say she's ever referred to the matter since. It ain't as if I had a home o' my own to keep it in, but I should have thought a great deal of it for her sake," and the speaker's voice faltered. "I must say that, with all her virtues, she never was a first-class housekeeper, but I wouldn't say it to any but a friend. You never eat no preserves o' hers that wa'n't com-mencin' to work, an' you know as well as I how little fore-thought she had about puttin' away her woolens. I sat behind her once in meetin' when I was stoppin' with the Tremletts and

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so occupied a seat in their pew, an' I see between ten an' a dozen moth-millers come workin' out o' her fitch-fur tippet. They was flutterin' round her bonnet same's 'twas a lamp. I should be mortified to death to have such a thing happen to me."

"Every housekeeper has her weak point. I've got mine as much as anybody else," acknowledged Mercy Crane with spirit, "but you never see no moth-millers come workin' out o' me in a public place."

"Ain't your oven beginnin' to get overhet?" anxiously inquired Sarah Ellen Dow, who was sitting more in the draft, and could not bear to have any accident happen to the supper. Mrs. Crane flew to a shortcake's rescue, and presently called her guest to the table.

The two women sat down to deep and brimming cups of tea. Sarah Ellen noticed with great gratification that her hostess had put on two of the best tea-cups and some citron-melon preserves. It was not an every-day supper. She was used to hard fare, poor, hard-working Sarah Ellen, and this handsome social attention did her good. Sister Crane rarely entertained a friend, and it would be a pleasure to speak of the tea-drinking for weeks to come.

"You've put yourself out quite a consid'able for me," she acknowledged. "How pretty these cups is! You oughtn't to use 'em so common as for me. I wish I had a home I could really call my own to ask you to, but 'tain't never been so I could. Sometimes I wonder what's goin' to become o' me when I get so I'm past work. Takin' care o' sick folks, an' bein' in houses where there's a sight goin' on an' everybody in a hurry, kind of wears on me now I'm most a-gittin' in years. I was wishin', the other day, that I could get with some comfortable kind of a sick person, where I could live right along quiet as other folks

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do, but folks never sends for me 'less they're drove to it. I ain't laid up anything to really depend upon."

The situation appealed to Mercy Crane, well-to-do as she was and not burdened with responsibilities. She stirred uneasily in her chair, but could not bring herself to the point of offering Sarah Ellen the home she coveted.

"Have some hot tea," she insisted in a matter-of fact tone, and Sarah Ellen's face, which had been lighted by a sudden eager hopefulness, grew dull and narrow again.

"Plenty, plenty, Mis' Crane," she said sadly, "'tis beautiful tea—you always have good tea;" but she could not turn her thoughts from her own uncertain future. "None of our folks has ever lived to be a burden," she said presently, in a pathetic tone, putting down her cup. "My mother was thought to be doin' well until four o'clock an' was dead at ten. My Aunt Nancy came to our house well at twelve o'clock an' died that afternoon; my father was sick but ten days. There was dear sister Betsy, she did go in consumption, but 'twa'n't an expensive sickness."

"I've thought sometimes about you, how you'd get past rovin' from house to house one o' these days. I guess your friends will stand by you." Mrs. Crane spoke with unwonted sympathy, and Sarah Ellen's heart leaped with joy.

"You're real kind," she said simply. "There's nobody I set so much by. But I shall miss Sister Barsett, when all's said an' done. She's asked me many a time to stop with her when I wasn't doin' nothin'. We all have our failin's, but she was a friendly creeter. I sha'n't want to see her laid away."

"Yes, I was thinkin' a few minutes ago that I shouldn't want to look out an' see the funeral go by. She's one o' the old neighbors. I s'pose I shall have to look, or I shouldn't feel right afterward," said Mrs. Crane mournfully. "If I hadn't

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got so kind of housebound," she added with touching frankness, "I'd just as soon go over with you an' offer to watch this night."

"'Twould astonish Sister Barsett so I don't know but she'd return." Sarah Ellen's eyes danced with amusement; she could not resist her own joke, and Mercy Crane herself had to smile.

"Now I must be goin', or 'twill be dark," said the guest, rising, and sighing after she had eaten her last crumb of gingerbread. "Yes, thank ye, you're real good; I will come back if I find I ain't wanted. Look what a pretty sky there is!" and the two friends went to the side door and stood together in a moment of affectionate silence, looking out toward the sunset across the wide fields. The country was still with that deep rural stillness which seems to mean the absence of humanity. Only the thrushes were singing far away in the walnut woods beyond the orchard, and some crows were flying over and cawed once loudly, as if they were speaking to the women at the door.

Just as the friends were parting, after most grateful acknowledgments from Sarah Ellen Dow, some one came driving along the road in a hurry and stopped.

"Who's that with you, Mis' Crane?" called one of their near neighbors.

"It's Sarah Ellen Dow," answered Mrs. Crane. "What's the matter?"

"I thought so, but I couldn't rightly see. Come, they are in a peck o' trouble up to Sister Barsett's, wonderin' where you be," grumbled the man. "They can't do nothin' with her; she's drove off everybody an' keeps a-screechin' for you. Come, step along, Sarah Ellen, do!"

"Sister Barsett!" exclaimed both the women. Mercy Crane sank down upon the doorstep, but Sarah Ellen stepped out upon

the grass all of a tremble, and went toward the wagon. "They said this afternoon that Sister Barsett was gone," she managed to say. "What did they mean?"

"Gone where?" asked the impatient neighbor. "I expect 'twas one of her spells. She's come to. They say she wants somethin' hearty for her tea. Nobody can't take one step till you get there, neither."

Sarah Ellen was still dazed; she returned to the doorway, where Mercy Crane sat shaking with laughter. "I don't know but we might as well laugh as cry," she said in an aimless sort of way. "I know you too well to think you're going to repeat a single word. Well, I'll get my bonnet an' start; I expect I've got consid'able to cope with, but I'm well rested. Good night, Mis' Crane; I certain did have a beautiful tea, whatever the future may have in store."

She wore a solemn expression as she mounted into the wagon in haste and departed, but she was far out of sight when Mercy Crane stopped laughing and went into the house.

—"A Native of Winby, and Other Tales."

Eugene Field

The Cyclopeedy

HAVIN' lived next door to the Hobart place f'r goin' on thirty years, I calc'late that I know jest about ez much about the case ez anybody else now on airth, exceptin' perhaps it's ol' Judge Baker, 'nd he's so plaguey old 'nd so powerful feeble that *he* don't know nothin'.

It seems that in the spring uv '97—the year that Cy Watson's oldest boy was drowned in West River—there come along a book agent sellin' volyumes 'nd tracks f'r the diffusion uv knowledge, 'nd havin' got the recommend of the minister 'nd uv the selectmen, he done an all-fired big business in our part uv the county. His name wuz Lemuel Higgins, 'nd he wuz ez likely a talker ez I ever heerd, barrin' Lawyer Conkey, 'nd everybody allowed that when Conkey wuz 'round he talked so fast that the town pump 'd have to be greased every twenty minutes.

One of the first of our folks that this Lemuel Higgins struck wuz Leander Hobart. Leander had jest marr'd one uv the Peasley girls, 'nd had moved into the old homestead on the Plainville road—old Deacon Hobart havin' give up the place to him, the other boys havin' moved out West (like a lot o' darned fools that they wuz!). Leander wuz feelin' his oats jest about this time, 'nd nothin' wuz too good f'r him.

“Hattie,” says he, “I guess I'll have to lay in a few books f'r readin' in the winter-time, 'nd I've half a notion to subscribe f'r a cyclopeedy. Mr. Higgins here says they're in-

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valerable in a family, 'nd that we orter have 'em, bein' as how we're likely to have the family bimeby."

"Lor's sakes, Leander, how you talk!" sez Hattie, blushin' all over, ez brides allers does to heern tell sich things.

Waal, to make a long story short, Leander bargained with Mr. Higgins for a set uv them cyclopeedies, 'nd he signed his name to a long printed paper that showed how he agreed to take a cyclopeedy oncet in so often, which wuz to be ez often ez a new one uv the volyumes wuz printed. A cyclopeedy isn't printed all at oncet, because that would make it cost too much; consekently the man that gets it up has it strung along fur apart, so as to hit folks oncet every year or two, 'nd gin'rally about harvest-time. So Leander kind uv liked the idee, and he signed the printed paper 'nd made his affidavit to it afore Jedge Warner.

The fust volyume of the cyclopeedy stood on a shelf in the old seckertary in the settin'-room about four months before they had any use f'r it. One night Squire Turner's son come over to visit Leander 'nd Hattie, 'nd they got to talkin' about apples 'nd the sort uv apples that wuz the best. Leander allowed that the Rhode Island greenin' wuz the best, but Hattie 'nd the Turner boy stuck up f'r the Roxbury russet, until at last a happy idee struck Leander, 'nd sez he: "We'll leave it to the cyclopeedy, b'gosh! Whichever one the cyclopeedy sez is the best will settle it."

"But you can't find out nothin' 'bout Roxbury russets nor Rhode Island greenin's in *our* cyclopeedy," sez Hattie.

"Why not, I'd like to know?" sez Leander, kind uv indignant like.

"'Cause ours hain't got down to the R yet," sez Hattie. "All ours tells about is things beginnin' with A."

"Waal, ain't we talkin' about Apples?" sez Leander. "You

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aggervate me terrible, Hattie, by insistin' on knowin' what you don't know nothin' 'bout."

Leander went to the seckertary 'nd took down the cyclopeedy 'nd hunted all through it f'r Apples, but all he could find wuz "Apple—See Pomology."

"How in thunder kin I see Pomology," sez Leander, "when there ain't no Pomology to see? Gol durn a cyclopeedy, anyhow!"

'Nd he put the volyume back onto the shelf 'nd never sot eyes into it ag'in.

That's the way the thing run f'r years 'nd years. Leander would've gin up the plaguey bargain, but he couldn't; he had signed a printed paper 'nd had swore to it afore a justice of the peace. Higgins would have had the law on him if he had throwed up the trade.

The most aggervatin' feature uv it all wuz that a new one uv them cussed cyclopeedies wuz allers sure to show up at the wrong time—when Leander wuz hard up or had jest been afflicted some way or other. His barn burnt down two nights afore the volyume containin' the letter B arrived, 'nd Leander needed all his chink to pay f'r lumber, but Higgins sot back on that affidavit 'nd defied the life out uv him.

"Never mind, Leander," sez his wife, soothin' like, "it's a good book to have in the house, anyhow, now that we've got a baby."

"That's so," sez Leander; "babies does begin with B, don't it?"

You see, their fust baby had been born; they named him Peasley—Peasley Hobart—after Hattie's folks. So, seein' as how it was payin' f'r a book that told about babies, Leander didn't begredge that five dollars so very much after all.

"Leander," sez Hattie one afternoon, "that B cyclopeedy

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ain't no account. 'There ain't nothin' in it about babies except 'See Maternity'!"

"Waal, I'll be gosh durned!" sez Leander. That wuz all he said, 'nd he couldn't do nothin' at all, f'r that book agent, Lemuel Higgins, had the dead wood on him—the mean, sneakin' critter!

So the years passed on, one of them cyclopeedies showin' up now 'nd then—sometimes every two years 'nd sometimes every four—but allers at a time when Leander found it pesky hard to give up a fiver. It warn't no use cussin' Higgins; Higgins jest laffed when Leander allowed that the cyclopeedy wuz no good 'nd that he wuz bein' robbed. Meantime Leander's family wuz increasin' 'nd growin'. Little Sarey had the hoopin'-cough dreadful one winter, but the cyclopeedy didn't help out at all, 'cause all it said wuz, "Hoopin'-cough—See Whoopin'-Cough"—'nd uv course there warn't no Whoopin'-Cough to see, bein' as how the W hadn't come yet.

Oncet, when Hiram wanted to drean the home pasture, he went to the cyclopeedy to find out about it, but all he dis-kivered wuz "Drain—See Tile." This wuz in 1859, 'nd the cyclopeedy had only got down to G.

The cow was sick with lung fever one spell, 'nd Leander laid her dyin' to that cussed cyclopeedy, 'cause when he went to readin' 'bout cows it told him to "See Zoology."

But what's the use uv harrowin' up one's feelin's talkin' 'nd thinkin' about these things? Leander got so after a while that the cyclopeedy didn't worry him at all: he grew to look at it as one uv the crosses that human critters has to bear without complainin' through this vale uv tears. The only thing that bothered him wuz the fear that mebbe he wouldn't live to see the last volume. To tell the truth, this kind uv got to be his hobby, 'nd I've heern him talk 'bout it many a time,

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settin' round the stove at the tavern 'nd squirtin' tobacco juice at the sawdust box. His wife Hattie passed away with the yaller janders the winter W come, 'nd all that seemed to reconcile Leander to survivin' her wuz the prospect of seein' the last volyume uv that cyclopeedy. Lemuel Higgins, the book agent, had gone to his everlastin' punishment; but his son Hiram had succeeded to his father's business 'nd continued to visit the folks his old man had roped in. By this time Leander's children had growed up; all on 'em wuz marr'd, 'nd there wuz numerus grandchildren to amuse the ol' gentleman. But Leander wuzn't to be satisfied with the common things uv airth; he didn't seem to take no pleasure in his grandchildren, like most men do; his mind wuz allers sot on somethin' else; for hours 'nd hours, yes, all day long, he'd set out on the front stoop lookin' wistfully up the road for that book agent to come along with a cyclopeedy. He didn't want to die till he'd got all th' cyclopeedies his contract called for; he wanted to have everything straightened out before he passed away.

When—oh, how well I recollect it!—when Y come along he wuz so overcome that he fell over in a fit of paralysis, 'nd the old gentleman never got over it. For the next three years he drooped 'nd pined, 'nd seemed like he couldn't hold out much longer. Finally he had to take to his bed—he was so old 'nd feeble—but he made 'em move the bed up ag'inst the winder so he could watch for that last volyume of the cyclopeedy.

The end come one balmy day in the spring uv '87. His life wuz a-ebbin' powerful fast; the minister wuz there, 'nd me, 'nd Dock Wilson, 'nd Jedge Baker, 'nd most uv the fam'ly. Lovin' hands smoothed the wrinkled forehead 'nd breshed back the long, white hair, but the eyes of the dyin' man wuz sot upon that piece uv road down which the cyclopeedy man allers come.

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All at oncet a bright 'nd joyful look come into them eyes, 'nd ol' Leander riz up in bed 'nd sez, "It's come!"

"What is it, father?" asked his daughter Sarey, sobbin'-like.

"Hush," sez the minister solemnly; "he sees the shinin' gates uv the Noo Jerusalem."

"No, no," cried the aged man, "it is the cyclopeedy—the letter Z—it's comin'!"

'Nd sure enough, the door opened 'nd in walked Higgins. He tottered rather than walked, f'r he had growed old 'nd feeble in his wicked perfession.

"Here's the Z cyclopeedy, Mr. Hobart," says Higgins.

Leander clutched it; he hugged it to his pantin' bosom; then, stealin' one pale hand under the piller, he drew out a faded bank-note 'nd gave it to Higgins.

"I thank Thee for this boon!" sez Leander, rollin' his eyes up devoutly; then he gave a deep sigh.

"Hold on!" cried Higgins, excitedly, "you've made a mistake—it isn't the last——"

But Leander didn't hear him; his soul hed fled from its mortal tenement 'nd hed soared rejoicin' to realms uv ever-lastin' bliss.

"He is no more," sez Dock Wilson metaphorically.

"Then who are his heirs?" asked that mean critter Higgins.

"We be," sez the family.

"Do you conjointly 'nd severally acknowledge 'nd assume the obligation of deceased to me?" he asked 'em.

"What obligation?" asked Peasley Hobart stern-like.

"Deceased died owin' me fer a cyclopeedy!" sez Higgins.

"That's a lie!" sez Peasley. "We all seen him pay you for the Z!"

"But there's another one to come," sez Higgins.

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"Another?" they all asked.

"Yes, the Index!" sez he.

So there wuz, 'nd I'll be eternally goll durned if he ain't a-suin' the estate in the probate court now f'r the price uv it!

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Baked Beans and Culture

THE members of the Boston Commercial Club are charming gentlemen. They are now the guests of the Chicago Commercial Club, and are being shown every attention that our market affords. They are a fine-looking lot, well-dressed and well-mannered, with just enough whiskers to be impressive without being imposing.

"This is a darned likely village," said Seth Adams last evening. "Everybody is rushin' 'round an' doin' business as if his life depended on it. Should think they'd git all tuckered out 'fore night, but I'll be darned if there ain't jest as many folks on the street after nightfall as afore. We're stoppin' at the Palmer tavern, an' my chamber is up so all-fired high that I can count your meetin'-house steeples from the winder."

Last night five or six of these Boston merchants sat around the office of the hotel and discussed matters and things. Pretty soon they got to talking about beans; this was the subject which they dwelt on with evident pleasure.

"Waal, sir," said Ephraim Taft, a wholesale dealer in maple sugar and flavored lozenges, "you kin talk 'bout your new-fashioned dishes an' high-falutin' vittles; but when you come right down to it, there ain't no better eatin' than a dish o' baked pork 'n' beans."

"That's so, b'gosh!" chorused the others.

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"The truth o' the matter is," continued Mr. Taft, "that beans is good for everybody—t don't make no difference whether he's well or sick. Why, I've known a thousand folks—waal, mebbe not quite a thousand; but—waal, now, jest to show, take the case of Bill Holbrook: you remember Bill, don't ye?"

"Bill Holbrook?" said Mr. Ezra Eastman; "why, of course I do! Used to live down to Brimfield, next to the Moses Howard farm."

"That's the man," resumed Mr. Taft. "Waal, Bill fell sick—kinder moped 'round, tired-like, for a week or two, an' then tuck to his bed. His folks sent for Dock Smith—ol' Dock Smith that used to carry a pair o' leather saddle-bags. Gosh, they don't have no sech doctors nowadays! Waal, the dock he come; an' he looked at Bill's tongue, an' felt uv his pulse, an' said that Bill had typhus fever. Ol' Dock Smith was a very careful, conserv'tive man, an' he never said nothin' unless he knowed he was right.

"Bill began to git wuss, an' he kep' a-gittin' wuss every day. One mornin' ol' Dock Smith sez, 'Look a-here, Bill, I guess you're a goner: as I figger it, you can't hol' out till nightfall.'

"Bill's mother insisted on a con-sul-tation bein' held; so ol' Dock Smith sent over for young Dock Brainerd. I calc'late that, next *to* ol' Dock Smith, young Dock Brainerd was the smartest doctor that ever lived.

"Waal, pretty soon along come Dock Brainerd; an' he an' Dock Smith went all over Bill, an' looked at his tongue, an' felt uv his pulse, an' told him it was a gone case, an' that he had got to die. Then they went on into the spare chamber to hold their con-sul-tation.

"Waal, Bill he lay there in the front room a-pantin' an'

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a-gaspin', an' a wond'rin' whether it wuz true. As he wuz thinkin', up comes the girl to git a clean table-cloth out of the clothes-press, an' she left the door ajar as she come in. Bill he gave a sniff, an' his eyes grew more natural like; he gathered together all the strength he had, an' he raised himself up on one elbow an' sniffed again.

"'Sary,' says he, 'wot's that a-cookin'?"

"'Beans,' says she; 'beans for dinner.'

"'Sary,' says the dyin' man, 'I must hev a plate uv them beans!'

"'Sakes alive, Mr. Holbrook!' says she; 'if you wuz to eat any o' them beans it'd kill ye!'

"'If I've got to die,' says he, 'I'm goin' to die happy; fetch me a plate uv them beans.'

"'Waal, Sary she pikes off to the doctor's.

"'Look a-here,' says she; 'Mr. Holbrook smelt the beans cookin', an' he says he's got to have some. Now, what shall I do about it?"

"'Waal, Doctor,' says Dock Smith, 'what do you think 'bout it?"

"'He's got to die anyhow,' says Dock Brainerd, 'an' I don't suppose the beans 'll make any diff'rence.'

"'That's the way I figger it,' says Dock Smith; 'in all my practise I never knew of beans hurtin' anybody.'

"'So Sary went down to the kitchen an' brought up a plateful of hot baked beans. Dock Smith raised Bill up in bed, an' Dock Brainerd put a piller under the small of Bill's back. Then Sary sat down by the bed an' fed them beans into Bill until Bill couldn't hold any more.

"'How air you feelin' now?' asked Dock Smith.

"'Bill didn't say nuthin'; he jest smiled sort uv peaceful-like an' closed his eyes.

Eugene Field

“‘The end hez come,’ said Dock Brainerd sof’ly; ‘Bill is dyin’.’

“Then Bill murmured kind o’ far-away like: ‘I ain’t dyin’; I’m dead an’ in heaven.’

“Next mornin’ Bill got out uv bed an’ done a big day’s work on the farm, an’ he ain’t hed a sick spell since. Them beans cured him! I tell you, sir, that beans is,” etc.

The Little Peach

A LITTLE peach in the orchard grew,
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue,
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw,
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.

Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew,
Trouble the doctor couldn’t subdue.

Too true!

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Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew.

Boo hoo!

What of that peach of the emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.

Adieu!

*From Eugene Field's "The Little Book of Western Verse,"
copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Dibdin's Ghost

DEAR wife, last midnight, whilst I read
The tomes you so despise,
A specter rose beside the bed,
And spake in this true wise:
"From Canaan's beatific coast
I've come to visit thee,
For I am Frognall Dibdin's ghost,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

I bade him welcome, and we twain
Discussed with buoyant hearts
The various things that appertain
To bibliomaniac arts.
"Since you are fresh from t'other side,
Pray tell me of that host
That treasured books before they died,"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

Eugene Field

"They've entered into perfect rest;
For in the life they've won
There are no auctions to molest,
No creditors to dun.
Their heavenly rapture has no bounds,
Beside that jasper sea;
It is a joy unknown to Lowndes,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

Much I rejoiced to hear him speak
Of biblio-bliss above,
For I am one of those who seek
What bibliomaniacs love.
"But tell me, for I long to hear
What doth concern me most:
Are wives admitted to that sphere?"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"The women-folk are few up there;
For 'twere not fair, you know,
That they our heavenly joy should share
Who vex us here below.
The few are those who have been kind
To husbands such as we;
They knew our fads, and didn't mind,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

"But what of those who scold at us
When we would read in bed?
Or, wanting victuals, make a fuss
If we buy books instead?

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And what of those who've dusted not
Our motley pride and boast—
Shall they profane that sacred spot?"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"Oh, no! They tread that other path,
Which leads where torments roll,
And worms, yes, bookworms, vent their wrath
Upon the guilty soul.
Untouched of bibliomaniac grace,
That saveth such as we,
They wallow in that dreadful place,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

"To my dear wife will I recite
What things I've heard you say;
She'll let me read the books by night
She's let me buy by day.
For we together by and by
Would join that heavenly host;
She's earned a rest as well as I,"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

—"*The Little Book of Western Verse.*"

The Truth about Horace

It is very aggravating
To hear the solemn prating
Of the fossils who are stating
That old Horace was a prude;

Eugene Field

When we know that with the ladies
He was always raising Hades,
And with many an escapade his
Best productions are imbued.

There's really not much harm in a
Large number of his carmina,
But these people find alarm in a
Few records of his acts;
So they'd squelch the music caloric,
And to students sophomoric
They'd present as metaphoric
What old Horace meant for facts.

We have always thought 'em lazy;
Now we adjudge 'em crazy!
Why, Horace was a daisy
That was very much alive!
And the wisest of us know him
As his Lydia verses show him—
Go read that virile poem—
It is No. 25.

He was a very owl, sir,
And starting out to prow, sir,
You bet he made Rome howl, sir,
Until he filled his date;
With a massic-laden ditty,
And a classic maiden pretty,
He painted up the city,
And Mæcenus paid the freight!

*From Eugene Field's "The Little Book of Western Verse,"
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Edgar Wilson Nye—"Bill Nye"

A Fatal Thirst

FROM the London *Lancet* we learn that "many years ago a case was recorded by Doctor Otto, of Copenhagen, in which 495 needles passed through the skin of a hysterical girl, who had probably swallowed them during a hysterical paroxysm, but these all emerged from the regions below the diaphragm, and were collected in groups, which gave rise to inflammatory swellings of some size. One of these contained 100 needles. Quite recently Doctor Bigger described before the Society of Surgery of Dublin a case in which more than 300 needles were removed from the body of a woman. It is very remarkable in how few cases the needles were the cause of death, and how slight an interference with function their presence and movement cause."

It would seem, from the cases on record, that needles in the system rather assist in the digestion and promote longevity.

For instance, we will suppose that the hysterical girl above alluded to, with 495 needles in her stomach, should absorb the midsummer cucumber. Think how interesting those needles would make it for the great colic promoter!

We can imagine the cheerful smile of the cucumber as it enters the stomach, and, bowing cheerfully to the follicles standing around, hangs its hat upon the walls of the stomach, stands its umbrella in a corner, and proceeds to get in its work.

All at once the cucumber looks surprised and grieved about something. It stops in its heaven-born colic generation, and pulls a rusty needle out of its person. Maddened by the

Edgar Wilson Nye

pain, it once more attacks the digestive apparatus, and once more accumulates a choice job lot of needles.

Again and again it enters into the unequal contest, each time losing ground and gaining ground, till the poor cucumber, with assorted hardware sticking out in all directions, like the hair on a cat's tail, at last curls up like a caterpillar and yields up the victory.

Still, this needle business will be expensive to husbands, if wives once acquire the habit and allow it to obtain the mastery over them.

If a wife once permits this demon appetite for cambric needles to get control of the house, it will soon secure a majority in the senate, and then there will be trouble.

The woman who once begins to tamper with cambric needles is not safe. She may think that she has power to control her appetite, but it is only a step to the maddening thirst for the darning-needle, and perhaps to the button-hook and carpet-stretcher.

It is safer and better to crush the first desire for needles than to undertake, when it is too late, reformation from the abject slavery to this hellish thirst.

We once knew a sweet young creature, with dewy eye and breath like timothy hay. Her merry laugh rippled out upon the summer air like the joyful music of baldheaded bobolinks.

Everybody loved her, and she loved everybody too. But in a thoughtless moment she swallowed a cambric needle. This did not satisfy her. The cruel thralldom had begun. Whenever she felt depressed and gloomy, there was nothing that would kill her ennui and melancholy but the fatal needle-cushion.

From this she rapidly became more reckless, till there was hardly an hour that she was not under the influence of needles.

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If she couldn't get needles to assuage her mad thirst, she would take hairpins or door-keys. She gradually pined away to a mere skeleton. She could no longer sit on one foot and be happy.

Life for her was filled with opaque gloom and sadness. At last she took an overdose of sheep-shears and monkey-wrenches one day, and on the following morning her soul had lit out for the land of eternal summer.

We should learn from this to shun the maddening needle-cushion as we would a viper, and never tell a lie.

On Cyclones

I DESIRE to state that my position as United States cyclonist for this judicial district became vacant on the 9th day of September, A.D. 1884.

I have not the necessary personal magnetism to look a cyclone in the eye and make it quail. I am stern and even haughty in my intercourse with men, but when a Manitoba simoom takes me by the brow of my pantaloons and throws me across Township 28, Range 18, west of the 5th principal meridian, I lose my mental reserve and become anxious and even taciturn. For years I had yearned to see a grown-up cyclone, of the ring-tail-puller variety, mop up the green earth with huge forest trees and make the landscape look tired. On the 9th day of September, A. D. 1884, my morbid curiosity was gratified.

As the people came out into the forest with lanterns and pulled me out of the crotch of a basswood tree with a "tackle and fall," I remember I told them I didn't yearn for any more atmospheric phenomena.

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The old desire for a hurricane that could blow a cow through a penitentiary was satiated. I remember when the doctor pried the bones of my leg together, in order to kind of draw my attention away from the limb, he asked me how I liked the fall style of zephyr in that locality. I said it was all right, what there was of it. I said this in a tone of bitter irony.

Cyclones are of two kinds, viz., the dark maroon cyclone, and the iron-gray cyclone with pale green mane and tail. It was the latter kind I frolicked with on the above-named date.

My brother and I were riding along in the grand old forest, and I had just been singing a few bars from the opera of "Whoop 'em up, Lizzie Jane," when I noticed that the wind was beginning to sough through the trees. Soon after that I noticed that I was soughing through the trees also, and I am really no slouch of a souther either when I get started.

The horse was hanging by the breeching from the bough of a large butternut tree, waiting for some one to come and pick him.

I did not see my brother at first, but after a while he disengaged himself from a rail fence and came where I was hanging wrong end up, with my personal effects spilling out of my pockets. I told him that as soon as the wind kind of softened down I wished he would go and pick the horse. He did so, and at midnight a party of friends carried me into town on a stretcher. It was quite an ovation. To think of a torchlight procession coming 'way out there into the woods at midnight, and carrying me into town on their shoulders in triumph! And yet I was once a poor boy!

It shows what may be accomplished by any one if he will persevere and insist on living a different life.

The cyclone is a natural phenomenon, enjoying the most robust health. It may be a pleasure for a man with great

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will-power and an iron constitution to study more carefully into the habits of the cyclone, but as far as I am concerned, individually, I could worry along some way if we didn't have a phenomenon in the house from one year's end to another.

As I sit here, with my leg in a silicate of soda corset, and watch the merry throng promenading down the street, or mingling in the giddy torchlight procession, I cannot repress a feeling toward a cyclone that almost amounts to disgust.

The Garden Hose

It is now the proper time for the cross-eyed woman to fool with the garden hose. I have faced death in almost every form, and I do not know what fear is, but when a woman with one eye gazing into the zodiac and the other peering into the middle of next week, and wearing one of those floppy sun-bonnets, picks up the nozzle of the garden hose and turns on the full force of the institution, I fly wildly to the Mountains of Hepsidam.

Water won't hurt any one, of course, if care is used not to forget and drink any of it, but it is this horrible suspense and uncertainty about facing the nozzle of a garden hose in the hands of a cross-eyed woman that unnerves and paralyzes me.

Instantaneous death is nothing to me. I am as cool and collected where leaden rain and iron hail are thickest as I would be in my own office writing the obituary of the man who steals my jokes. But I hate to be drowned slowly in my good clothes and on dry land, and have my dying gaze rest on a woman whose ravishing beauty would drive a narrow-gauge mule into convulsions and make him hate himself t'death.

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How to Hunt the Fox

THE joyous season for hunting is again upon us, and with the gentle fall of the autumn leaf and the sough of the scented breezes about the gnarled and naked limbs of the wailing trees, the huntsman comes with his hark and his halloo and hurrah, boys, the swift rush of the chase, the thrilling scamper 'cross country, the mad dash through the Long Islander's pumpkin patch; also the mad dash, dash, dash of the farmer, the low moan of the disabled and frozen-toed hen as the whooping horsemen run her down; the wild shriek of the children; the low, melancholy wail of the frightened shoat as he flees away to the straw pile; the quick yet muffled plunk of the frozen tomato, and the dull scrunch of the seed cucumber.

The huntsman now takes the flannels off his fox, rubs his stiffened limbs with gargling oil, ties a bunch of firecrackers to his tail, and runs him around the barn a few times to see if he is in good order.

The foxhound is a cross of the bloodhound, the greyhound, the bulldog, and the chump. When you step on his tail he is said to be in full cry. The foxhound obtains from his ancestors on the bloodhound side of the house his keen scent, which enables him while in full cry 'cross country to pause and hunt for chipmunks. He also obtains from the bloodhound branch of his family a wild yearning to star in an "Uncle Tom" company, and watch little Eva meander up the flume at two dollars per week. From the greyhound he gets his most miraculous speed, which enables him to attain a rate of velocity so great that he is unable to halt during the excitement of the chase, frequently running so far during the day that it takes

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him a week to get back, when, of course, all interest has died out. From the bulldog the foxhound obtains his great tenacity of purpose, his deep-seated convictions, his quick perceptions, his love of home, and his clinging nature. From the chump the foxhound gets his high intellectuality, and that mental power which enables him to distinguish almost at a glance the salient points of difference between a two-year-old steer and a two-dollar bill.

The foxhound is about two feet in height, and 120 of them would be considered an ample number for a quiet little fox-hunt. Some hunters think this number inadequate, but unless the fox be unusually skittish and crawl under the barn, 120 foxhounds ought to be enough. The trouble generally is that hunters make too much noise, thus scaring the fox so that he tries to get away from them. This necessitates hard riding and great activity on the part of the whippers-in. Frightening a fox almost always results in sending him out of the road, and compelling horsemen to stop in order to take down a panel of fence every little while that they may follow the animal, and before you can get the fence put up again the owner is on the ground, and after you have made change with him and mounted again the fox may be nine miles away. Try by all means to keep your fox in the road!

It makes a great difference what kind of fox you use, however. I once had a fox on my Pumpkin Butte estates that lasted me three years, and I never knew him to shy or turn out of the road for anything but a loaded team. He was the best for fox-hunting purposes that I ever had. Every spring I would sprinkle him with Scotch snuff and put him away in the bureau till fall. He would then come out bright and chipper. He was always ready to enter into the chase with all the *chic* and *embonpoint* of a regular Kenosha; and nothing pleased him

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better than to be about eight miles in advance of my thoroughbred pack in full cry, scampering 'cross country, while, stretching back a few miles behind the dogs, followed a pale young man and his financier, each riding a horse that had sat down too hard on its tail some time and driven it into its system about six joints.

Some hunters who are madly and passionately devoted to the sport leap their horses over fences, moats, *donjon* keeps, hedges, and currant bushes with utter *sang-froid* and the wild, unfettered *toot ongsomble* of a brass band. It is one of the most spirited and touchful of sights to see a young fox-hunter going home through the gloaming with a full cry in one hand and his pancreas in the other.

Some like to be in at the death, as it is called, and it is certainly a laudable ambition. To see 120 dogs hold out against a ferocious fox weighing nine pounds; to watch the brave little band of dogs and whippers-in and horses with sawed-off tails, making up in heroism what they lack in numbers, succeeding at last in ridding the country of the ferocious brute which has long been the acknowledged foe of the human race, is indeed a fine sight.

We are too apt to regard fox-hunting merely as a relaxation, a source of pleasure, and the result of a desire to do the way people do in the novels which we steal from English authors; but this is not all. To successfully hunt a fox, to jump fences 'cross country like an unruly steer, is no child's play. To ride all day on a very hot and restless saddle, trying to lope while your horse is trotting, giving your friends a good view of the country between yourself and your horse, then leaping stone walls, breaking your collar-bone in four places, pulling out one eye and leaving it hanging on a plum-tree, or going home at night with your transverse colon wrapped around the

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pommel of your saddle and your liver in an old newspaper, requires the greatest courage.

Too much stress cannot be placed upon the costume worn while fox-hunting—and in fact that is, after all, the life and soul of the chase. For ladies, nothing looks better than a close-fitting jacket, sewed together with thread of the same shade, and a skirt. Neat-fitting cavalry boots and a plug hat complete the costume. Then, with a hue in one hand and a cry in the other, she is prepared to mount. Lead the horse up to a stone wall or a freight-car and spring lightly into the saddle with a glad cry. A freight-car is the best thing from which to mount a horse, but it is too unwieldy, and frequently delays the chase. For this reason too much luggage should not be carried on a fox-hunt. Some gentlemen carry a change of canes neatly concealed in a shawl-strap, but even this may be dispensed with.

For gentlemen, a dark, four-button cutaway coat with neat, loose-fitting, white panties, will generally scare a fox into convulsions, so that he may be easily killed with a club. A short-waisted plug hat may be worn also, in order to distinguish the hunter from the whipper-in, who wears a baseball cap. The only fox-hunting I have ever done was on board an impetuous, tough-bitted, fore-and-aft horse that had emotional insanity. I was dressed in a swallow-tail coat, waistcoat of Scotch plaid Turkish toweling, and a pair of close-fitting breeches of etiquette tucked into my boot-tops. As I was away from home at the time and could not reach my own steed, I was obliged to mount a spirited steed with high, intellectual hips, one white eye, and a big red nostril that you could set a Shanghai hen in. This horse, as soon as the pack broke into full cry, climbed over a fence that had wrought-iron briars on it, lit in a corn-field, stabbed his hind leg through a sere and yellow pumpkin,

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which he wore the rest of the day with seven yards of pumpkin-vine streaming out behind, and away he dashed 'cross country.

I remained mounted not because I enjoyed it—for I did not—but because I dreaded to dismount. I hated to get off in pieces. If I can't get off a horse's back as a whole, I would rather adhere to the horse. I will adhere that I did so.

We did not see the fox, but we saw almost everything else. I remember, among other things, of riding through a hothouse, and how I enjoyed it. A morning scamper through a conservatory when the syringas and jonquils and Jack-roses lie cuddled up together in their little beds is a thing to remember and look back to and pay for. To stand knee-deep in glass and gladioli, to smell the mashed and mussed-up mignonette and the last fragrant sigh of the scrunched heliotrope beneath the hoof of your horse, while far away the deep-mouthed baying of the hoarse hounds hotly hugging the reeking trail of the aniseed bag calls on the gorgeously caparisoned hills to give back their merry music or fork it over to other answering hills, is joy to the huntsman's heart.

On, on I rode, with my unconfined locks streaming behind me in the autumn wind. On and still on I sped, the big, bright pumpkin slipping up and down the gambrel of my spirited horse at every jump. On and ever on we went, shedding terror and pumpkin-seeds along our glittering track, till my proud steed ran his leg in a gopher hole and fell over one of those machines that they put on a high-headed steer to keep him from jumping fences. As the horse fell, the necklace of this hickory poke flew up and adjusted itself around my throat. In an instant my steed was on his feet again, and gaily we went forward; while the prong of this barbarous appliance ever and anon plowed into a brand-new culvert or rooted up a clover-field. Every time it ran into an orchard or a cemetery it would

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jar my neck and knock me silly. But I could see with joy that it reduced the speed of my horse. At last, as the sun went down—reluctantly it seemed to me, for he knew that he would never see such riding again—my ill-spent horse fell with a hollow moan, curled up, gave a spasmodic quiver with his little, nerveless, sawed-off tail, and died.

The other huntsmen succeeded in treeing the aniseed bag at sundown, in time to catch the six-o'clock train home.

Fox-hunting is one of the most thrilling pastimes of which I know, and for young men whose parents have amassed large sums of money in the intellectual pursuit of hides and tallow, the meet, the chase, the scamper, the full cry, the cover, the stellated fracture, the yelp of the pack, the yip, the yell of triumph, the confusion, the whoop, the holla, the halloos, the hurrah, the abrasion, the snort of the hunter, the concussion, the sward, the open, the earth-stopper, the strangulated hernia, the glad cry of the hound as he brings home the quivering seat of the peasant's pantaloons, the yelp of joy as he lays at his master's feet the strawberry mark of the rustic—all, all are exhilarating to the sons of our American nobility.

Fox-hunting combines the danger and the wild, tumultuous joy of the skating-rink, the toboggan-slide, the mush-and-milk sociable, and the straw ride.

With a good horse, an air-cushion, a reliable earth-stopper, and an aniseed bag, a man must indeed be thoroughly blasé who cannot enjoy a scamper 'cross country, over the Pennsylvania wold, the New Jersey mere, the Connecticut moor, the Indiana glade, the Missouri brake, the Michigan mead, the American tarn, the fen, the gulch, the buffalo wallow, the cranberry marsh, the glen, the draw, the cañon, the ravine, the forks, the bottom, or the settlement.

For the young American nobleman whose ducal father made

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his money by inventing a fluent pill, or who gained his great wealth through relieving humanity by means of a lung-pad, a liver-pad, a kidney-pad, or a footpad, fox-hunting is first-rate.

In the South

ASHEVILLE, N. C., *December 9.*

THERE is no place in the United States, so far as I know, where the cow is more versatile or ambidextrous, if I may be allowed the use of a term that is far above my station in life, than here in the mountains of North Carolina, where the obese 'possum and the anonymous distiller have their homes.

Not only is the Tar-heel cow the author of a pale but athletic style of butter, but in her leisure hours she aids in tilling the perpendicular farm on the hillside, or draws the products to market. In this way she contrives to put in her time to the best advantage, and when she dies it casts a gloom over the community in which she has resided.

The life of a North Carolina cow is indeed fraught with various changes, and saturated with a zeal which is praiseworthy in the extreme. From the sunny days when she gambols through the beautiful valleys, inserting her black, retroussé and perspiration-dotted nose into the blue grass from ear to ear, until at life's close, when every part and portion of her overworked system is turned into food, raiment, or overcoat buttons, the life of the Tar-heel cow is one of intense activity.

Her girlhood is short, and almost before we have deemed her emancipated from calfhood herself we find her in the capacity of a mother. With the cares of maternity other demands are quickly made upon her. She is obliged to ostracize herself from

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society, and enter into the prosaic details of producing small, pallid globules of butter, the very pallor of which so thoroughly belies its lusty strength.

The butter she turns out rapidly until it begins to be worth something, when she suddenly suspends publication and begins to haul wood to market. In this great work she is assisted by the pearl-gray or ecru-colored jackass of the tepid South. This animal has been referred to in the newspapers throughout the country, and yet he never ceases to be an object of the greatest interest.

Jackasses in the South are of two kinds, viz., male and female. Much as has been said of the jackass pro and con, I do not remember ever to have seen the above statement in print before, and yet it is as trite as it is incontrovertible. In the Rocky Mountains we call this animal the burro. There he packs bacon, flour, and salt to the miners. The miners eat the bacon and flour, and with the salt they are enabled to successfully salt the mines.

The burro has a low, contralto voice, which ought to have some machine oil on it. The voice of this animal is not unpleasant if he would pull some of the pathos out of it and make it more joyous.

Here the jackass at times becomes a coworker with the cow in hauling tobacco and other necessities of life into town, but he goes no further in the matter of assistance. He compels her to tread the cheese-press alone, and contributes nothing whatever in the way of assistance for the butter industry.

The North Carolina cow is frequently seen here driven double or single by means of a small rope line attached to a tall, emaciated gentleman, who is generally clothed with the divine right of suffrage, to which he adds a small pair of ear-bods during the holidays.

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The cow is attached to each shaft and a small single tree, or swingletree, by means of a broad strap harness. She also wears a breeching, in which respect she frequently has the advantage of her escort.

I think I have never witnessed a sadder sight than that of a new milch cow, torn away from home and friends and kindred dear, descending a steep mountain road at a rapid rate and striving in her poor, weak manner to keep out of the way of a small Jackson democratic wagon loaded with a big hoghead full of tobacco. It seems to me so totally foreign to the nature of the cow to enter into the tobacco traffic, a line of business for which she can have no sympathy, and in which she certainly can feel very little interest.

Tobacco of the very finest kind is produced here, and is used mainly for smoking purposes. It is the highest-priced tobacco produced in this country. A tobacco broker here yesterday showed me a large quantity of what he called export tobacco. It looks very much like other tobacco while growing.

He says that foreigners use a great deal of this kind. I am learning all about the tobacco industry while here, and as fast as I get hold of any new facts I will communicate them to the press. The newspapers of this country have done much for me, not only by publishing many pleasant things about me, but by refraining from publishing other things about me, and so I am glad to be able, now and then, to repay this kindness by furnishing information and facts for which I have no use myself, but which may be of incalculable value to the press.

As I write these lines I am informed that the snow is twenty-six inches deep here, and four feet deep at High Point in this State. People who did not bring in their pomegranates last evening are bitterly bewailing their thoughtlessness to-day.

A great many people come here from various parts of the

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world, for the climate. When they have remained here for one winter, however, they decide to leave it where it is.

It is said that the climate here is very much like that of Turin. But I did not intend to go to Turin even before I heard about that.

Please send my paper to the same address, and if some one who knows a good remedy for chilblains will contribute it to the *Sabbath Globe*, I shall watch for it with great interest. Yours as here-2-4.

BILL NYE.

P. S.—I should have said relative to the cows of this State that if the owners would work their butter more and their cows less, they would confer a great boon on the consumer of both.

B. N.

—“*Bill Nye's Sparks.*”

Harlan Hoge Ballard

In the Catacombs

SAM BROWN was a fellow from 'way down East,
Who never was "staggered" in the least.
No tale of marvelous beast or bird
Could match the stories he had heard;
No curious place or wondrous view
"Was ekil to Podunk, I tell yu."

If they told him of Italy's sunny clime,
"Maine kin beat it, every time!"
If they marveled at Ætna's fount of fire,
They roused his ire:
With an injured air
He'd reply, "I swear
I don't think much of a smokin' hill;
We've got a moderate little rill
Kin make yer old volcaner still;
Jes' pour old Kennebec down the crater,
'N' I guess it'll cool her fiery nater!"

They showed him a room where a queen had slept;
"'Twa'n't up to the tavern daddy kept."
They showed him Lucerne; but he had drunk
From the beautiful Molechunkamunk.
They took him at last to ancient Rome,
And inveigled him into a catacomb:

American Wit and Humor

Here they plied him with drafts of wine,
Though he vowed old cider was twice as fine,
Till the fumes of Falernian filled his head,
And he slept as sound as the silent dead;
They removed a mummy to make him room,
And laid him at length in the rocky tomb.

They piled old skeletons round the stone,
Set a "dip" in a candlestick of bone,
And left him to slumber there alone;
Then watched from a distance the taper's gleam,
Waiting to jeer at his frightened scream,
When he should wake from his drunken dream.

After a time the Yankee woke,
But instantly saw through the flimsy joke;
So never a cry or shout he uttered,
But solemnly rose, and slowly muttered:
"I see how it is. It's the judgment day;
We've all been dead and stowed away;
All these stone furreners sleepin' yet,
An' I'm the fust one up, you bet!
Can't none o' you Romans start, I wonder?
United States ahead, by thunder!"

Richard Kendall Munkittrick

The Patriotic Tourist

SOME folks the Old World find so fair,
And fancy it so grand,
They see its marvels e'verywhere
About their native land.

When they the Hudson sail by day,
While all its beauties shine,
They most enthusiastic say,
"Behold the Yankee Rhine!"

As on Lake George they dream and drift,
Enrapt at every turn,
'Tis thus their voices up they lift,
"America's Lake Lucerne!"

At Saranac sublimely frown
The Alps their travels know,
And then they breathe in Morristown
The air of Monaco.

Forsooth, it's not the same with me,
For, from an Alpine gorge,
I view Lucerne, and sing in glee,
"'Tis Switzerland's Lake George!"

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When off Sorrento, in a boat,
I drift, serene and gay,
I fancy, in a dream, I float
On great Peconic Bay.

When in the Scottish Highlands I
Upon the heather bunk,
I look about and fondly sigh
O'er Caledon's Mauch Chunk.

In London town, all smoke and fog,
I wander happy, when
I fancy that I gaily jog
Around in Pittsburg, Penn.

The Rhine is Europe's Hudson long,
The Alps the Swiss Catskills;
Lake Como is the Ho-pat-cong
Of the Italian hills.

I see, from Dan to Jericho,
From Berne to Ispahan,
Wonders that imitate, I know,
Our own as best they can.

And I shall cheer, until I cease
To tread this earthly way,
Sky-high in classic Athens, Greece,
Manunka Chunk, N. J.

Richard Kendall Munkittrick

'Tis Ever Thus

AD Astra, De Profundis,
Keats, Bacchus, Sophocles;
Ars Longa, Euthanasia,
Spring, The Eumenides.

Dead Leaves, Metempsychosis
Waiting, Theocritus;
Vanitas Vanitatum,
My Ship, De Gustibus.

Dum Vivimus Vivamus,
Sleep, Palingenesis;
Salvini, Sursum Corda,
At Mt. Desert, To Miss M——

These are part of the contents
Of "Violets of Song,"
The first poetic volume
Of Susan Mary Strong.

What's in a Name?

IN letters large upon a frame,
That visitors might see,
The painter placed his humble name:
O'Callaghan McGee.

American Wit and Humor

And from Beersheba unto Dan,
The critics with a nod
Exclaimed: "This painting Irishman
Adores his native sod.

"His stout heart's patriotic flame
There's naught on earth can quell;
He takes no wild romantic name
To make his pictures sell!"

Then poets praised in sonnets neat
His stroke so bold and free;
No parlor wall was thought complete
That hadn't a McGee.

All patriots before McGee
Threw lavishly their gold;
His works in the Academy
Were very quickly sold.

His "Digging Clams at Barnegat,"
His "When the Morning Smiled,"
His "Seven Miles from Ararat,"
His "Portrait of a Child,"

Were purchased in a single day
And lauded as divine.

.

That night as in his *atelier*
The artist sipped his wine,

Richard Kendall Munkittrick

And looked upon his gilded frames,

He grinned from ear to ear:

“They little think my *real* name’s

V. Stuyvesant De Vere!”

Irwin Russell

The Origin of the Banjo

Go 'way, fiddle! Folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin';
Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de banjo talkin'?
About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen—
About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de h'ar is missin'.

“Dar's gwine to be a oberflow,” said Noah, lookin' solemn—
Fur Noah tuk de *Herald*, an' he read de ribber column—
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah
Natchez.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin',
But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen,
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done catched a lot ob eb'ry sort o' beas'es;
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt, an' seb'ral head o' Jarsey cattle,
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder
rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain! It come so awful hebbly
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de leebbee;
De people all wuz drowneded out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he'd hired to wuk de boat, an' one to mix de bitters.

Irwin Russell

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell whut wid all de
fussin'
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin'.

Now Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket;
An' so, fur to amuse hisse'f, he steámed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat was invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge, an' screws,
an' aprin,
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin'.
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz, how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'rs so long an' thick an' strong—des fit fur banjo-
stringin';
Dat nigger shabed 'em off as short as washday-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to bases.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig—'twuz "Nebber min'
de wedder";
She soun' like forty-leben bands a-playin' all togedder.
Some went to pattin', some to dancin'; Noah called de fig-
gers,
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob
niggers!

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Now, sence dat time it's mighty strange dere's not de slightes'
showin'

Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';

An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los' 'em—

Fur whar you finds de nigger, dar's de banjo an' de 'possum.

—“*Christmas Night in the Quarters.*”

James L. Ford

The Dying Gag

THERE was an affecting scene on the stage of a New York theater the other night—a scene invisible to the audience and not down on the bills, but one far more touching and pathetic than anything enacted before the footlights that night, although it was a minstrel company that gave the entertainment.

It was a wild, blustering night, and the wind howled mournfully around the street corners, blinding the pedestrians with the clouds of dust that it caught up from the gutters and hurled into their faces.

Old man Sweeny, the stage doorkeeper, dozing in his little glazed box, was awakened by a sudden gust that banged the stage door and then went howling along the corridor, almost extinguishing the gas-jets and making the minstrels shiver in their dressing-rooms.

“What! You here to-night!” exclaimed old man Sweeny, as a frail figure, muffled up in a huge ulster, staggered through the doorway and stood leaning against the wall, trying to catch his breath.

“Yes; I felt that I couldn’t stay away from the footlights to-night. They tell me I’m old and worn out and had better take a rest, but I’ll go on till I drop,” and with a hollow cough the Old Gag plodded slowly down the dim and drafty corridor and sank wearily on a sofa in the big dressing-room where the other Gags and Conundrums were awaiting their cues.

“Poor old fellow!” said one of them sadly. “He can’t hold out much longer.”

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"He ought not to go on except at *matinées*," replied another veteran who was standing in front of the mirror trimming his long, silvery beard; and just then an attendant came in with several basins of gruel, and the old Jests tucked napkins under their chins and sat down to partake of a little nourishment before going on.

The bell tinkled and the entertainment began. One after another the Jokes and Conundrums heard their cues, went on, and returned to the dressing-room—for they all had to go on again in the after-piece. The house was crowded to the dome, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the vast audience as one after another of the old Quips and Jests that had been treasured household words in many a family came on and then disappeared to make room for others of their kind.

As the evening wore on the whisper ran through the theater that the Old Gag was going on that night, perhaps for the last time; and many an eye grew dim, many a pulse beat quicker at the thought of listening once more to that hoary Jest, about whose head were clustered so many sacred memories.

Meanwhile the Old Gag was sitting in his corner of the dressing-room, his head bowed on his breast, his gruel untasted on the tray before him. The other Gags came and went, but he heeded them not. His thoughts were far away. He was dreaming of old days, of his early struggles for fame, and of his friends and companions of years ago. "Where are they now?" he asked himself sadly. "Some are wanderers on the face of the earth, in comic operas. Two of them found ignoble graves in the 'Tourists' company. Others are sleeping beneath the daisies in Harper's 'Editor's Drawer.'"

"You're called, sir!"

The Old Gag awoke from his reverie, started to his feet, and,

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throwing aside his heavy ulster, staggered to the entrance and stood there patiently waiting for his cue.

"You're hardly strong enough to go on to-night," said a Merry Jest, touching him kindly on the arm; but the gray-bearded one shook him off, saying hoarsely:

"Let be! Let be! I must read those old lines once more—it may be for the last time."

And now a solemn hush fell upon the vast audience as a sad-faced minstrel uttered in tear-compelling accents the most pathetic words in all the literature of minstrelsy:

"And so you say, Mr. Johnson, that all the people on the ship were perishing of hunger, and yet you were eating fried eggs. How do you account for that?"

For one moment a deathlike silence prevailed. Then the Old Gag stepped forward and in clear, ringing tones replied:

"The ship lay to, and I got one."

A wild, heartrending sob came from the audience and relieved the tension as the Old Gag staggered back into the entrance and fell into the friendly arms that were waiting to receive him.

Sobbing Conundrums bore him to a couch in the dressing-room. Weeping Jokes strove in vain to bring back the spark of life to his inanimate form. But all to no avail.

The Old Gag was dead.—"*The Literary Shop.*"

The Society Reporter's Christmas

EARLY morn in the little parlor of a humble white cottage, where Susan Swallowtail sat waiting for her husband to return from the ball. It lacked but a few days of Christmas, and she had arisen with her little ones at five o'clock in order

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that William, her husband, might have a warm breakfast and a loving greeting on his return after his long night's work.

Seated before the fire with her sewing on her lap, Susan Swallowtail's thoughts went back to the days when William, then on the threshold of his career as a society reporter, had first won her young heart by his description of her costume at the ball of the "Ladies Daughters' Association of the Ninth Ward." She remembered how gallantly and tenderly he had wooed her through the columns of the four weekly and Sunday papers in which he conducted the "Fashion Chit-chat" columns, and then the tears filled her eyes as memory brought once more before her the terrible night when William came to the house and asked her father, the stern old house and sign painter, for his daughter's hand.

"And yet," said Susan to herself, "my life has not been altogether an unhappy one, in spite of our poverty. William has a kind heart, and I am sure that if he had anything to wear besides his dress-suit and flannel dressing-gown he would often brighten my lot by taking me out somewhere in the daytime. Ah, if papa would only relent! But I fear he will never forgive me for my marriage."

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of familiar footsteps in the hall, and the next moment her husband had clasped her in his arms, while the children clung to his ulster and clamored for their early morning kiss.

But there was a cloud on the young husband's brow and a tremor on his lips as he said, "Run away now, little ones; papa and mama have something to say to each other that little ears must not hear.

"My darling," he said, as soon as they were alone, "I fear that our Christmas will not be a very merry one. You know

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how we always depend on the ball of the Gilt-edged Coterie for our Christmas dinner?"

"Indeed I do," replied the young wife, with a bright smile. "What beautiful slices of roast beef and magnificent mince pies you always bring home from that ball! Surely they will give their entertainment on Christmas Eve this year as they always have?"

"Yes, but—can you bear to hear it, love?"

"Let me know the worst," said the young wife bravely.

"Then," said William hoarsely, "I will tell you. I am not going to that ball. The city editor is going to take the assignment himself, and I must go to a literary and artistic gathering where there will be nothing but tea and recitations."

"Yes," said Susan bitterly, "and sandwiches so thin that they can be used to watch the eclipse of the sun. But what have you brought back with you now? I hope it is something nourishing."

"My darling," replied William Swallowtail in faltering tones, "I fear you are doomed to another disappointment. I have done my best to-night, but this is all I could get my hands on," and with these words he drew from the pockets of his heavy woolen ulster a paper bag filled with wine jelly, a box of *marrons glacés*, and two pint bottles of champagne.

"Is that all?" said Susan reproachfully. "The children have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning except *patés de foie gras*, macaroons, and hothouse grapes. All day long they have been crying for corned-beef sandwiches, and I have had none to give them. You told me, William, when we parted in the early evening, that you were going to a house where there would be at least ham, and perhaps bottled beer, and now you return to me with this paltry package of jelly and that very sweet wine. I hope, William"—and a cold,

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hard look of suspicion crept into her face—"that you have not forgotten your vows and given to another——"

"Susan," cried William Swallowtail, "how can you speak or even think of such a thing, when you know full well that——"

But Susan withdrew from his embrace, and asked in bitter, cold accents, "Was there ham at that reception, or was there not?"

"There was ham, and corned beef, too. I will not deny it; but——"

"Then, William, with what woman have you shared it?" demanded the young wife, drawing herself up to her full height and fixing her dark, flashing eyes full upon him.

"Susan, I implore you, listen to me, and do not judge me too harshly. There *was* ham, but there were several German noblemen there, too—Baron Sneeze of the Austrian legation, Count Pretzel, and a dozen more. The smell of meat inflamed them, and I fought my way through them in time to save only this from the wreck."

He drew from his ulster pocket something done up in a piece of paper, and handed it to his wife. She opened the package and saw that it contained what looked like a long piece of very highly polished ivory. Then her face softened, her lips trembled, and her eyes brimmed over with tears.

"Forgive me, William, for my unjust suspicions!" she exclaimed, as she threw herself once more into his arms. "This mute ham-bone tells me, far more strongly than any words of yours could, the story of the society reporter's awful struggle for life."

William kissed his young wife affectionately, and then sat down to the breakfast which she had prepared for him.

"I hope," she said cheerfully, as she took a dish of lobster salad from the oven, where it had been warmed over, "that

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you will keep a sharp lookout for quail this week. It would be nice to have one or two for our Christmas dinner. Of course we cannot afford corned beef and cabbage, like those rich people whom you call by their first names when you write about them in the Sunday papers; but I do hope we will not be obliged to put up with cakes and pastry and such wretched stuff."

"Quail!" exclaimed her husband; "they are so scarce and shy this winter that we are obliged to take setter dogs with us to the entertainments at which they are served. But I will do my best, darling."

As soon as William had gone to bed Susan took from its hiding-place the present which she had prepared for her husband and proceeded to sew it to the inside of his ulster as a Christmas surprise for him. She sighed to think that it was the best she could afford this year. It was a useful rather than an ornamental gift—a simple rubber pocket, made from a piece of an old mackintosh, and intended for William to carry soup in.

But Susan had a bright, hopeful spirit, and a smile soon smoothed the furrows from her face as she murmured, "How nice it will be when William comes home with his new pocket filled with nice, warm, nourishing bouillon!" and then she glanced up from her work and saw that her daughter, little golden-haired Eva, had entered the room, and was looking at her out of her great, truthful, deep-blue eyes.

It was Christmas Eve, and as Jacob Scaffold trudged through the frosty streets the keen air brought a ruddy glow to his cheeks and tipped his nose with a brighter carmine than any that he used in the practise of his art. Entering the hall in which the ball of the Gilt-edged Coterie was taking place, the

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proud old house and sign painter quickly divested himself of his outer wraps and made his way to the committee room.

Then, adorned with a huge badge and streamer, he strolled out to greet his friends who were making merry on the polished floor of the ball-room. But, although the band played its most stirring measures and the lights gleamed on arms and necks of dazzling whiteness, old Jacob Scaffold sighed deeply as he seated himself in a rather obscure corner and allowed his eyes to roam about the room as if in search of some familiar face.

The fact was that the haughty, purse-proud old man was thinking of another Christmas Eve ten years before, when his daughter Susan had danced at this same ball, the brightest, the prettiest, and the most sought-after girl on the floor.

"And to think," said the old man to himself, "that, with all the opportunities she had to make a good match, she should have taken up with that reporter in the shiny dress-suit! It's five years since I've heard anything of her, but of late I've been thinking that maybe I was too harsh with her, and perhaps——"

His thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of a servant, who told him that some one desired to see him in the committee room. On reaching that apartment he found a little girl of perhaps eight years of age, plainly clad, and carrying a basket in her hand. Fixing her eyes on Jacob Scaffold, she said:

"Please, sir, are you the chairman of the press committee?"

"I am," replied the puzzled artist; "but who are you?"

"I am the reporter of the *Sunday Guff*. My papa has charge of the 'What the Four Hundred Are Doing' column, but to-night he is obliged to attend a chromo-literary reception, where there will be nothing to eat but tea and cake. Papa has reported your balls and chowder excursions for the past

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five years, and we have always had ham for dessert for a week afterward. We had all been looking forward to your Christmas Eve ball, and when papa told us that he would have to go to the tea-and-cake place to-night mama felt so badly that I took papa's ticket out of his pocket when he was asleep and came here myself. Papa has a thick ulster, full of nice big pockets, that he puts on when he goes out to report, but I have brought a basket."

The child finished her simple and affecting narrative, and the members of the press committee looked at one another dumfounded. Jacob Scaffold was the first to break the silence.

"And what is your name, little child?" he inquired.

"Eva Swallowtail," she answered, as she turned a pair of trusting, innocent blue eyes full upon him.

The old man grew pale and his lips trembled as he gathered his grandchild in his arms. The other members of the committee softly left the room, for they all knew the story of Susan Scaffold's *mésalliance* and her father's bitter feelings toward her and her husband.

"What!" cried Jacob Scaffold, "my grandchild wanting bread? Come to me, little one, and we'll see what can be done for you."

And putting on his heavy ulster, he took little Eva by the hand and led the way to the great thoroughfare, on which the stores were still open.

It was a happy family party that sat down to dinner in William Swallowtail's humble home that bright Christmas Day, and well did the little ones enjoy the treat which their generous new-found grandparent provided for them. They began with a soup made of wine jelly, and ended with a delicious dessert

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of corned-beef sandwiches and large German pickles; and then, when they could eat no more, and not even a pork pie could tempt their appetites, Grandpa Scaffold told his daughter that he was willing to lift his son-in-law from the hard and ill-paid labor of writing society chronicles and give him a chance to better himself with a whitewash brush. "And," continued the old man, "if I see that he possesses true artistic talent, I will some day give him a chance at the side of a house."—"*The Literary Shop*."

Samuel Minturn Peck

Bessie Brown, M.D.

'Twas April when she came to town;
The birds had come, the bees were swarming.
Her name, she said, was Doctor Brown:
I saw at once that she was charming.
She took a cottage tinted green,
Where dewy roses loved to mingle;
And on the door, next day, was seen
A dainty little shingle.

Her hair was like an amber wreath;
Her hat was darker, to enhance it.
The violet eyes that glowed beneath
Were brighter than her keenest lancet.
The beauties of her glove and gown
The sweetest rime would fail to utter.
Ere she had been a day in town
The town was in a flutter.

The gallants viewed her feet and hands,
And swore they never saw such wee things;
The gossips met in purring bands
And tore her piecemeal o'er the tea-things.
The former drank the Doctor's health
With clinking cups, the gay carousers;
The latter watched her door by stealth,
Just like so many mousers.

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But Doctor Bessie went her way
Unmindful of the spiteful cronies,
And drove her buggy every day
Behind a dashing pair of ponies.
Her flower-like face so bright she bore
I hoped that time might never wilt her.
The way she tripped across the floor
Was better than a philter.

Her patients thronged the village street;
Her snowy slate was always quite full.
Some said her bitters tasted sweet,
And some pronounced her pills delightful.
'Twas strange—I knew not what it meant;
She seemed a nymph from Eldorado;
Where'er she came, where'er she went,
Grief lost its gloomy shadow.

Like all the rest, I, too, grew ill;
My aching heart there was no quelling.
I tremble at my doctor's bill—
And lo! the items still are swelling.
The drugs I've drunk you'd weep to hear!
They've quite enriched the fair concocter,
And I'm a ruined man, I fear,
Unless—I wed the Doctor!

Henry Cuyler Bunner

Behold the Deeds!

(Chant Royal)

I WOULD that all men my hard case might know,
How grievously I suffer for no sin—
I, Adolphe Culpepper Furguson; for lo!
I of my landlady am locked in,
For being short on this sad Saturday,
Nor having shekels of silver wherewith to pay;
She has turned and is departed with my key;
Wherefore, not even as other boarders free,
I sing (as prisoners to their dungeon stones
When for ten days they expiate a spree):
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

One night and one day have I wept my wo;
Nor wot I, when the morrow doth begin,
If I shall have to write to Briggs & Co.,
To pray them to advance the requisite tin
For ransom of their salesman, that he may
Go forth as other boarders go away—
As those I hear now flocking from their tea,
Led by the daughter of my landlady
Pianoward. This day, for all my moans,
Dry bread and water have been servèd me.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

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Miss Amabel Jones is musical, and so
The heart of the young he-boardèr doth win,
Playing "The Maiden's Prayer," *adagio*—
That fetcheth him, as fetcheth the banco skin
The innocent rustic. For my part, I pray
That Badarjewska maid may wait for aye
Ere sits she with a lover, as did we
Once sit together, Amabel! Can it be
That all that arduous wooing not atones
For Saturday shortness of trade dollars three?
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

Yea, she forgets the arm was wont to go
Around her waist. She wears a buckle whose pin
Galleth the crook of the young man's elbow;
I forget not, for I that youth have been.
Smith was aforetime the Lothario gay.
Yet once, I mind me, Smith was forced to stay
Close in his room. Not calm, as I, was he;
But his noise brought no pleasaunce, verily.
Small ease he gat of playing on the bones,
Or hammering on his stovepipe, that I see.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

Thou, for whose fear the figurative crow
I eat, accursed be thou and all thy kin!
Thee will I show up—yea, up will I show
Thy too thick buckwheats, and thy tea too thin.
Aye, here I dare thee, ready for the fray!
Thou dost *not* "keep a first-class house," I say!
It does not with the advertisements agree.
Thou lodgest a Briton with a puggaree,

Henry Cuyler Bunner

And thou hast harbored Jacobses and Cohns,
Also a Mulligan. Thus denounce I thee!
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

Envoy

Boarders! the worst I have not told to ye:
She hath stolen my trousers, that I may not flee
Privily by the window. Hence these groans.
There is no fleeing in a *robe de nuit*.

Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

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Candor

OCTOBER—A WOOD

"I KNOW what you're going to say," she said—
And she rose up, looking uncommonly tall—
"You are going to speak of the hectic fall,
And say you're sorry the summer's dead,
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so.
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to ask if I forgot
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day.
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

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"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rime,
And"—her clear glance fell and her cheek grew red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer?—
Why, everybody has seen it here!—
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed,
And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am.
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Ye-es," she said.

*From "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere," copyright by
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I. K. Friedman

Hungry Henry's Touching Tale

"GENTS," began Henry, "yer needn't be afeerd ter eat dis bread, 'cause I come by it honestly, an' don't let yer appetites be spoiled fer fear dat yer robbin' meh. I'm proud ter say fer oncet in meh life, I had enuf ter eat. I meets a cove terday an' I springs de old dodge on ter him.

"'Mister,' says I, 'does yer mind helpin' a man whats' starvin' ter de price ef a meal?'

"De cove smiles, an' he says, like all de coves says, 'Why don't yer work?'

"'Well,' says I, 'I worked in a rollin'-mill, an' de mill shut down last week, an' I ain't been able fer ter find nothin' ter do, an' I ain't eat a bite since den.'

"'Yer must be hungry,' says he wid a grin.

"'Hungry!' says I; 'I'm dyin' ter eat.'

"'Well,' says he, 'we'll see what we kin do,' an' he pulls out a handful of shiners dat would make yer eyes water.

"He fishes out a quarter, an' I puts meh hand out. Den he puts de quarter back, an' I swears ter myself. Den he fishes out a half, an' I puts out both meh hands. Den he puts de half back, an' I swears aloud, an' he laffs.

"'If yer hungry,' says he, 'come wid meh an' I'll get yer a meal!'

"Gents, I was hungry in dead earnest; but seein' de cove had fun wid meh, I t'ought I'd have fun wid de cove, an' I hangs back.

"'Come on,' says he; 'I t'ought yer was hungry?'

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“‘I am,’ says I, ‘but I don’t like ter eat in de places were yer goes. Give meh de dime an’ let meh go where I wants.’

“‘Not much,’ says he; ‘I knowed yer was a-playin’ orff!’

“‘Well, de cove takes meh ter a saloon, an’ he says ter de barkeep’, ‘Dis boy is hungry; he’s a-starvin’, an’ he wants a big san’wich!’

“‘He grins, an’ de guy behin’ de bar grins. I was a-grinnin’ too, fer I didn’t want de guy ter think dat I wasn’t on ter him. But in meh stomick I feels queer, an’ meh mouth waters; fer I was hungry enuf ter cry an’ no joke, an’ youse fellers knows dat when I’m hungry, I’m hungry.

“‘Den,’ says I ter de cove, unhitchin’ two buttons, ‘I gets all I wants er I don’t eat, eh?’

“‘Sure thing,’ says de cove.

“‘De guy cuts two bricks ef bread, an’ he puts a trowelful ef ham atween. It being double size, de cove puts down two dimes, an’ de guy grins an’ de cove laffs.

“‘De san’wich goes down quicker en de two dimes. An’ I says ter de guy, ‘I wants a san’wich next time; yer ain’t a-feedin’ a mouse er a canary-bird!’

“‘An’ fer half a hour I keeps de guy a-cuttin’ an’ de cove a-payin’, an’ meh jus’ beginnin’ ter feel dat food had crossed meh hungry lips!

“‘Yer cost meh fifty cents already,’ says de cove; ‘ain’t yer ever goin’ ter quit?’

“‘Don’t talk quit,’ says I; ‘I ain’t begun; I’m just workin’ up a appertite. When a man ain’t eat nothin’ fer a week a man’s hungry!’

“‘It looks as ef yer ain’t eat nothin’ fer a year,’ says de guy, his mouth open an’ his eyes out, ez ef I was a freak, which I ain’t.

“‘It may be a year,’ puts in I, ‘fore I strikes dis snap ag’in!

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I'm layin' in a serply. Now, please don't bother meh, an' leave meh give meh attention ter eatin'.'

“‘It's one dollar,’ pipes de cove when de guy was a-layin' de foundation fer de sixth; ‘ain't yer afeard of indigestion?’

“‘No,’ I says, ‘I ain't had dat complaint since de time when I eat fer two weeks widout takin' time fer sleep!’

“‘Say,’ says de guy, layin' down his knife an' rubbin' his arm, ‘yer ought ter git some one ter feed yer by de hour!’

“‘I gives him one look, an' I says, ‘Ef I did, I'd git some one ter do de feedin' ez knows how ter make a san'wich; yer ain't a-cuttin' fer a inwalid.’

“‘Den I takes de knife from de guy an' I makes a san'wich ez was a san'wich.

“‘Dat'll cost yer thirty cents,’ says de guy to de cove.

“‘De cove turns pale. ‘How much 'ill yer take ter quit?’ axes he.

“‘I'll calkerlate,’ says I, ‘an' I'll let yer know in half a hour.’

“‘Yer no lightnin' calkerlator,’ says he.

“‘No, not when I'm eatin',’ answers I.

“‘I can't stay here all de night,’ says de cove; ‘I must catch a train.’

“‘All right,’ says I, ‘I'll eat a bit quicker.’

“‘Yes, we close at twelve sharp,’ says de guy.

“‘It's only nine now,’ smiles I; ‘I'll be thru by dat time.’

“‘I'm glad ter hear dat,’ says de cove. Den he says ter de guy: ‘Yer gives dis feller two loaves of bread an' a ham, an' let him take it home. An' de next time I meets yer,’ says he ter meh, ‘I'll give yer a dime widout axin' ef yer hungry.’

“‘An' de next time a gentleman axes yer fer de price of a meal,’ says I, ‘yer wants ter take his word fer it, an' not believe dat he's a liar 'cause he's poor!’

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"I takes meh ham an' bread an' I walks away, an' de cove calls out an' he says:

"'I wants yer name; I wants ter know yer when we meets ag'in.'

"'Hungry Henry,' answers I.

"'Yer name must have been born wid yer,' says he."

Before the laughter aroused by Hungry Henry's story had died away, Blind Bill arose to his feet. and, as if moved by an overwhelming impulse of generosity shouted, "Gents, I'll treat!"

Bill's liberality was greeted with a wide-spread look of disappointment, for the restricting clause, "That is, if McQuinn will trust me," usually followed his unselfish offer. Now McQuinn never trusted anybody, and Bill's munificence passed current for the homage which stinginess pays to generosity. This time, however, the unexpected happened. Bill held a yellow coin to the light.

"Dis is de real article," began he, "an' it breaks meh heart ter break it. It's de first dat I ever had in meh life. I would like ter keep it fer a pocket-piece. Gents," spoke he solemnly as a campaign orator, "dere is ez much here ez in five silver dollars er in five hundred cents."

"My," whispered Charlie the Conner, "he's eddicated."

Blind Bill continued: "It takes de Govermint ter squeeze five hundred cents in dis small coin, an' der ain't no one else dat kin do de trick."

"Dat's right," shouted Pete the Squealer. "I got pinched fer tryin' it."

Heedless of the laughter which followed Pete's observation, Bill went on:

"But dat ain't here, an' it ain't dere; de Govermint had nothin' ter say; I earned it. I'll tell yer how it was uv ter meh,

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an' den I'll let yer judge fer yereselves whether I earned it er not."

"Yer earned it! Yer earned it!" exclaimed Humble Hinky jeeringly, desirous of cutting a long story short and getting at the gist of the matter, which was the treat.

Bill looked at his interrupter scornfully. "I didn't earn it dat quick," retorted he; "I had ter work fer it." And he was about to give an account of his adventure when Humble Hinky interrupted with, "An' now yer wants ter make us work fer it."

"It'll give yer a thirst, fer de story is dry," and straightway Bill began the tale of

Five Fingers and Five Dollars

BLIND BILL'S STORY.

"I goes inter a man's store ter day, an' I tells him how I lost meh eyesight from sickness.

"'Den yer can't see?' axes de man.

"'I wouldn't be blind ef I could see,' answers I.

"'Can't yer see at all?' he axes, lookin' at meh right sharp

"'Excuse meh,' answers I, 'but yer 'pinion ef blindness is peculiar.'

"'It is sometimes,' he grins, an' de clerks stop workin' an grins, too. 'I don't believe yer blind,' he goes on, 'an' I'm goin' ter put yer to de test!'

"'I'm perfectly willin',' replies I. But I feels skeered, fer he was a smart-lookin' feller, an' dis test business is ticklish sometimes.

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"De first thing he done was ter throw a quarter on his desk. 'Guess what dat is,' snaps he, 'an' yer kin have it.'

"'It's a quarter,' snaps I, an' I puts out meh hand ter grab it.

"'Don't be too quick, meh blind friend,' says he, puttin' his hand over de coin; 'ef yer was blind, how could yer tell dat de piece of money was a quarter?'

"I was almost caught dat time. I had no bizness ter call de turn, but de sight of de quarter made meh greedy; but I t'inks quick, an' I answers, 'De hearin' of de blind is 'cute; I kin tell any coin by de ring.'

"'Yer must have been a payin'-teller in a bank ter know money so well,' says he. But he gives meh de quarter.

"I startes ter go out in a hurry wid meh quarter, de clerks all laffin', when he calls meh back.

"'I'll give yer de chance ter earn anuder quarter,' says he.

"'I'm willin',' says I.

"'Ef yer guesses how many fingers I holds up, I'll give yer a quarter,' says he.

"'Ef I guesses it,' pipes I, 'yer'll tell meh I ain't blind, an' den yer won't give it ter meh. Ef I don't guess what it is, den yer surely won't give it ter meh. Dat bet ain't fair!'

"'Ef I ever kin use a blind clerk,' says he, 'I'll give yer de job. But I'll tell yer what I'll do: ef yer guesses right, I'll give yer de quarter; ef yer guesses wrong, I'll give yer a dime. Is dat fair?'

"'No,' replies I. 'I'm blind, an' yer might cheat meh, an' how would I know?'

"'I'll be de judge,' says one ef de clerks, an' I could see from de look on his face dat he wanted de boss beat, so I says, 'I'm willin'.'

"'Come, how many fingers is it?' axes he, holdin' up four.

"'T'ree,' says I.

“‘Yer wrong,’ says he an’ de clerk.

“‘But I gets meh dime!’ shouts I.

“‘Dat game ain’t fair,’ says de man; ‘I loses either way. I’ll tell yer what I’ll do: I’ll bet yer seventy cents ag’in yer thirty-five cents dat yer can’t call de turn next time!’

“‘Give yer coin to de clerk first,’ says I, givin’ him mine.

“‘He holds up four fingers, an’ I bawls out ‘Four!’ an’ de clerk give meh de coin in a hurry.

“‘Hold on,’ cries de man ter de clerk; ‘dat feller is a-cheatin’ meh!’

“‘A blind man might guess right,’ says I, a-goin’ out.

“‘He pulls meh back by de coat, an’ shouts, ‘We’ll have one more bet, anyways!’

“‘I agrees ter dat ’cause I couldn’t help mehself.

“‘Now,’ says he, ‘I’ll bet yer two dollars ag’in yer one dollar an’ five cents dat yer don’t guess right dis time.’ An’ he puts de two dollars in de clerk’s hand, an’ I puts in meh one dollar an’ five cents, feelin’ sorry dat I didn’t have sense enuf ter quit.

“‘Now,’ axes he, holdin’ up his five fingers, ‘how many?’

“‘Five!’ shouts I, bein’ willin’ ter lose meh reputation fer honesty rather den meh dollar an’ five. De clerk was a-goin’ ter drop de t’ree dollars in meh hand when de boss snaps his fingers an’ bawls out:

“‘Hold on; don’t be so quick!’ An’ he says ter meh:

“‘How could I hold up five fingers when I’ve only got four, meh thumb bein’ gone?’

“‘No, sir,’ says I; ‘a man what had his thumb cut orff can’t snap his fingers!’

“‘An’ de clerk drops his money in meh hand, an’ de man says:

“‘Yer hearin’ is very ’cute.’ Den he t’inks a minute, an’ says:

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“‘I’ll bet two dollars ag’in yer t’ree dat yer don’t guess it dis time! An’, Mr. Clerk, yer needn’t be in sich a hurry ter get rid ef meh money!’

“Den he holds up one finger. ‘One!’ hollers I afore he has de chanct ter haul it down an’ hold up two. An’ de clerk hands meh de coin.

“‘Yer seen it,’ says he.

“‘I didn’t,’ says I.

“‘Den how did yer guess it?’ axes he.

“It’s de most natcheral thing in de world,’ says I, ‘fer a man ter go back ter one finger after him havin’ up five.’

“‘Well,’ says he, ‘I’ll give ye de five dollars an’ let yer go. An’ some dark night I’m comin’ around ter borrow dose blind eyes of yourn!’”

And Bill drew his story to a close, tossing the five-dollar gold piece to McQuinn with the carelessness of a man who is used to handling gold as if it were so much dross. McQuinn examined it with the care of a man who is used to having dross foisted on him for so much gold.

“Look-a-here,” he roared, marching up to Bill, “dat ain’t nothin’ but a gilded quarter. What does yer mean by tryin’ ter shove queer?” And without delay he threw Bill from the club-room into the street.

Throughout the evening one member, evidently a stranger, for none of the members could claim his acquaintance, sat stupidly in a corner, never smiling, never changing the expression on his face.

Crutch McAllister, who had been eying him closely all evening, was irritated beyond endurance by the stranger’s stolid indifference.

When Blind Bill’s gold proved spurious and the stranger in the gates failed to see the humor of the situation, Crutch

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McAllister could control himself no longer, and he turned and smote the melancholy guest with all his might and main.

"Yer can't palm dat deaf-an'-dumb racket orf on ter us. It don't go here!" he yelled.

"Dat's right, Crutch, make him speak. Make him!" and they all pounced on the silent guest.

"Let him alone!" yelled McQuinn, pulling the others off, "let him alone. Dat feller is all right; I knows him. He can't speak an' he can't hear."

"I'm sorry dat I hit him, den," apologized Crutch, "but de guy had de right ter holler an' tell meh dat he was deaf an' dumb in de first place!"—*"Autobiography of a Beggar."*

A Beggar's Strategy

"MEH an' Foxy," said Jake the Beggar "(I see Foxy ain't here to-night), worked a racket dat was all right fer Foxy, but what didn't go at all fer meh. Him an' meh started out ter-day an' he axes meh what I has on.

"'No scheme at all,' answers I; 'meh brain is givin' out. I'm gettin' old.'

"'Well,' puts in Foxy, 'I got a scheme, but not having tried it, I ain't sure dat it'll work. Did you ever try the sympathy game, Jake?' he axes.

"'Dere ain't no game what I ain't played,' says I, 'sympathy game an' all.'

"'Dis is a new sympathy game,' answered he, 'an' I'm sure dat no one has played it. Yer see, Jake, it goes like dis: yer fixes yerself fer de lame man an' I fixes meself fer de blind man.'

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“‘Hold on, Foxy,’ says I, ‘dat’s old; dat was done before any man on de earth was ever blind er lame.’

“‘Give a feller a chance,’ snaps Foxy; ‘let me finish. Here’s de new part: I stands on de corner wid meh hat in meh hand, an’ yer hobbles up ter meh, an’ yer looks sorry fer meh. Den yer drops a dime in meh hat. Den a whole crowd of people’ll say, “Did yer see dat beggar give de other beggar a dime? How deservin’ he must be.” Den dey all stops an’ drops a dime in meh hat. Some ef ’em more an’ some less.’

“‘Dat’s a very fine game fer yerself, Foxy,’ says I, ‘a very fine game fer ter work meh fer a dime.’

“‘Not at all,’ answers he; ‘ef it don’t work, I gives yer de dime back, an’ ef it do work—why, we divides.’

“‘Ef it’s sech a fine scheme,’ answers I, ‘yer kin give meh a dime an’ I’ll drop de same dime in yer hat.’

“‘An’ Foxy smiles an’ he says, ‘I knows yer, Jake; yer ain’t honest; yer’d run away wid de dime.’

“‘Both of us would be takin’ de same chanct, Foxy,’ answers I. ‘Yer kin give meh de dime and I’ll put it in.’

“‘All right, Jake,’ says he, ‘but I’m sorry yer so sispicious.’ An’ he fishes thru all his pockets an’ turns ’em inside out, an’ he shakes his head.

“‘Yer see how it is, Jake; I’m willin’ ter trust yer, but I ain’t got de dime. I’m busted,’ says he.

“‘All right, Foxy,’ says I, ‘I’ll risk de dime on yer, but ef yer don’t do de square thing by meh I’ll git even.’

“‘So meh an’ Foxy walks on, an’ Foxy watches sharp, an’ when he sees de right corner, he stands still an’ he takes orff his hat, an’ he begins ter sing a song de like ef which I never heerd afore. He must have made it up ez he went along; it sounded like Chineese ter meh. But whether de song was Chineese er Japanee, it done de work. Yer never seen sech a crowd.

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"An' I takes off me hat an' I hobbles thru de crowd, an' I begs an' I don't get a red. Den I fishes a dime out ef meh pocket an' drops de dime inter Foxy's hat, a-sayin' ter mehself, 'Good-by, dime; meh an' you'll never see each other ag'in.' Den de crowd loosens up. Yer'd 'a' thought it was a-rainin' silver. I never seen sich an invistment fer a dime in all meh born days. In five minutes his hat was dat full I t'ought it'd break.

"Foxy puts de coin in his pocket an' walks away, an' I follers. When we gets to de alleý I axes how much it was.

"'Ten dollars an' eleven cents,' says he.

"'Den yer kin give meh five dollars an' five cents an' keep de extree cent fer yerself,' says I.

"An' Foxy grins an' I knows something is a-comin'.

"'Jake,' axes he, 'de dime what yer put in meh hat had a hole in it, eh?'

"'Yes,' answers I quick, afore I t'ought ef it had a hole in it er not.

"'Yer a rogue,' shouts he; 'I knowed yer didn't put a dime in meh hat. Der was no dime wid a hole in it.'

"'Come to think on it,' says I perlitely, 'de dime I put in didn't have a hole in it.'

"'Jake,' axes he, 'which is a lie, de first er de second, er both?'

"I reaches out an' I grabs him by de t'roat. 'Look here,' I yells, 'two lies er no lies, are yer goin' ter do de square thing by me?'

"An' Foxy, seein' I means business, he agrees ter divvy, an' I don't let meh hand orff his throat till he does. An' when he gives meh de coin, I hands him a punch, an' Foxy yells. An' I turns ter go out of de alley when Foxy bawls:

"'Say, Jake, I didn't do de square thing an' I'm ashamed ef mehself. Now, Jake, yer an' meh kin work de same racket

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over ag'in. I'll play lame man an' yer kin play blind man, an' sing an' hold de hat.'

"'All right, Foxy,' says I; 'here's me hand on it.'

"So meh an' him starts fer a new corner, an' when us hits on one, I takes orff meh hat an' I shuts meh eyes ter play blind man an' sings fer all I'm worth. It didn't take long fer de crowd to come, an' Foxy hobbles up ter meh thru de big crowd an' he stops in front ef meh an' looks inter meh hat an' he grins. Den he hobbles away, not droppin' de dime in. 'Yer a long time a-spendin' dat dime,' I was a-goin' ter yell out, but dasn't.

"Den he hobbles around meh ag'in an' I was a-reachin' out ter land a long kick on his shins when he yells out:

"'Look out, Jake; de cop is comin'.'

"Like a fool I opens meh eyes an' looks around, an' de crowd laffs an' howls, an' I sneaks away. An' if I catches Foxy I'll make him a bracelet out ef meh ten fingers fer his neck."

"Dat reminds meh," vociferated Loony Louis, "ef——"

"Save yer remimberences fer another time," frowned Mr. Quinn; "the clock has struck twelve, an' it's time fer honest people ter be in bed."—"*Autobiography of a Beggar.*"

Henry Guy Carleton

The Thompson Street Poker Club

Some Curious Points in the Noble Game Unfolded

WHEN Mr. Tooter Williams entered the gilded halls of the Thompson Street Poker Club, Saturday evening, it was evident that fortune had smeared him with prosperity. He wore a straw hat with a blue ribbon, an expression of serene content, and a glass amethyst on his third finger whose effulgence irradiated the whole room and made the envious eyes of Mr. Cyanide Whiffles stand out like a crab's. Besides these extraordinary furbishments, Mr. Williams had his mustache waxed to fine points, and his back hair was precious with the luster and richness which accompany the use of the attar of Third Avenue roses combined with the bear's grease dispensed by basement barbers on that fashionable thoroughfare.

In sharp contrast to this scintillating entrance was the coming of the Reverend Mr. Thankful Smith, who had been disheveled by the heat, discolored by a dusty evangelical trip to Coney Island, and oppressed by an attack of malaria which made his eyes bloodshot and enriched his respiration with occasional hiccoughs and that steady aroma which is said to dwell in Weehawken breweries.

The game began at eight o'clock, and by nine and a series of two pair hands and bull luck Mr. Gus Johnson was seven dollars and a nickel ahead of the game, and the Reverend Mr. Thankful Smith, who was banking, was nine stacks of chips and a dollar on the wrong side of the ledger. Mr. Cyanide

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Whiffles was cheerful as a cricket over four winnings amounting to sixty-nine cents; Professor Brick was calm, and Mr. Tooter Williams was gorgeous and hopeful, and laying low for the first jack-pot, which now came. It was Mr. Whiffles's deal, and feeling that the eyes of the world were upon him, he passed around the cards with a precision and rapidity which were more to his credit than the I. O. U. from Mr. Williams which was left over from the previous meeting.

Professor Brick had nine high and declared his inability to make an opening.

Mr. Williams noticed a dangerous light come into the Reverend Mr. Smith's eye and hesitated a moment, but having two black-jacks and a pair of trays, opened with the limit.

"I liffs yo' jess tree dollahs, Toot," said the Reverend Mr. Smith, getting out the wallet and shaking out a wad.

Mr. Gus Johnson, who had a four flush and very little prudence, came in. Mr. Whiffles sighed and fled.

Mr. Williams polished the amethyst, thoroughly examining a scratch on one of its facets, adjusted his collar, skinned his cards, stealthily glanced again at the expression of the Reverend Mr. Smith's eye, and said he would "Jess—jess call."

Mr. Whiffles supplied the wants of the gentleman from the pack with the mechanical air of a man who had lost all hope in a hereafter. Mr. Williams wanted one card, the Reverend Mr. Smith said he'd take about three, and Mr. Gus Johnson expressed a desire for a club, if it was not too much trouble.

Mr. Williams caught another tray, and, being secretly pleased, led out by betting a chip. The Reverend Mr. Smith uproariously slammed down a stack of blue chips and raised him seven dollars.

Mr. Gus Johnson had captured the nine of hearts and so retired.

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Mr. Williams had four chips and a dollar left.

"I sees dat seven," he said impressively, "an' I humps it ten mo'."

"Whar's de c'lateral?" queried the Reverend Mr. Smith calmly, but with aggressiveness in his eye.

Mr. Williams sniffed contemptuously, drew off the ring, and deposited it in the pot with such an air as to impress Mr. Whiffles with the idea that the jewel must have been worth at least four million dollars. Then Mr. Williams leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"Whad yo' goin' ter do?" asked the Reverend Mr. Smith, deliberately ignoring Mr. Williams's action.

Mr. Williams pointed to the ring and smiled.

"Liff yo' ten dollahs."

"On whad?"

"Dat ring."

"*Dat* ring?"

"Yezzah." Mr. Williams was still cool.

"Huh!" The Reverend Mr. Smith picked up the ring, examined it scientifically with one eye closed, dropped it several times as if to test its soundness, and then walked across and rasped it several times heavily on the window-pane.

"Whad yo' doin' dat fo'?" excitedly asked Mr. Williams.

A double rasp with the ring was the Reverend Mr. Smith's only reply.

"Gimme dat jule back!" demanded Mr. Williams.

The Reverend Mr. Smith was now vigorously rubbing the setting of the stone on the floor.

"Leggo dat sparkler," said Mr. Williams again.

The Reverend Mr. Smith carefully polished off the scratches by rubbing the ring awhile on the sole of his foot. Then he resumed his seat and put the precious thing back into the pot.

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Then he looked calmly at Mr. Williams, and leaned back in his chair as if waiting for something.

"Is yo' satisfied?" said Mr. Williams, in the tone used by men who have sustained a deep injury.

"Dis is pokah," said the Reverend Mr. Thankful Smith.

"I rised yo' ten dollahs," said Mr. Williams, pointing to the ring.

"Did yo' evah saw t'ree balls hangin' over my do'?" asked the Reverend Mr. Smith. "Doesn't yo' know my name hain't Oppenheimer?"

"Whad yo' mean?" asked Mr. Williams excitedly.

"Pokah am pokah, 'n' dar's no 'casion fer triflin' wif blue glass 'n' junk in dis yar club," said the Reverend Mr. Smith.

"I liffs yo' ten dollahs," said Mr. Williams, ignoring the insult.

"Put up de c'lateral," said the Reverend Mr. Smith. "Fo' chips is fohty, 'n' a dollah's a dollah fohty, 'n' dat's a dollah fohty-fo' cents."

"Whar's de fo' cents?" smiled Mr. Williams desperately.

The Reverend Mr. Smith pointed to the ring. Mr. Williams rose indignantly, shucked off his coat, hat, vest, suspenders, and scarfpin, heaped them on the table, and then sat down and glared at the Reverend Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith rolled up the coat, put on the hat, threw his own out of the window, gave the ring to Mr. Whiffles, jammed the suspenders into his pocket, and took in the vest, chips, and money.

"Dis yar's bugl'ry!" yelled Mr. Williams.

The Reverend Mr. Smith spread out four eights and rose impressively.

"Toot," he said, "doan' trifle wif Prov'dence. Because a man w'ars ten-cent grease 'n' gits his july on de Bowery, hit's

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no sign dat he kin buck ag'in' cash in a jacker 'n' git a boodle
from fo' eights. Yo' 's now in yo' shirt-sleeves 'n' low
sperrets, but de speeyunce am wallyble. I's willin' ter stan'
a beer 'n' sassenger, 'n' shake 'n' call it squar'. De club
'll now 'journ."

Agnes Repplier

A Plea for Humor

MORE than half a dozen years have passed since Mr. Andrew Lang, startled for once out of his customary light-heartedness, asked himself, and his readers, and the ghost of Charles Dickens—all three powerless to answer—whether the dismal seriousness of the present day was going to last forever; or whether, when the great wave of earnestness had rippled over our heads, we would pluck up heart to be merry and, if needs be, foolish once again. Not that mirth and folly are in any degree synonymous, as of old; for the merry fool, too scarce, alas! even in the times when Jacke of Dover hunted for him in the highways, has since then grown to be rarer than a phenix. He has carried his cap and bells and jests and laughter elsewhere, and has left us to the mercies of the serious fool, who is by no means so seductive a companion. If the Coquecigrues are in possession of the land, and if they are tenants exceedingly hard to evict, it is because of the encouragement they receive from those to whom we innocently turn for help: from the poets, novelists, and men of letters whose duty it is to brighten and make glad our days.

“It is obvious,” sighs Mr. Birrell dejectedly, “that many people appear to like a drab-colored world, hung around with dusky shreds of philosophy;” but it is more obvious still that, whether they like it or not, the drapings grow a trifle dingier every year, and that no one seems to have the courage to tack up something gay. What is much worse, even those bits of wanton color which have rested generations of weary eyes are being rapidly obscured by somber and intricate scroll-work,

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warranted to oppress and fatigue. The great masterpieces of humor, which have kept men young by laughter, are being tried in the courts of an orthodox morality and found lamentably wanting; or else, by way of giving them another chance, they are being subjected to the *peine forte et dure* of modern analysis, and are revealing hideous and melancholy meanings in the process. I have always believed that Hudibras owes its chilly treatment at the hands of critics—with the single and most genial exception of Sainte-Beuve—to the absolute impossibility of twisting it into something serious. Strive as we may, we cannot put a new construction on those vigorous old jokes, and to be simply and barefacedly amusing is no longer considered a sufficient *raison d'être*. It is the most significant token of our ever-increasing “sense of moral responsibility in literature” that we should be always trying to graft our own conscientious purposes upon those authors who, happily for themselves, lived and died before virtue, colliding desperately with cakes and ale, had imposed such depressing obligations.

“‘Don Quixote,’” says Mr. Shorthouse with unctuous gravity, “will come in time to be recognized as one of the saddest books ever written;” and if the critics keep on expounding it much longer, I truly fear it will. It may be urged that Cervantes himself was low enough to think it exceedingly funny; but then one advantage of our new and keener insight into literature is to prove to us how indifferently great authors understood their own masterpieces. Shakespeare, we are told, knew comparatively little about “Hamlet,” and he is to be congratulated on his limitations. Defoe would hardly recognize “Robinson Crusoe” as “a picture of civilization,” having innocently supposed it to be quite the reverse; and he would be as amazed as we are to learn from Mr. Frederic Harrison that his book contains “more psychology, more political economy, and more

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anthropology than are to be found in many elaborate treatises on these especial subjects"—blighting words, which I would not even venture to quote if I thought that any boy would chance to read them and so have one of the pleasures of his young life destroyed. As for "Don Quixote," which its author persisted in regarding with such misplaced levity, it has passed through many bewildering vicissitudes. It has figured bravely as a satire on the Duke of Lerma, on Charles V, on Philip II, on Ignatius Loyola—Cervantes was the most devout of Catholics—and on the Inquisition, which, fortunately, did not think so. In fact, there is little or nothing which it has not meant in its time; and now, having attained that deep spiritual inwardness which we have been recently told is lacking in poor Goldsmith, we are requested by Mr. Shorthouse to refrain from all brutal laughter, but, with a shadowy smile and a profound seriousness, to attune ourselves to the proper state of receptivity. Old-fashioned, coarse-minded people may perhaps ask, "But if we are not to laugh at 'Don Quixote,' at whom are we, please, to laugh?"—a question which I, for one, would hardly dare to answer. Only, after reading the following curious sentence, extracted from a lately published volume of criticism, I confess to finding myself in a state of mental perplexity utterly alien to mirth. "How much happier," its author sternly reminds us, "was poor Don Quixote in his energetic career, in his earnest redress of wrong, and in his ultimate triumph over self, than he could have been in the gnawing reproach and spiritual stigma which a yielding to weakness never failingly entails!" Beyond this point it would be hard to go. Were these things really spoken of the "ingenious gentleman" to La Mancha, or of John Howard, or George Peabody, or perhaps Elizabeth Fry—or is there no longer such a thing as recognized absurdity in the world?

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Another gloomy indication of the departure of humor from our midst is the tendency of philosophical writers to prove by analysis that, if they are not familiar with the thing itself, they at least know of what it should consist. Mr. Shorthouse's depressing views about "Don Quixote" are merely introduced as illustrating a very scholarly and comfortless paper on the subtle qualities of mirth. No one could deal more gracefully and less humorously with his topic than does Mr. Shorthouse, and we are compelled to pause every now and then and reassure ourselves as to the subject-matter of his eloquence. Professor Everett has more recently and more cheerfully defined for us the Philosophy of the Comic, in a way which, if it does not add to our gaiety, cannot be accused of plunging us deliberately into gloom. He thinks, indeed—and small wonder—that there is "a genuine difficulty in distinguishing between the comic and the tragic," and that what we need is some formula which shall accurately interpret the precise qualities of each, and he is disposed to illustrate his theory by dwelling on the tragic side of Falstaff, which is, of all injuries, the grimmest and hardest to forgive. Falstaff is now the forlorn hope of those who love to laugh, and when he is taken away from us, as soon, alas! he will be, and sleeps with Don Quixote in the "dull cold marble" of an orthodox sobriety, how shall we make merry our souls? Mr. George Radford, who enriched the first volume of "Obiter Dicta" with such a loving study of the fat-witted old knight, tells us reassuringly that by laughter man is distinguished from the beasts, though the cares and sorrows of life have all but deprived him of this elevating grace and degraded him into a brutal solemnity. Then comes along a rare genius like Falstaff, who restores the power of laughter, and transforms the stolid brute once more into a man, and who accordingly has the highest claim to our grateful and affectionate regard. That

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there are those who persist in looking upon him as a selfish and worthless fellow, is, from Mr. Radford's point of view, a sorrowful instance of human thanklessness and perversity. But this I take to be the enamored and exaggerated language of a too faithful partizan. Morally speaking, Falstaff has not a leg to stand upon, and there is a tragic element lurking always amid the fun. But, seen in the broad sunlight of his transcendent humor, this shadow is as the half-pennyworth of bread to his own noble ocean of sack, and why should we be forever trying to force it into prominence? When Charlotte Brontë advised her friend Ellen Nussey to read none of Shakespeare's comedies, she was not beguiled for a moment into regarding them as serious and melancholy lessons of life, but with uncompromising directness put them down as mere improper plays, the amusing qualities of which were insufficient to excuse their coarseness, and which were manifestly unfit for the "gentle Ellen's" eyes.

In fact, humor would at all times have been the poorest excuse to offer to Miss Brontë for any form of moral dereliction, for it was the one quality she lacked herself and failed to tolerate in others. Sam Weller was apparently as obnoxious to her as was Falstaff, for she would not even consent to meet Dickens when she was being lionized in London society—a degree of abstemiousness on her part which it is disheartening to contemplate. It does not seem too much to say that every shortcoming in Charlotte Brontë's admirable work, every limitation in her splendid genius, arose primarily from her want of humor. Her severities of judgment—and who more severe than she?—were due to the same melancholy cause; for humor is the kindest thing alive. Compare the harshness with which she handles her hapless curates and the comparative crudity of her treatment, with the surprising

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lightness of Miss Austen's touch as she rounds and completes her immortal clerical portraits. Miss Brontë tells us, in one of her letters, that she regarded *all* curates as "highly uninteresting, narrow, and unattractive specimens of the coarser sex," just as she found *all* the Belgian schoolgirls "cold, selfish, animal, and inferior." But to Miss Austen's keen and friendly eye the narrowest of clergymen was not wholly uninteresting, the most inferior of schoolgirls not without some claim to our consideration; even the coarseness of the male sex was far from vexing her maidenly serenity, probably because she was unacquainted with the Rochester type. Mr. Elton is certain narrow, Mary Bennet extremely inferior; but their authoress only laughs at them softly, with a quiet tolerance and a good-natured sense of amusement at their follies. It was little wonder that Charlotte Brontë, who had at all times the courage of her convictions, could not and would not read Jane Austen's novels. "They have not got story enough for me," she boldly affirmed. "I don't want my blood curdled, but I like to have it stirred. Miss Austen strikes me as milk-and-watery, and, to say truth, dull." Of course she did! How was a woman whose ideas of after-dinner conversation are embodied in the amazing language of Baroness Ingram and her titled friends, to appreciate the delicious, sleepy small talk in "Sense and Sensibility," about the respective heights of the respective grandchildren? It is to Miss Brontë's abiding lack of humor that we owe such stately caricatures as Blanche Ingram and all the high-born ill-bred company who gather in Thornfield Hall, like a group fresh from Madame Tussaud's ingenious workshop, and against whose waxen unreality Jane Eyre and Rochester, alive to their very finger-tips, contrast like twin sparks of fire. It was her lack of humor, too, which beguiled her into asserting that the forty "wicked, sophisticated,

and immoral French novels" which found their way down to lonely Haworth gave her "a thorough idea of France and Paris"—alas! poor, misjudged France!—and which made her think Thackeray very nearly as wicked, sophisticated, and immoral as the French novels. Even her dislike for children was probably due to the same irremediable misfortune; for the humors of children are the only redeeming points amid their general naughtiness and vexing misbehavior. Mr. Swinburne, guiltless himself of any jocose tendencies, has made the unique discovery that Charlotte Brontë strongly resembles Cervantes, and that Paul Emanuel is a modern counterpart of Don Quixote; and well it is for our poet that the irascible little professor never heard him hint at such a similarity. Surely, to use one of Mr. Swinburne's own incomparable expressions, the parallel is no better than a "subsimious absurdity."

On the other hand, we are told that Miss Austen owed her lively sense of humor to her habit of dissociating the follies of mankind from any rigid standard of right and wrong; which means, I suppose, that she never dreamed she had a mission. Nowadays, indeed, no writer is without one. We cannot even read a paper upon gipsies and not become aware that its author is deeply imbued with a sense of his personal responsibility for these agreeable rascals whom he insists upon our taking seriously—as if we wanted to have anything to do with them on such terms! "Since the time of Carlyle," says Mr. Bagehot, "earnestness has been a favorite virtue in literature;" but Carlyle, though sharing largely in that profound melancholy which he declared to be the basis of every English soul, and though he was unfortunate enough to think Pickwick sad trash, had nevertheless a grim and eloquent humor of his own. With him, at least, earnestness never degenerated into dulness; and while dulness may be, as he unhesitatingly affirmed, the

first requisite for a great and free people, yet a too heavy percentage of this valuable quality is fatal to the sprightly grace of literature. "In our times," said an old Scotchwoman, "there's fully mony modern principles," and the first of these seems to be the substitution of a serious and critical discernment for the light-hearted sympathy of former days. Our grandfathers cried a little and laughed a good deal over their books, without the smallest sense of anxiety or responsibility in the matter; but we are called on repeatedly to face problems which we would rather let alone, to dive dismally into motives, to trace subtle connections, to analyze uncomfortable sensations, and to exercise in all cases a discreet and conscientious severity, when what we really want and need is half an hour's amusement. There is no stronger proof of the great change that has swept over mankind than the sight of a nation which used to chuckle over "Tom Jones" absorbing a few years ago countless editions of "Robert Elsmere." What is droller still is that the people who read "Robert Elsmere" would think it wrong to enjoy "Tom Jones," and that the people who enjoyed "Tom Jones" would have thought it wrong to read "Robert Elsmere"; and that the people who, wishing to be on the safe side of virtue, think it wrong to read either, are scorned greatly as lacking true moral discrimination.

Now he would be a brave man who would undertake to defend the utterly indefensible literature of the past. Where it was most humorous it was also most coarse, wanton, and cruel; but in banishing these objectionable qualities, we have effectually contrived to rid ourselves of the humor as well, and with it we have lost one of the safest instincts of our souls. Any book which serves to lower the sum of human gaiety is a moral delinquent; and instead of coddling it into universal notice and growing owlsh in its gloom, we should put it briskly

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aside in favor of brighter and pleasanter things. When Father Faber said that there was no greater help to a religious life than a keen sense of the ridiculous, he startled a number of pious people, yet what a luminous and cordial message it was to help us on our way! Mr. Birrell has recorded the extraordinary delight with which he came across some after-dinner sally of the Reverend Henry Martyn's; for the very thought of that ardent and fiery spirit relaxing into pleasantries over the nuts and wine made him appear like an actual fellow-being of our own. It was with the same feeling intensified, as I have already noted, that we read some of the letters of the early fathers—those grave and hallowed figures seen through a mist of centuries—and find them jesting at one another in the gayest and least sacerdotal manner imaginable. "Who could tell a story with more wit, who could joke so pleasantly?" sighs St. Gregory of Nazianzen of his friend St. Basil, remembering doubtless with a heavy heart the shafts of good-humored raillery that had brightened their lifelong intercourse. With what kindly and loving zest does Gregory himself, the most austere of men, mock at Basil's asceticism—at those "sad and hungry banquets" of which he was invited to partake, those "ungardenlike gardens, void of pot-herbs," in which he was expected to dig! With what delightful alacrity does Basil vindicate his reputation for humor by making a most excellent joke in court, for the benefit of a brutal magistrate who fiercely threatened to tear out his liver! "Your intention is a benevolent one," said the saint, who had been for years a confirmed invalid. "Where it is now located it has given me nothing but trouble." Surely, as we read such an anecdote as this, we share in the curious sensation experienced by little Tom Tulliver, when, by dint of Maggie's repeated questions, he began slowly to understand that the

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Romance had once been real men, who were happy enough to speak their own language without any previous introduction to the Eton grammar. In like manner, when we come to realize that the fathers of the primitive Church enjoyed their quips and cranks and jests as much as do Mr. Trollope's jolly deans or vicars, we feel we have at last grasped the secret of their identity, and we appreciate the force of Father Faber's appeal to the frank spirit of a wholesome mirth.

Perhaps one reason for the scanty tolerance that humor receives at the hands of the disaffected is because of the rather selfish way in which the initiated enjoy their fun; for there is always a secret irritation about a laugh in which we cannot join. Mr. George Saintsbury is plainly of this way of thinking, and, being blessed beyond his fellows with a love for all that is jovial, he speaks from out of the richness of his experience. "Those who have a sense of humor," he says, "instead of being quietly and humbly thankful, are perhaps a little too apt to celebrate their joy in the face of the afflicted ones who have it not; and the afflicted ones only follow a general law in protesting that it is a very worthless thing, if not a complete humbug." This spirit of exclusiveness on the one side and of irascibility on the other may be greatly deplored, but who is there among us, I wonder, wholly innocent of blame? Mr. Saintsbury himself confesses to a silent chuckle of delight when he thinks of the dimly veiled censoriousness with which Peacock's inimitable humor has been received by one-half of the reading world. In other words, his enjoyment of the Reverend Doctors Folliott and Opimian is sensibly increased by the reflection that a great many worthy people, even among his own acquaintances, are, by some mysterious law of their being, debarred from any share in his pleasure. Yet surely we need not be so niggardly in this matter. There is wit

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enough in those two reverend gentlemen to go all around the living earth and leave plenty for generations now unborn. Each might say with Juliet:

“The more I give to thee,
The more I have;”

for wit is as infinite as love, and a deal more lasting in its qualities. When Peacock describes a country gentleman's range of ideas as “nearly commensurate with that of the great king Nebuchadnezzar when he was turned out to grass,” he affords us a happy illustration of the eternal fitness of humor, for there can hardly come a time when such an apt comparison will fail to point its meaning.

Mr. Birrell is quite as selfish in his felicity as Mr. Saintsbury, and perfectly frank in acknowledging it. He dwells rapturously over certain well-loved pages of “Pride and Prejudice” and “Mansfield Park,” and then deliberately adds, “When an admirer of Miss Austen reads these familiar passages, the smile of satisfaction, betraying the deep inward peace they never fail to beget, widens like ‘a circle in the water,’ as he remembers (and he is always careful to remember) how his dearest friend, who has been so successful in life, can no more read Miss Austen than he can read the Moabitish stone.” The same peculiarity is noticeable in the more ardent lovers of Charles Lamb. They seem to want him all to themselves, look askance upon any fellow-being who ventures to assert a modest preference for their idol, and brighten visibly when some ponderous critic declares the Letters to be sad stuff and not worth half the exasperating nonsense talked about them. Yet Lamb flung his good things to the wind with characteristic prodigality, little recking by whom or in what spirit they were received. How many witticisms, I wonder, were roared

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into the deaf ears of old Thomas Westwood, who heard them not, alas! but who laughed all the same, out of pure sociability, and with a pleasant sense that something funny had been said. And what of that ill-fated pun which Lamb, in a moment of deplorable abstraction, let fall at a funeral, to the surprise and consternation of the mourners? Surely a man who could joke at a funeral never meant his pleasantries to be hoarded up for the benefit of an initiated few, but would gladly see them the property of all living men; ay, and of all dead men, too, were such a distribution possible. "Damn the age! I will write for antiquity!" he exclaimed with not unnatural heat when the "Gypsy's Malison" was rejected by the ingenious editors of the *Gem*, on the ground that it would "shock all mothers"; and even this expression, uttered with pardonable irritation, manifests no solicitude for a narrow and esoteric audience.

"Wit is useful for everything, but sufficient for nothing," says Amiel, who probably felt he needed some excuse for burying so much of his Gallic sprightliness in Teutonic gloom; and dulness, it must be admitted, has the distinct advantage of being useful for everybody and sufficient for nearly everybody as well. Nothing, we are told, is more rational than ennui; and Mr. Bagehot, contemplating the "grave files of speechless men" who have always represented the English land, exults more openly and energetically even than Carlyle in the saving dulness, the superb impenetrability, which stamps the Englishman, as it stamped the Roman, with the sign-manual of patient strength. Stupidity, he reminds us, is not folly, and, moreover, it often insures a valuable consistency. "'What I says is this here, as I was a-saying yesterday,' is the average Englishman's notion of historical eloquence and habitual discretion." But Mr. Bagehot could well afford to trifle thus coyly

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with dulness, because he knew it only theoretically and as a dispassionate observer. His own roof-tree is free from the blighting presence; his own pages are guiltless of the leaden touch. It has been well said that an ordinary mortal might live for a twelvemonth like a gentleman on Hazlitt's ideas; but he might, if he were clever, shine all his life long with the reflected splendor of Mr. Bagehot's wit, and be thought to give forth a very respectable illumination. There is a telling quality in every stroke; a pitiless dexterity that drives the weapon, like a fairy's arrow, straight to some vital point. When we read that "of all pursuits ever invented by man for separating the faculty of argument from the capacity of belief, the art of debating is probably the most effective," we feel that an unwelcome statement has been expressed with Mephistophelian coolness; and remembering that these words were uttered before Mr. Gladstone had attained his parliamentary preëminence, we have but another proof of the imperishable accuracy of wit. Only say a clever thing, and mankind will go on forever furnishing living illustrations of its truth. It was Thurlow who originally remarked that "companies have neither bodies to kick nor souls to lose," and the jest fits in so aptly with our every-day humors and experiences that I have heard men attribute it casually to their friends, thinking, perhaps, that it must have been born in these times of giant corporations, of city railroads, and of trusts. What a gap between Queen Victoria and Queen Bess! what a thorough and far-reaching change in everything that goes to make up the life and habits of men! and yet Shakespeare's fine strokes of humor have become so fitted to our common speech that the very unconsciousness with which we apply them proves how they tally with our modern emotions and opportunities. Lesser lights burn quite as steadily. Pope and Goldsmith reappear

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on the lips of people whose knowledge of the "Essay on Man" is of the very haziest character, and whose acquaintance with "She Stoops to Conquer" is confined exclusively to Mr. Abbey's graceful illustrations. Not very long ago I heard a bright schoolgirl, when reproached for wet feet or some such youthful indiscretion, excuse herself gaily on the plea that she was "bullying nature"; and, knowing that the child was but modestly addicted to her books, I wondered how many of Doctor Holmes's trenchant sayings have become a heritage in our households, detached often from their original kinship, and seeming like the rightful property of every one who utters them. It is an amusing, barefaced, witless sort of robbery, yet surely not without its compensations; for it must be a pleasant thing to reflect in old age that the general murkiness of life has been lit up here and there by sparks struck from one's youthful fire, and that these sparks, though they wander occasionally masterless as will-o'-the-wisps, are destined never to go out.

Are destined never to go out! In its vitality lies the supreme excellence of humor. Whatever has "wit enough to keep it sweet" defies corruption and outlasts all time; but the wit must be of that outward and visible order which needs no introduction or demonstration at our hands. It is an old trick with dull novelists to describe their characters as being exceptionally brilliant people, and to trust that we will take their word for it and ask no further proof. Every one remembers how Lord Beaconsfield would tell us that a cardinal could "sparkle with anecdote and blaze with repartee"; and how utterly destitute of sparkle or blaze were the specimens of his Eminence's conversation with which we were subsequently favored. Those "lively dinners" in "Endymion" and "Lothair" at which we were assured the brightest minds in

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England loved to gather became mere Barmecide feasts when reported to us without a single amusing remark, such waifs and strays of conversation as reached our ears being of the dreariest and most fatuous description. It is not so with the real masters of their craft. Mr. Peacock does not stop to explain to us that Doctor Folliott is witty. The reverend gentleman opens his mouth and acquaints us with the fact himself. There is no need for George Eliot to expatiate on Mrs. Poyser's humor. Five minutes of that lady's society is amply sufficient for the revelation. We do not even hear Mr. Poyser and the rest of the family enlarging delightedly on the subject, as do all of Lawyer Putney's friends, in Mr. Howells's story, "Annie Kilburn"; and yet even the united testimony of Hatboro' fails to clear up our lingering doubts concerning Mr. Putney's wit. The dull people of that soporific town are really and truly and realistically dull. There is no mistaking them. The stamp of veracity is upon every brow. They pay morning calls, and we listen to their conversation with a dreamy impression that we have heard it all many times before, and that the ghosts of our own morning calls are revisiting us, not in the glimpses of the moon, but in Mr. Howells's decorous and quiet pages. That curious conviction that we have formerly passed through a precisely similar experience is strong upon us as we read, and it is the most emphatic testimony to the novelist's peculiar skill. But there is none of this instantaneous acquiescence in Mr. Putney's wit; for although he does make one very nice little joke, it is hardly enough to flavor all his conversation, which is for the most part rather unwholesome than humorous. The only way to elucidate him is to suppose that Mr. Howells, in sardonic mood, wishes to show us that if a man be discreet enough to take to hard drinking in his youth, before his general empti-

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ness is ascertained, his friends invariably credit him with a host of shining qualities which, we are given to understand, lie balked and frustrated by his one unfortunate weakness. How many of us know these exceptionally brilliant lawyers, doctors, politicians, and journalists who bear a charmed reputation based exclusively upon their inebriety, and who take good care not to imperil it by too long a relapse into the mortifying self-revelations of soberness! And what wrong has been done to the honored name of humor by these pretentious rascals! We do not love Falstaff because he is drunk; we do not admire Becky Sharp because she is wicked. Drunkenness and wickedness are things easy of imitation; yet all the sack in Christendom could not beget us another Falstaff—though Seithenyn ap Seithyn comes very near to the incomparable model—and all the wickedness in the world could not fashion us a second Becky Sharp. There are too many dull toppers and stupid sinners among mankind to admit of any uncertainty on these points.

Bishop Burnet, in describing Lord Halifax, tells us, with thinly veiled disapprobation, that he was “a man of fine and ready wit, full of life, and very pleasant, but much turned to satire. His imagination was too hard for his judgment, and a severe jest took more with him than all arguments whatever.” Yet this was the first statesman of his age, and one whose clear and tranquil vision penetrated so far beyond the turbulent, troubled times he lived in that men looked askance upon a power they but dimly understood. The sturdy “Trimmer,” who could be bullied neither by king nor commons, who would “speak his mind and not be hanged as long as there was law in England,” must have turned with infinite relief from the horrible medley of plots and counterplots, from the ugly images of Oates and Dangerfield, from the scaffolds of

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Stafford and Russell and Sidney, from the Bloody Circuit and the massacre of Glencoe, from the false smiles of princes and the howling arrogance of the mob, to any jest, however "severe," which would restore to him his cold and fastidious serenity and keep his judgment and his good temper unimpaired. "Ridicule is the test of truth," said Hazlitt, and it is a test which Halifax remorselessly applied, and which would not be without its uses to the Trimmer of to-day, in whom this adjusting sense is lamentably lacking. For humor distorts nothing, and only false gods are laughed off their earthly pedestals. What monstrous absurdities and paradoxes have resisted whole batteries of serious arguments, and then crumbled swiftly into dust before the ringing death-knell of a laugh! What healthy exultation, what genial mirth, what loyal brotherhood of mirth, attends the friendly sound! Yet in labeling our life and literature, as the Danes labeled their Royal Theater in Copenhagen, "Not for amusement merely," we have pushed one step farther, and the legend too often stands, "Not for amusement at all." Life is no laughing matter, we are told—which is true; and, what is still more dismal to contemplate, books are no laughing matters, either. Only now and then some gay, defiant rebel, like Mr. Saintsbury, flaunts the old flag, hums a bar of "Blue Bonnets over the Border," and ruffles the quiet waters of our souls by hinting that this age of Apollinaris and of lectures is at fault, and that it has produced nothing which can vie as literature with the products of the ages of wine and song.—"*Points of View.*"

E. W. Townsend

Chimmie Fadden Makes Friends

"SAY, I'm a dead easy winner to-day. See? It's a fiver, sure 'nough. Say, I could give Jay Gould weight fer age an' lose 'im in a walk as a winner. See? How'd I collar it? Square. See? Dead square, an' easy. Want it fer a story? Why sure.

"Say, you know me. When I useter sell poipers, wasn't I a scrapper? Dat's right, ain't it? Was dere a kid on Park Row I didn't do? Sure! Well, say, dis mornin' I seed a loidy I know crossin' de Bow'ry. See? Say, she's a torrow-bred, an' dat goes. Say, do you know wot I've seed her done? I've seed her feedin' dem kids wot gets free turk on Christmas by dose East Side missionaries. She's one of dem loidies wot comes down here an' fixes up old women an' kids coz dey likes it. Dat's right.

"Well, say, I was kinder lookin' at 'er when I sees a mug wid a dyed mustache kinder jolt ag'in' 'er, an' he raises his dicer an' grins. See? Say, dat sets me crazy. Lemme tell ye. Remember when de truck run over me toes? Well, I couldn't sell no poipers nor nutting den. See? Say, she was de loidy wot comes ter me room wid grub an' reads ter me. Dat's wot she done.

"Well, I runs up to her dis mornin' an' I says: ' 'Scuse me, loidy, but shall I t'ump der mug?'

"She was kinder white in de gills, but dere was fight in her eye. Say, when ye scrap ye watches de odder felly's eye, don't ye? Ye kin always see fight in de eye. Dat's right.

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Well, say, dere was fight in her eye. When I speaks to her she kinder smiles, an' says, 'Oh, dat's you, is it, Chimmie?'

"Say, she remembered me name. Well, she says: 'If you'll t'ump de mug'—no, dat wasn't wot she says—'If you'll t'rash de cur I'll give ye somethin',' an' she pulled out her wad an' flashed up a fiver. Den she says somethin' about it not being Christian, but de example would be good. I don't know what she meant, but dat's straight. See? Wot she says goes, wedder I'm on or not.

"'Can you t'rash 'im, Chimmie?' she says.

"'Can I?' I says. 'I'll put a new face on 'im.'

"Den I went fer 'im. Say, I jolted 'im in de belly so sudden he was paralyzed. See? Den I give 'im de heel, an' over he went in de mud, an' me on top of 'im. Say, you should have seed us! Well, I'd had his odder ear off if de cop hadn't snatched me.

"Say, he ran me in, but it wasn't ten minutes before she come dere and squared me. See? When she got me outside she was kinder laffin' an' cryin', but she give me de fiver, an' says, 'I hope de Lord'll forgive me, Chimmie, for leadin' ye into temptation, but ye done 'im brown.'

"Dat's right; dem's 'er very words. No, not 'done 'im brown'; dat's wot dey meant—say, 'trashed 'im well.' Dat's right. 'T'rashed 'im well,' was her very words. See?"

"Say, I knowed ye'd be paralyzed w'en ye seed me in dis harness. It's up in G, ain't it? Dat's right. Say, remember me tellin' ye 'bout de mug I t'umped fer de loidy on de Bow'ry? de loidy wot give me de five and squared me wid de perlice? Dat's right. Well, say, she is a torrowbred, an' dat goes. See? Dat evenin' wot d'ye t'ink she done? She brought 'is Whiskers ter see me.

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"Naw, I ain't stringin' ye. 'Is Whiskers is de loidy's fadder. Sure!

"'E comes ter me room wid der loidy, 'is Whiskers does, an' he says, says 'e, 'Is dis Chimmie Fadden?' says 'e.

"'Yer dead on,' says I.

"'Wot t'ell?' 'e says, turning to 'is daughter. 'Wot does de young man say?' 'e says.

"Den de loidy she kinder smiled—say, ye otter seed 'er smile. Say, it's outter sight. Dat's right. Well, she says: 'I t'ink I understan' Chimmie's langwudge,' she says. "'E means 'e de kid youse lookin' fer. 'E's de very mug.'

"Dat's wot she says; somet'n like dat, only a felly can't just remember 'er langwudge.

"Den 'is Whiskers gives me a song an' dance 'bout me bein' a brave young man fer t'umpin' der mug wot insulted 'is daughter, an' 'bout 'is heart bein' all broke dat 'is daughter should be doin' missioner work in de slums.

"I says, 'Wot t'ell;' but der loidy, she says, 'Chimmie,' says she, 'me fadder needs a footman,' she says, 'an' I taut you'd be de very mug fer de job,' says she. See?

"Say, I was all broke up, an' couldn't say nottin', fer 'is Whiskers was so solemn. See?

"'Wot's yer lay now?' says 'is Whiskers, or somet'n' like dat.

"Say, I could 'ave give 'im a string 'bout me bein' a hard-workin' boy, but I knowed der loidy was dead on ter me, so I only says, says I, 'Wot t'ell?' says I, like dat, 'Wot t'ell?' See?

"Den 'is Whiskers was kinder paralyzed like, an' 'e turns to 'is daughter an' 'e says—dese is 'is very words—'e says:

"'Really, Fannie,' 'e says, 'really, Fannie, you must enterpret dis young man's langwudge.'

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"Den she laffs an' says, says she:

"'Chimmie is a good boy if 'e only had a chance,' she says.

"Den 'is Whiskers 'e says, 'I dare say,' like dat. See? 'I dare say.' See? Say, did ye ever 'ear words like dem? Say, I was fer tellin' 'is Whiskers ter git t'ell outter dat, only fer der loidy. See?

"Well, den we all give each odder a song an' dance, an' de end was I was took fer a footman. See? Tiger, ye say? Naw, dey don't call me no tiger.

"Say, wouldn't de gang on de Bow'ry be paralyzed if dey seed me in dis harness? Ain't it great? Sure! Wot am I doin'? Well, I'm doin' pretty well. I had ter t'ump a felly dey calls de butler de first night I was dere for callin' me a heathen. See? Say, dere's a kid in de house wot opens de front door when youse ring de bell, an' I win all 'is boodle de second night I was dere showin' 'im how ter play Crusoe. Say, it's a dead easy game, but de loidy she axed me not to bunco de farmers—dey's all farmers up in dat house, dead farmers—so I leaves 'em alone. 'Scuse me now, dat's me loidy comin' outter der shop. I opens de door of de carriage an' she says, 'Home, Chames.' Den I jumps on de box an' strings de driver. Say, 'e's a farmer, too. I'll tell you some more 'bout de game next time. So long."

—"Chimmie Fadden."

Chimmie Meets the Duchess

"SAY, me name's Dennis, an' not Chimmie Fadden, if dem folks up dere ain't got boodle ter burn a wet dog wid. Sure. Booodle ter burn a wet dog wid. I'm tellin' ye, an' dat's right. See?

"Say, dey makes it deir ownelves. Naw, I ain't stringin' ye. It's right. How? Listen: Miss Fannie, she sent fer me, an' she was writin', she was, in a little book, an' when she writ a page she teared it out an' pinned it on a bill.

"'Here, Chames,' she says ter me, she says, 'here, Chames, take dese bills an' pay dem,' she says.

"'Wot t'ell will I pay dem wid, Miss Fannie?' I says. Like dat, 'Wot t'ell will I pay dem wid?' I says. See?

"Say, wot der ye t'ink she says? She says, says she, 'Pay dem wid de checks, Chames,' she says. See? 'Dere's a check pinned on every bill,' she says.

"Say, I taut she was stringin' me; but I t'inks ter meself, if she wants ter string me, it goes. See? Wot Miss Fannie does goes, wedder it makes me look like a farmer er not. Dat's right.

"Well, I taut I'd get a roast when I'd try ter pass off dose t'ings she writ out fer boodle. See? Wot do ye t'ink? Why, every one er dose mugs—dere was a candy store, an' dere was a flower store, an' dere was a store where dey sells womin's hats, an' holy gee! dere was all kind er stores—all dose mugs, I'm tellin' ye, dey just takes off deir hats when I shoved de boodle Miss Fannie made at 'em. Dat's right. Dat boodle was as good as nickels. Sure!

"Well, I was clean paralyzed, an' when I gits home an' was goin' ter Miss Fannie wid de bills I meets a mug in de hall dey calls de walley. Say, all dat mug does fer 'is wages is ter take care of 'is Whiskers's whiskers. Sure! 'E is 'is Whiskers's walley. When 'is Whiskers wants a clean shirt, dat walley gits it for 'im, and t'ings like dat.

"I wouldn't mind dat snap meself, only 'is Whiskers is a reg'lar scrapper an' can do me.

"Well, I was tellin' ye 'bout meetin' de walley in de hall.

I told 'im dat Miss Fannie could make boodle outter paper, just like de President er de United States.

"Say, wot der ye tink dat mug done? 'E gives me de laugh. See? Gives me de laugh, an' says I'm a ig'rant wagabone.

"'Wot t'ell!' I says ter 'im. 'I may be a wagabone,' I says, 'but I'm not ig'rant,' I says, like dat. 'Wot t'ell.' See?

"'Miss Fannie can't make boodle,' says 'e, 'no more nor I kin,' 'e says. 'Dem's checks.'

"Say, I was kinder layin' fer dat dude, anyhow, 'cause 'e is allers roastin' me. So when 'e says dat, I gives 'im a jolt in de jaw. See? Say, 'e squared 'isself in pretty good shape, an' I taut I had a good scrap on me hands, when in comes Miss Fannie's maid.

"Say, she's a doisy. Ye otter see 'er. I'm dead stuck on 'er. She's French, and talks a for'n langwudge mostly.

"When she showed up in de hall I drops me hands, an' de odder mug 'e drops 'is hands, an' I gives 'er a wink, an' says:

"'Ah, dere, Duchess!' like dat. See? 'Ah, dere, Duchess!'

"Den I chases meself over ter 'er and trows me arms 'round 'er an' gives 'er a kiss.

"Say, ye otter seed dat walley! I taut I'd die! Holy gee, 'e was crazy! 'E flies outter de hall, but I didn't know den wot 'is game was. I soon tumbled, dough.

"Well, as I was a-tellin' ye, I gives de Duchess a kiss, an' she says 'Vat on,' like dat. Dat's 'er for'n langwudge. 'Vat on.' See?

"How der ye say it is? 'Va-t-en'? Is it 'Get out'?

"Holy gee! Is dat so?

"Well, seein' as how I wasn't onto 'er langwudge, den, I gives 'er anodder kiss.

"Dat's right, ain't it? When a felly meets a Duchess 'e's stuck on, it's right ter give 'er a kiss, ain't it? Sure!

"Well, she runs a big bluff of pretendin' not ter like it, an' says 'Lace moy' and 'Finney say.'

"How der ye say it is? 'Finnissez'? Naw, dat ain't right. 'Finney say,' she says, says she, but 'er langwudge bein' for'n I wasn't dead on all de time, an' so I says nottin' but just kep' busy.

"Say, I was pretty busy when in tru de door comes Miss Fannie an' dat mug, de walley, an' catched me. Dat's wot dat mug went out fer, ter give me snap away ter Miss Fannie.

"Say, but Miss Fannie was red! An' pretty! She was just pretty up ter de limit, I'm tellin' ye. Up ter de limit. See?

"She gives me a look, an' I was paralized. See?

"But, holy gee! Ye otter seed de Duchess. She was as cool an' smooth as ever ye seed anybody in yer life. I taut she'd be paralized, but—say, womin is queer folks, anyhow, an' ye never know wot t'ell dey'll do 'till dey do it. Sure!

"Miss Fannie, she begun talkin' dat for'n langwudge ter de Duchess, but de Duchess she humped 'er shoulders an' she humped 'er eyebrows an' looked as surprised as if she'd put on her shoe wid a mouse in it.

"Den de Duchess she says, says she, talkin' English, but kinder dago like—de kind er dago dat French folks talk when dey talks English. See? She says, says she:

"'Meester Cheemes 'e don't do nottin',' she says, like dat, see?

"Say, wasn't dat great? Are ye on? See? Why, youse must be a farmer. I was dead on ter oncet. Say, de Duchess talked English ter tip me, see? She didn't want me ter give de game away.

"Miss Fannie, she was dead on, too, fer she got redder, an' looked just like a actress on top er de stage, sure. She told

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de Duchess ter talk dat for'n langwudge, I guess, fer dey jawed away like a amb'lance gong, an' I was near crazy, fer I taut I was gettin' de gran' roast an' I couldn't understan' deir talk, see?

"'Bout de time I taut I'd drop dead fer not knowin' wot t'ell dey was sayin', Miss Fannie she turns ter me an' says, says she:

"'Chames,' she says, 'wot was ye doin' of?' she says.

"'Nottin',' I says; 'nottin' 'tall, Miss Fannie,' says I, 'only askin' de Duchess where t'ell ye was,' I say, 'so I could give ye de bills wot I paid wid de boodle,' I says.

"Den Miss Fannie she taut erwhile, an' she says sudden, says she: 'Wot did she say when ye ast 'er where I was?' she says.

"Say, dere was where I was a farmer, a dead farmer. 'Stid er chippin' in wid a song an' dance 'bout somethin' or 'nodder, I was so stuck on me langwudge dat I said dose words de Duchess spoke, wot I was tellin' ye of: 'Vat on,' an' 'Lace moy,' an' 'Finney say.'

"Say, wot t'eli do dem words mean, anyhow?

"Holy gee! is dat so—'Get out,' an' 'Let me be,' and 'Stop.'

"Say, holy gee, I was a farmer, an' dat's right.

"Well, when I said dem four words Miss Fannie she bit her lips, an' twisted her mouth like she'd die if she didn't laugh. But de Duchess, she gives me one look like she'd like ter do me, an' chased 'erself outter de hall. An' me stuck on 'er, too!

"Say, womin is queer folks, anyhow; an' when ye're stuck on yerself de most dat's when dey t'rows ye down de hardest. See?

"Say, fallin' in love has taut his mug one t'ing, dead. I

don't go monkeyin' wid no for'n langwudge no more. Sure! Straight English is 'bout me size. See?"—"*Chimmie Fadden.*"

Chimmie and the Duchess Marry

"LONG time since ye seen me? Cert. Don't ye know de reason? Why, I was married. Sure! I knowed ye'd die when I tole ye. Yes, it was de Duchess; I guess ye knowed dat. Well, lemme tell ye. It was de corkin'est weddin' dere ever was, wid such mugs as me an' de Duchess doin' de principal event er de evenin'.

"Say, I never taut dere was so much flim-flam 'bout gettin' ready to be married. I near got de rattles oncet, an' was goin' t' make de gran' sneak; but I took a brace, 'cause I was t'inkin' dat if I snook dat it would queer Miss Fannie's game, an' I wouldn't queer Miss Fannie's game if I had t' set up a funeral 'stid er a weddin'.

"Well, de fust fake wot paralyzed me was de Duchess sayin' dere must be wot she called a marriage contract. Say, it was worse dan gettin' outter jail on bail. I guess wese wouldn't be married yet if it wasn't fer Mr. Burton, wot's Miss Fannie's felly. 'E an' Miss Fannie, dey was bote near crazy 'bout our weddin', an' was fussin' 'bout it more dan dey is 'bout deir own.

"Well, Mr. Burton 'e sent fer me an' tells me t' come t' 'is chambers. 'E says t' me, says 'e, 'Chames,' 'e says, 'come dis evenin' t' me chambers. I calls me 'partments me chambers fer dis 'casion only,' says 'e, givin' me de wink, ' 'cause dis is a legal matter, an' in de ten years I've been 'mitted t' de bar,' says 'e, 'dis is de fust time I ever had a case.'

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"Dose was 'is very words, wot's de way 'e talks when 'e is jollyin', which 'e mostly is.

"So dat night I chases meself t' 'is rooms, an' say, ye otter see dem t'ings 'e's got. It's worse dan dat artis' mug's studio wot I was tellin' ye of. Dere was pelts an' hides an' skins an' furs an' guns an' swords an' boxin'-gloves an' dinky pipes, wot dey smokes in schools in for'n parts where Mr. Burton was, an' steins an' pictures, an' more t'ings dan dere is in a store.

"'Well,' 'e says t' me, perlite as a actor, says 'e, 'Mr. Fadden,' 'e says, 'dis evenin' youse is me client, an' not Miss Fannie's footman, which 'fords me de op'tunity of offerin' ye a glass er whisky an' water an' a cigarette, which I am tole is de first t'ing t' do in beginnin' de practise er de law. Havin' somewhat neglected me practise, I may be permitted t' offer ye two glasses er whisky an' water if youse is so disposed,' says he.

"Say, did ye ever hear such langwudge like dat? Ain't 'e a chim-dandy?

"Den 'e goes on an' gives me a long song an' dance 'bout as how Hortense, wot's de Duchess, bein' French, she has dinky notions 'bout marriage contracts, an' as how 'e is 'er lawyer as well as mine. Says 'e: 'Bein' de lawyer fer bote sides in a case is not 'cordin' t' de strick rules er practise,' 'e says, 'but a strugglin' young bar'ester like me,' says 'e, givin' me de wink, 'must be permitted t' cut bait while de sun shines.'

"Say, did ye ever hear such a jollier like 'im? 'E's up t' de limit. Sure! I t'ink 'e was havin' fun wid himself as well as jollyin' me.

"Den he says: 'Hortense comes t' ye wid one t'ousan' dollars. Do ye raise de ante, or do ye only see it an' call de loidy?'

"Say, den I was dead paralyzed. I taut de Duchess was makin' a farmer of me. I felt like a quitter. Sure! I says t'

'im, says I, 'Wot t'ell!' says I, like dat, I says: 'Wot t'ell!' 'cause I couldn't say nottin' else. 'Wot t'ell!' See? Den I scraped tru me pockets, an' all I could cough up was sixty-five cents.

"Mr. Burton looked at it, an' all of a suddint he jumped up an' went in anodder room. 'E must have had a fit in dere, er somet'n', from de noises. When 'e comes back 'e had on a dinky white wig wid a tail t' it an' a blue bag in 'is hand wid papers in it. 'E was as sober as a Judge in de Tombs, when he says: 'Our case is not so bad as it looks. In fact, I would not just say it is a case of wot t'ell. Youse have never drawn no wages from Miss Fannie,' 'e says.

"No,' I says. 'She gives me room, me grub, an' me close. Ain't dat enough?' says I.

"She t'inks not,' says 'e, 'an' wid 'er help at figurin', in which I never took no prize,' 'e says, 'I find dat dere is one hundred an' fifty dollars wages comin' to ye which she 'as saved for ye.'

"Say, dat broke me all up, 'cause I never taut I was wort' more dan me keep; but I couldn't say nottin', an' Mr. Burton 'e goes an an' 'e says: 'Miss Fannie's fadder, dat time ye licked de villa'n wot 'sulted Miss Fannie, 'er fadder put \$500 in de bank fer ye, an' I figure dat makes \$650,' 'e says.

"Well, I was knocked silly, an' Mr. Burton 'e got up an' went in de odder room ag'in, an' comes back wid a long black kinder nightgown on. 'E sets down ag'in, an' says: 'Bein' de 'torney in de case for youse an' Hortense an' Miss Fannie an' 'er fadder, I feel dat de dignity of de position requires all de legal fixin's, which is why I wears de gown an' wig.' See?

"Say, de nex' fake was de funniest of all. 'Hortense,' says 'e, 'has sometimes borried small sums from ye, she tells me.'

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“‘E was meanin’ de times de Duchess pulled me leg fer de boodle wot I touched mugs fer, wot I was tellin’ ye ’bout.

“‘Well,’ Mr. Burton goes on, ’cause I was so silly I couldn’t chip in, an’ ’e says, ‘Hortense has saved up dose sums, an’ dey make \$65 more, which we adds t’ de ante, an’ dat makes \$715,’ says ’e.

“‘Hold on,’ says I. ‘Does dat all belong t’ me? Wot t’ell will I do wid it all?’

“‘We’ll talk ’bout dat later,’ says ’e. ‘We’re shy on our ante yet. Miss Fannie an’ me,’ says ’e, ‘loans ye ’nough t’ make up de t’ousan’, an’ ye pays back outter yer wages as me walley.

“Den ’e gets out a lot er papers an’ I signs me name, an’ de nex’ day Miss Fannie an’ de Duchess an’ me all chases down t’ Mr. Burton’s rooms, where was a mug dey calls a not’ry public, an’ ’e asts a lot er questions, an’ fixes dinky red stamps on de papers, an’ everybody swears an’ signs names, an’ dat ends de circus.

“Say, I had t’ pinch meself an’ say, ‘Chimmie, is dis youse, or is ye dreamin’?’ ’cause de whole bisness near sets me crazy.

“Well, de nex’ night was de weddin’. Say, it was great. Miss Fannie an’ Mr. Burton dey was fussin’ and fixin’ de whole day in de dinin’-room, an’ jollyin’ an’ orderin’, an’ makin’ bluffs at gettin’ mad, an’ den makin’ up, ’till I says t’ meself, says I, ‘Chimmie, ye’re not in it.’ But den I had t’ get busy an’ say dose words wot’s in de book wot Mr. Burton read, pretendin’ ’e was de parson, so’s I wouldn’t make no bad break when de real weddin’ was.

“Well, after dinner all de help, an’ de folks, ’is Whiskers, Miss Fannie, an’ Mr. Burton, wid de parson, chases in de dinin’-room. ’Is Whiskers’s walley was me second.

“‘Bout dat time I didn’t know wedder me name was Chames ’r Dennis. T’ings was kinder goin’ on widout me.

“All of a suddint de Duchess sails in, wid Maggie de maid chasin’ after ’er. Say, ye should ’a’ seen ’er! She was all rigged out in white, wid flowers on ’er head, an’ a veil a mile long, an’ she was a wonder, sure.

“Miss Fannie gives ’er a smile, an’ ’is Whiskers steps up an’ hands ’er over t’ where me an’ de parson was, an’ so we was married.

“After de parson was all tru, wot do ye t’ink ’e did? ’E braces up an’ gives de Duchess a kiss; an’ say, ’is Whiskers waltzes in an’ ’e gives ’er a kiss, an’ holy gee! I t’ink Mr. Burton was goin’ t’ take a hand in de game, but Miss Fannie gives ’im a look, den ’e didn’t.

“Den ’is Whiskers goes up t’ de big punch-bowl wot Miss Fannie had fixed wid claret an’ oranges an’ dose t’ings, an’ de butler passes all hands a glass, an’ ’is Whiskers says, ‘I drinks t’ Mr. an’ Mrs. Chames Fadden,’ ’e says.

“All hands drinks, an’ den de folks goes away. Miss Fannie she went last, an’ when she passed where we was she says t’ de Duchess, ‘Ye look very pretty, Hortense.’

“She didn’t say nottin’ t’ me, but she shook hands wid me. I was glad she did dat. I never touched ’er hand before.

“Well, after de folks left, all de help dey began jabberin’ an’ jollyin’ like a lot er dinky magpipes, an’ makin’ speeches, an’ gettin’ funny, till ye couldn’t rest.

“‘Is Whiskers sent fer de butler an’ tole ’im not t’ let de punch-bowl get empty, an’ ’e never did, but ’e had t’ keep ’imself busy. Sure!

“After dat we started on our weddin’ journey. Say, dat was great. It was t’ Niag’ra Falls. Ever hear er dem? Say, I’d only been t’ Coney Island an’ Albany before, an’ I taut de

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Pacific Ocean was only a little way further dan de Harlem River; but, holy gee! ye don't get no more dan started when ye cross de Harlem.

"Can't tell ye 'bout dat trip now, 'cause I've got t' go an' help Mr. Burton get ready fer 'is weddin'. Tell ye 'bout de trip some odder time. S'long."—*"Chimmie Fadden."*

'Er Grace, de Duchess of Fadden

"I WAS goin' t' tell ye 'bout our weddin' journey, wot de Duchess an' me took when wese was married. Say, it was up t' de limit an' near outter sight.

"We started like wese was just goin' 'cross de Harlem, only it was in a car wot has bunks in it, wid a coon t' let down de bunks an' make up de beds.

"Dere was a lot er mugs an' womin an' kids in de car, an' I was t'inkin' where dey was all goin' t' sleep, when de Duchess tole me 'bout de bunks. I taut if wese was all goin' t' sleep like in de cars when ye come home on de late train from Coney Island, wese might as well stopped t' home an' saved our boodle.

"Say, de train wasn't outter de depot before all de folks in de car was dead onto us, an' kinder givin' us de laugh, an' I says to de Duchess, I says, 'Wot t'ell?' I says, 'wot t'ell?' like dat, 'cause I was feelin' like I was a farmer; but I ought-n't feel like a farmer, 'cause I had on me best close, an' de Duchess—say, ye otter seed de Duchess! she was a wonder! Dere wasn't a woman in de car was dressed like 'er. Sure!

"When I asked 'er why was all de folks pipin' us off so, she said because I had me arm 'round 'er waist an' was jollyin' 'er so.

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"Say, dat give me a fit, an' I says t' 'er, says I, 'Duchess,' I says out loud, so dat a dude in de next seat could hear me wot had lost half of 'is eyeglasses an' was pipin' us off wid only one glass up t' 'is eye; I says: 'Duchess, if I feels like puttin' me arm 'round yer waist, I'll put it dere if I has t' t'ump every dude in de car,' an' t' show I was makin' no bluff I gives 'er a kiss as square as ever ye seed.

"Say, dat dude must 'a' lost somet'n' outter de car, fer 'e turned an' looked outter de window, an' 'e never looked nowhere else till 'e went t' bed.

"De Duchess she made a bluff at kickin', but she wasn't kickin' very hard, fer wot I says an' does goes wid de Duchess, 'cept 'bout boodle. She runs de money end. Sure! I ain't in it when it comes t' de boodle, but in all de odder games I'm a dead easy winner.

"Well, we went ridin' along, an' ridin' along, till I kinder taut we'd be runnin' inter de Pacific Ocean if we didn't pull up; an' den de coon comes up an' says do we want de bert' made up.

"I don't know wot it was dat made de Duchess so mad, but I taut she'd slug dat coon—de porter dey calls 'im—'cause 'e asks us first, before any of de odder folks, would we have our bunk made up. Say, I didn't see no 'casion fer a scrap, so I says to de porter, says I, 'Seein' as how dere ain't no tee-a-ter t' go to,' I says, 'an' dere ain't no more meals t' eat, an' I fergot t' order de band 'round t' play, youse may as well get busy an' make up de bunk,' I says t' 'im, like dat, I says. See?

"Den all de folks dey laughed fit t' kill deirselves, 'cept dat dude, who was lookin' out of 'is window like 'e hadn't found wot 'e'd lost yet. De Duchess she laughed, too, an' said I was a little beast, only she didn't say it like she had 'er mad on.

"Well, de next mornin' wese was in Niag'ra, an' we got in a

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'bus wot took us to de hotel wot Mr. Burton, Miss Fannie's felly, told me t' go to.

"When we got t' de hotel de mug tells me t' register our names on a big book wot was in de office, an' den I near had a fit, fer de Duchess has de craziest name ye ever seed, an' I never could spell it in a t'ousand years. But I t'inks t' meself, I t'inks, 'Wot t'ell!' I t'inks, 'I'll make a grand bluff an' dey'll never tumble,' so I braces up t' de register an' writes, 'Duchess,' bold as a writin' teacher, an' den I writes 'Hortense,' 'cause I can spell dat straight, an' den I was stuck; so I just writes 'La V—' bold, an' scriggled a lot er dinky letters clear 'cross de page, an' on de next line I writes me name clear as print.

"De mug behind de counter, wot was de hotel clerk, 'e turns de book 'round an' 'e near has a fit, an' begins scrapin' an' bowin' an' says perlite as a actor, 'e says: 'How long will de Duchess Orton La-um-t'ra-ra stay here?' 'e says, like dat, 'De Duchess Orton La-um-t'ra-ra.' See? Makin' a bluff at de last name 'cause 'e couldn't read me writin'. See? 'De Duchess,' I says as perlite as 'im, 'cause I wasn't onto 'is game, so I played light, says I, 'De Duchess leaves dis evenin',' I says.

"'Sorry she can't stay longer,' 'e says; 'spose she's hurr'in' on t' Chicago, like de rest. Where is 'er suite?' says 'e.

"'Oh, 'er suite is kinder chasin' deirselves,' I says, careless like.

"'Bein' entertained by de Committee of One Hundred?' 'e says.

"Say, I taut first 'e might be stringin' me, but 'e was perlite all de time, so I just lit a cigarette an' looked knowin' till I could get onto 'is game.

"Den 'e yells out, 'Front! Show de Duchess up t' Parlor One,' an' all de kids in buttons near breaks deir necks yankin'

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me baggage up-stairs an' chasin' after de Duchess t' fetch 'er up-stairs; an' de clerk says t' me: 'Will 'er Grace breakfast in 'er room?'

"'Wot Grace?' says I.

"'De Duchess,' says 'e.

"'Cert,' says I. 'She'll breakfast here, an' so will I.'

"'You're 'er American coorior, I 'spose?' says 'e, an' I says 'e was a clever young man t' find it out, dough wot t'ell 'e'd found out I couldn't tumble to'.

"Den all de mugs in de office began sneakin' up t' de register an' lookin' at wot I'd writ dere, an' dey was all near havin' a fit over it. I was 'fraid somebody would ask me t' spell de name out, so I chased meself up-stairs, an', holy gee! dere was de Duchess in de swellest rooms in de house, wid a gang of servants settin' de table, an' puttin' flowers in de room, an' bowin', an' askin' wot t'ell could dey do fer 'er Grace.

"Say, de Duchess is a dead sport, an' she was just lookin' grand an' sayin' nottin', but when I comes in she takes me in de nex' room an' asks wot game I'd been up to. I told 'er de whole game from de start, an' when I wus done she taut a while, an' den she nearly dies laughin', an' says she tumbled t' de whole racket. She said de clerk had mistook 'er for one er dem for'n queens wot was goin' to Chicago, where dey is havin' a big blowout for Columbus, er somet'n'.

"'But why didn't ye put me name down on de register proper?' she says.

"'I couldn't spell your dinky name,' I says.

"Den she yelled murder wid laughin', and near rolled off 'er chair. 'Me name is Mrs. Fadden,' says she. 'Can't ye spell dat?'

"Say, I'm a farmer if I ever taut er dat before. It just knocked me silly t' t'ink er de Duchess bein' named Fadden.

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“‘Hortense Fadden is me name,’ says she, givin’ me a kiss.

“I was fer goin’ down t’ de office an’ fixin’ t’ings all right, but de Duchess said not t’ be in a hurry ’bout it.

“Well, we had breakfast. Say, ye never seed such a breakfast in all yer life! It was wot de Duchess called ‘*Dey shunay au la foorshet*,’ but it was up t’ de limit, just as hard, if it did have a dago name. De funny t’ing ’bout it was dat we had de coffee at de end ’stid er at de fust. I s’pose I’ll have t’ learn dose dago tricks now.

“When wese was done de clerk come up an’ says would ’er Grace like t’ ride t’ de Falls, an’ de Duchess made a bluff at not knowin’ wot ’e said, an’ I made a bluff at tellin’ ’er in for’n talk. I just let out a lot er lingo, an’ de Duchess—say, she is a sport, sure—she jabbered back widout winkin’, an’ I says t’ de clerk dat de Duchess would go t’ de Falls when de carriage was ready.

“Den de clerk said, ‘De carriage waits, yer Grace,’ an’ backed out er de room like ’is pants was tore behind.

“Say, I ain’t stringin’ ye a little bit. When we went downstairs dere was a Victoria wid four horses waitin’, an’ de mayor, or some big mug of de town, got in wid us, an’ a lot more chased along behind in carriages.

“I was gettin’ rattled, but de Duchess gave me a nudge t’ brace; an’ I braced. Eberty’ing de mug wid us said I pretended to say in dago t’ de Duchess, an’ I was t’inkin’ wot t’ell I’d do if ’e should ring in some dago of ’is own, but ’e never. De Duchess would jaw back in ’er for’n talk, an’ I’d make a bluff at tellin’ de mug wot she said, an’ I jollied ’im ’till de seat wasn’t big enough t’ hold him.

“Well, dey took us everywhere, an’ down a dinky slide railroad wot’s worse dan de razzle-dazzle at Coney Island, an’

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blowed us off t' wine an' speeches, an' when we got back de Duchess told me t' give de big mug a invite t' dinner wid us.

"I was near crazy wid all de jawin' an' de drinkin' an' seein' de mug kiss de Duchess's hand when 'e backed out.

"After dinner it was train time, an' I chased down t' de office an' asks wot's de bill.

"Say, wot do ye t'ink? Dat clerk says dere was no bill; dat de Government paid de whole shot. Sure!

"I says de Government is a dead sport, an' I tipped all de kids an' drivers wot took us t' de train, an' den away we goes.

"Well, when we was on de car de Duchess says, 'Chames, wot do ye t'ink of yer wife?' says she.

"'Duchess,' says I, 'a Bow'ry boy and a French maid is hard t' beat,' I says. See?"—"Chimmie Fadden."

The Horse Show

To de Horse Show was we? I wonder! You couldn't lose us. Say, Duchess don't know a New Jersey steer from a Kentucky torrowbred, but you couldn't keep her from de Horse Show wit' bayonets.

"Let us go," she says to me, "an' see is New York getting more civilized."

"On your way!" I says. "It is de most civilized village dis side de Harlem," I says. "In de driving class for trotters, in de hackney class, in four-in-hands, tandems, in all de signs of civilization an' refinement," I says, pinching some of Mr. Paul's woids, "New York is a strawberry fer fair," I says.

"Truly," says Duchess, "de entry-list is lovely," she says. "I was hearing Miss Fannie tell," she says, "of one entry of

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amyt'ist-colored clot' an' lustrous panne velvet, wit' Persian 'broideries."

"Dat must be a monkey," I says. "It's no horse."

"Anoder entry," says Duchess, not listening to me woids of wisdom, "is a blouse bodice, slightly gadered on de shoulders an' at de belt, bote front an' back. Let us hasten," she says, "to de Horse Show."

"Sure," I says. "Let us get a move on. De hunter class is shooting 'round de ring, an' de high-jumper class is near out of sight."

"It opens in a V-shape, wit' all its edges bound wit' Persian lamb," says Duchess.

"On your way!" I says. "To de woods wit' you! Do you t'ink it is a country fair? Dere is no lambs at de Horse Show," I says, "barring de bunch dat opens wine in de wine-room."

Well, little Miss Fannie fell off her bike an' bumped her conk one day, so of course Miss Fannie, Mr. Burton, and Whiskers wanted no Horse Show dat night, an' Duchess got de tickets fer de box. I wored one of Mr. Burton's dress suits, an' it fitted me so dudey I had a yard of pants to roll up at de bottom. But Duchess was in it for style up to de limit. She had a dress Miss Fannie give her, an', honest, a strawberry was a turnip alongside her!

When we floats to de box Duchess h'ists a lornyet to her peeper, and takes a peep at folks around us wit' such a look on her I felt like giving away brownstone fronts on de Avenoo. I was watching Mr. Paul in de ring, driving his four-in-hand like he does everyt'ing else—as if it was so easy it made him tired—an' when he swung around by us he takes a peep at our box, looking for Whiskers, I s'pose. He seen me, tips me a solemn wink, an' when he wins de foist prize he strolls over to us, wit' his hands in his pockets. He leans over de box, an'

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says, "Hortense"—what is Duchess's name—"you is lookin' like a bunch of *fleur-de-lis* dis evening."

"*Merci, M'sieu,*" says Duchess, passing him out a bow dat paralized de mugs rubbering to see who Mr. Paul was talking to. "Tell me, M'sieu Paul," she says, "why all de big space in de center is toined into a stable? If de loidies was let to promenade dere, dey could show deir gowns twice as well. Is dere not stalls enough in New York fer de horses," she says, "wit'out wasting good space on 'em here?"

"Madam Fadden," says Mr. Paul—I always dies when I hears Duchess called Mrs. Fadden—"you has wisdom as well as wit. Having a pull here," he says, "I shall arrange next year to put de horses in de boxes an' de loidies in de ring."

He gives me a wink to folley him, an' says, "Chames, would you like a glass of wine at de Waldorf?"

"I'd radder have a glass of beer on de Bow'ry. I'm not proud. What's doing?"

"Dere is a young gent here," he says, "who has notting but boodle to boin, and is looking for a fire."

"I has a match," I says.

"So I recalled," says Mr. Paul. "Me young fren comes from Philadelphia," he says, "but I wishes him no harm on dat account. His brudder wired me to see dat de youngster had a good time, but not too good."

"What's doing?" I says ag'in.

"I shall present him to you and Hortense," says Mr. Paul, "and I suspect he'll not quite catch your names. But if he heard you call Hortense 'Duchess,' de plot would t'icken so you couldn't stir it wit' a golf club."

Well, pretty soon Mr. Paul chases up to de box wit' a nice Willie in tow. "Madam de Tarumsky," says Mr. Paul, "I begs to present me fren Mr. Rittenhouse," he says, and Duchess

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passes out a coy glance to Ritty. "Mr. Fahdaning," says Mr. Paul to me, "shake hands wit' me fren," he says.

I says notting for a while, for Ritty struck such a gait I was out of de running. But when he'd asked Duchess about de loidies in all de boxes, say, you should heard de pedigree she give some of 'em! Police!—I saw me opening, and jumps in wit', "Duchess," I says, and at de woid little Ritty near fell out de box, "me dear Duchess," I says, "*je suis fatigué*," I says, "and I has a toist on me like a dry pump."

"Let us go home," says Duchess, tumbling quick, for she's funder from being a farmer dan de Bronx is from de Battery, "let us go home an' have a boid an' a bottle," she says.

"Is it not part of de Horse Show, your Grace," says Ritty, "to have de boid at de Waldorf?"

"To be sure," she says. "When one has seen de animals perform, one goes to see 'em feed."

"Good!" says Ritty. "Your Grace has quite de wit. May I have de pleasure of showing your Grace an' Mr. Fahdaning de animals at feed?"

"You're on," I says.

"*Vous êtes très-aimable!*" says Duchess, fetching him a smile dat stunned him.

Well, we hikes out of de Garden, flags a carriage, an' rolls to Mr. Waldorf's inn, where a million odder dry-an'-hungries was headed. All tables what wasn't filled had chairs toined up; but Duchess gives de boss waiter a line of for'n talk, an' he hustled a table for us like we was rolling cigarettes in coupons.

"What would your Grace fancy to eat?" asks Ritty.

"Notting at all," says Duchess, giving me heart failure. "Not a t'ing, me dear M'sieu Wittenwouse, unless it was a mere glass of wine, a bit of terrapin, a broiled lobster"—she passes

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me out a ghost of a wink at dat—"a broiled live lobster, a reed-boid or two, and a *biscuit Tortoni*. Notting else—really notting!"

Listen: Ritty has de making of a dead-game sport, for fair. He asks for de private wine list, an' orders a quart dat costs an X per bot. He has de boned terrapin sent in cold an' cooks it himself on a chafing-dish, an' all de time was telling us what a warm proposition Philadelphia is.

Well, I kep' de bottle from getting stuck in de cooler, an', by de time we was feeding, de plug was out of anodder X raise bottle, an' we was de cheerfulest woikers in de dining-room. Ritty was "your Grac"-ing Duchess till folks at odder tables was rubbering us to beat a windmill.

When Ritty put up de price—an' de size of de meal ticket never jarred him—Duchess tips me de wink to fly de coop, an' we bucks de center till we made a touch-down in Toity-fort Street. Just den Perkins, our butler, who was having his night off, comes along, an' when he sees me an' Duchess wit' de swell Willie, he gives us de ha-ha. "Chames," he says, "you'd better go home; your master wants you."

"Fellow!" I says. "On your way, fellow!" I says.

"Who is he?" says Ritty. "Shall I t'rash him?"

"He is a drunken butler I had to discharge last week," I says.

It was a long-shot bluff, but it went, for Perky was so mad he couldn't speak.

We waltzes up de Avenoo, an' stops at de swellest house in it, where a goil Duchess knows is a maid. "Sorry," says Duchess to Ritty, "dat I can't ask you in to smoke a cigarette, but de house is all tored up by decorators—I can't even get in by de front entrance."

Den she rings de bell at de soivants' door. Has she a noive?

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What! Ritty says *bon soir*, says he has de time of his life, chases—an' we calls on de help!

A few days after dat de loidy what lives in dat house says to Miss Fannie, "Don't your husband's walley call your maid 'Duchess'?"

"Yes," says Miss Fannie. "What mischief has dey been doing now?"

"Notting very bad," says de loidy, wit' a laugh, "but if your maid is fond of flowers an' candy, send her to my house. About a ton of 'em comes every day from Philadelphia, addressed to de 'Duchess de Tarumsky.' I refused to take 'em in, but my maid receives 'em, an' says she knows who dey is for."

Miss Fannie told Duchess, she told me, an' I told Mr. Paul. He looked tautful a while, and den says, "I will call on de loidy, an' square you an' Hortense, Chames. But de next time I puts your foot on de Philadelphia end of de social ladder, don't try to stretch it to New York; nor," he says, "put your foot tru it."—"*Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul.*"

E. S. Martin

Epithalamium

THE marriage bells have rung their peal,
The wedding march has told its story.
I've seen her at the altar kneel
In all her stainless, virgin glory;
She's bound to honor, love, obey,
Come joy or sorrow, tears or laughter.
I watched her as she rode away,
And flung the lucky slipper after.

She was my first, my very first,
My earliest inamorata,
And to the passion that I nursed
For her I well-nigh was a martyr.
For I was young, and she was fair,
And always bright and gay and chipper,
And, oh, she wore such sunlit hair:
Such silken stockings! such a slipper!

She did not wish to make me mourn—
She was the kindest of God's creatures;
But flirting was in her inborn,
Like brains and queerness in the Beechers.
I do not fear your heartless flirt—
Obtuse her dart and dull her probe is;
But when girls do not mean to hurt,
But *do—Orate tunc pro nobis!*

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A most romantic country place;
The moon at full, the month of August;
An inland lake across whose face
Played gentle zephyrs, ne'er a raw gust.
Books, boats, and horses to enjoy,
The which was all our occupation;
A damsel and a callow boy—
There! now you have the situation.

We rode together miles and miles,
My pupil she, and I her Chiron;
At home I reveled in her smiles
And read her extracts out of Byron.
We roamed by moonlight, chose our stars
(I thought it most authentic billing),
Explored the woods, climbed over bars,
Smoked cigarettes and broke a shilling.

An infinitely blissful week
Went by in this Arcadian fashion;
I hesitated long to speak,
But ultimately breathed my passion.
She said her heart was not her own;
She said she'd love me like a sister;
She cried a little (not alone);
I begged her not to fret, and—kissed her.

I lost some sleep, some pounds in weight,
A deal of time, and all my spirits,
And much—how much I dare not state—
I mused upon that damsel's merits.

E. S. Martin

I tortured my unhappy soul,
I wished I never might recover;
I hoped her marriage bells might toll
A requiem for her faithful lover.

And now she's married, now she wears
A wedding-ring upon her finger;
And I—although it odd appears—
Still in the flesh I seem to linger.
Lo, there my swallow-tail, and here
Lies by my side a wedding favor;
Beside it stands a mug of beer,
I taste it—how divine its flavor!

I saw her in her bridal dress
Stand pure and lovely at the altar;
I heard her firm response—that "Yes,"
Without a quiver or a falter.
And here I sit and drink to her
Long life and happiness, God bless her!
Now fill again. No heel-taps, sir;
Here's to—Success to her successor!
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Infirm

"I WILL not go," he said, "for well
I know her eyes' insidious spell,
And how unspeakably he feels
Who takes no pleasure in his meals.

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I know a one-idea'd man
Should undergo the social ban,
And if she once my purpose melts
I know I'll think of nothing else.

“I care not though her teeth are pearls—
The town is full of nicer girls!
I care not though her lips are red—
It does not do to lose one's head!
I'll give her leisure to discover,
For once, how little I think of her;
And then, how will she feel?” cried he,
And took his hat and went to see.

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Sam Walter Foss

A Modern Martyrdom

THE Weverwend Awthur Murway Gween

They say is verwy clevah;
And sister Wuth could heah him pweach
Fohevah and fohevah.

And I went down to heah him pweach,
With Wuth and my Annette,
Upon the bwave, hewoic deaths
The ancient mawtahs met;

And as he wepwesented them
In all their acts and feachaws,
The ancient mawtahs, dontcherknow,
Were doocid clevah cweachaws.

But, aw deah me! They don't compah,
In twue hewoic bwavewy,
To a bwave hewo fwiend of mine,
Young Montmowenci Averwy.
He earned foah dollahs everwy week,
And not anothah coppah;
But this bwave soul wesolved to dwess
Pweeminently pwoppah.

So this was all the food each day
The bwave young cweachaw had—
One glaws of milk, a cigawette,
Foah cwackers, and some bwead.

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He lived on foahteen cents a day,
And cherwished one great passion:
The pwecious pwoject of his soul,
Of being dwessed in fashion.
But when he'd earned a suit entiah,
To his supweme chagwin,
Just then did shawt-tailed coats go out,
And long-tailed coats come in;
But naught could bweak his wigid will,
And now, I pway you, note,
That he gave up his glaws of milk
And bought a long-tailed coat.

But then the fashion changed once moah,
And bwought a gwievous plight;
It changed from twousers that are loose
To twousers that are tight.
Then his foah cwackers he gave up,
He just wenounced their use,
And changed to twousers that are tight
From twousers that are loose.
And then the narrow-toed style shoes
To bwoad-toed changed instead;
Then he pwocured a bwoad-toed paih,
And gave up eating bwead.

Just then the bwoad-bwimmed style of hat
To narrow bwims gave way;
And so his twibulations gwew,
Incweasing everwy day.
But he pwocured a narwow bwim,
Of verwy stylish set;

Sam Walter Foss

But bwave, bwave soul! he had to dwop
His pwecious cigawette.
But now, when his whole suit confohmed
To fashion's wegulation,
For lack of cwackers, milk, and bwead,
He perwished of stahvation.

Thus in his owah of victowry
He passed on to his west.
I weally nevah saw a cawpse
So fashionably dwessed.
My teahs above his well-dwessed clay
Fell like the spwingtime wains;
My eyes had nevah wested on
Such pwoppah dwessed wemains.
The ancient mawtahs, they were gwand
And glowious in their day;
But this bwave Montmowenci was
As gwheat and gwand as they.

The Prayer of Cyrus Brown

"THE proper way for a man to pray,"
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,
"And the only proper attitude,
Is down upon his knees."

"No, I should say the way to pray,"
Said Reverend Doctor Wise,
"Is standing straight, with outstretched arms,
And rapt and upturned eyes."

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"Oh, no; no, no," said Elder Slow,
"Such posture is too proud:
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed."

"It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front,
With both thumbs pointing toward the ground,"
Said Reverend Doctor Blunt.

"Las' year I fell in Hodgkin's well
Head first," said Cyrus Brown,
"With both my heels a-stickin' up,
My head a-p'inting down;

"An' I made a prayer right then an' there—
Best prayer I ever said,
The prayingest prayer I ever prayed,
A-standing on my head."

A Philosopher

ZACK BUMSTEAD useter flosserfize
About the ocean and the skies,
An' gab an' gas f'um morn till noon
About the other side the moon;
An' 'bout the natur of the place
Ten miles be—end the end of space.
An' if his wife she'd ask the crank
If he wouldn't kinder try to yank

Sam Walter Foss

Hisself outdoors an' git some wood
To make her kitchen fire good,
So she c'd bake her beans an' pies,
He'd say, "I've gotter flosserfize."

An' then he'd set an' flosserfize
About the natur an' the size
Of angels' wings, an' think, and gawp,
An' wonder how they made 'em flop.
He'd calkerlate how long a skid
'Twould take to move the sun, he did;
An' if the skid wuz strong an' prime,
It couldn't be moved to supper-time.
An' w'en his wife 'd ask the lout
If he wouldn't kinder waltz about
An' take a rag an' shoo the flies,
He'd say, "I've gotter flosserfize."

An' then he'd set an' flosserfize
'Bout schemes for fencing in the skies,
Then lettin' out the lots to rent
So's he could make an honest cent.
An' if he'd find it pooty tough
To borry cash fer fencin' stuff.
An' if 'twere best to take his wealth
An' go to Europe for his health,
Or save his cash till he'd enough
To buy some more of fencin' stuff.
Then, if his wife she'd ask the gump
If he wouldn't kinder try to hump
Hisself to t'other side the door
So she c'd come an' sweep the floor,

American Wit and Humor

He'd look at her with mournful eyes,
An' say, "I've gotter flosserfize."

An' so he'd set an' flosserfize
'Bout w'at it wuz held up the skies,
An' how God made this earthly ball
Jest simply out er nawthin' 'tall,
An' 'bout the natur, shape, an' form
'Of nawthin' that He made it from.
Then, if his wife sh'd ask the freak
If he wouldn't kinder try to sneak
Out to the barn an' find some aigs,
He'd never move, nor lift his laigs,
He'd never stir, nor try to rise,
But say, "I've gotter flosserfize."

An' so he'd set an' flosserfize
About the earth an' sea an' skies,
An' scratch his head an' ask the cause
'Of w'at there wuz before time wuz,
An' w'at the universe 'd do
Bimeby w'en time had all got through;
An' jest how fur we'd have to climb
If we sh'd travel out er time,
An' if we'd need, w'en we got there,
'To keep our watches in repair.
Then, if his wife she'd ask the gawk
If he wouldn't kinder try to walk -
'To where she had the table spread
An' kinder git his stomach fed,
He'd leap for that 'ar kitchen door,
An' say, "W'y didn't you speak afore?"

Sam Walter Foss

An' w'en he'd got his supper et,
He'd set, an' set, an' set, an' set,
An' fold his arms an' shet his eyes,
An' set, an' set, an' flosserfize.

The Ideal Husband to His Wife

WE'VE lived for forty years, dear wife,
And walked together side by side,
And you to-day are just as dear
As when you were my bride.
I've tried to make life glad for you,
One long, sweet honeymoon of joy,
A dream of marital content,
Without the least alloy.
I've smoothed all boulders from our path,
That we in peace might toil along,
By always hastening to admit
That I was right and you were wrong.

No mad diversity of creed
Has ever sundered me from thee;
For I permit you evermore
To borrow your ideas of me.
And thus it is, through weal or wo,
Our love forevermore endures;
For I permit that you should take
My views and creeds, and make them yours.

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And thus I let you have my way,
And thus in peace we toil along,
For I am willing to admit
That I am right and you are wrong.

And when our matrimonial skiff
Strikes snags in love's meandering stream,
I lift our shallop from the rocks,
And float as in a placid dream.
And well I know our marriage bliss
While life shall last will never cease,
For I shall always let thee do,
In generous love, just what I please.
Peace comes, and discord flies away;
Love's bright day follows hatred's night;
For I am ready to admit
That you are wrong and I am right.

The Meeting of the Clabberhuses

I

HE was the Chairman of the Guild
Of Early Pliocene Patriarchs;
He was chief Mentor of the Lodge
Of the Oracular Oligarchs;
He was the Lord High Autocrat
And Vizier of the Sons of Light,
And Sultan and Grand Mandarin
Of the Millennial Men of Might.

Sam Walter Foss

He was Grand Totem and High Priest
Of the Independent Potentates;
Grand Mogul of the Galaxy
Of the Illustrious Stay-out-lates;
The President of the Dandydudes;
The Treasurer of the Sons of Glee;
The Leader of the Clubtown Band
And Architects of Melody.

II

She was Grand Worthy Prophetess
Of the Illustrious Maids of Mark;
Of Vestals of the Third Degree
She was Most Potent Matriarch;
She was High Priestess of the Shrine
Of Clubtown's Culture Coterie,
And First Vice-President of the League
Of the Illustrious G. A. B.

She was the First Dame of the Club
For teaching Patagonians Greek;
She was Chief Clerk and Auditor
Of Clubtown's Anti-Bachelor Clique;
She was High Treasurer of the Fund
For Borrioboolaghaliens,
And the Fund for Sending Browning's Poems
To Native-born Australians.

American Wit and Humor

III

Once to a crowded social fête
Both these much-titled people came,
And each perceived, when introduced,
They had the selfsame name.
Their hostess said, when first they met:
“Permit me now to introduce
My good friend Mr. Clabberhuse
To Mrs. Clabberhuse.”

“’Tis very strange,” said she to him,
“Such an unusual name—
A name so very seldom heard—
That we should bear the same!”
“Indeed, ’tis wonderful,” said he,
“And I’m surprised the more,
Because I never heard the name
Outside my home before.

“But now I come to look at you,”
Said he, “upon my life,
If I am not indeed deceived,
You are—you are—my wife.”
She gazed into his searching face
And seemed to look him through:
“Indeed,” said she, “it seems to me
You are my husband, too.

Sam Walter Foss

"I've been so busy with my clubs
And in my various spheres,
I have not seen you now," she said,
"For over fourteen years."
"That's just the way it's been with me;
These clubs demand a sight"—
And then they both politely bowed,
And sweetly said "Good night."

C. F. Lummis

A Poe-em of Passion

It was many and many a year ago,
On an island near the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you mightn't know
By the name of Cannibalee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than a passionate fondness for me.

I was a child, and she was a child—
Tho' her tastes were adult Feejee—
But she loved with a love that was more than love,
My yearning Cannibalee,
With a love that could take me roast or fried
Or raw, as the case might be.

And that is the reason that long ago,
In that island near the sea,
I had to turn the tables and eat
My ardent Cannibalee—
Not really because I was fond of her,
But to check her fondness for me.

But the stars never rise but I think of the size
Of my hot-potted Cannibalee,
And the moon never stares but it brings me nightmares
Of my spare-rib Cannibalee;
And all the night-tide she is restless inside,
Is my still indigestible dinner-belle bride,
In her pallid tomb, which is Me,
In her solemn sepulcher, Me.

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Frank Dempster Sherman

A Rime for Priscilla

DEAR Priscilla, quaint and very
Like a modern Puritan,
Is a modest, literary,
Merry young American:
Horace she has read, and Bion
Is her favorite in Greek;
Shakespeare is a mighty lion
In whose den she dares but peek;
Him she leaves to some sage Daniel,
Since of lions she's afraid—
She prefers a playful spaniel,
Such as Herrick or as Praed;
And it's not a bit satiric
To confess her fancy goes
From the epic to a lyric
On a rose.

Wise Priscilla, dilettante,
With a sentimental mind,
Doesn't deign to dip in Dante,
And to Milton isn't kind;
L'Allegro, Il Penseroso,
Have some merits, she will grant,
All the rest is only so-so—
Enter Paradise she can't!

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She might make a charming angel
 (And she will if she is good),
But it's doubtful if the change'll
 Make the epic understood:
Honeysuckling, like a bee, she
 Goes and pillages his sweets,
And it's plain enough to see she
 Worships Keats.

Gay Priscilla—just the person
 For the Locker whom she loves;
What a captivating verse on
 Her neat-fitting gowns or gloves
He could write in catching measure,
 Setting all the heart astir!
And to Aldrich what a pleasure
 It would be to sing of her—
He, whose perfect songs have won her
 Lips to quote them day by day.
She repeats the rimes of Bunner
 In a fascinating way,
And you'll often find her lost in—
 She has reveries at times—
Some delightful one of Austin
 Dobson's rimes.

Oh Priscilla, sweet Priscilla,
 Writing of you makes me think,
As I burn my brown Manila
 And immortalize my ink,
How well satisfied these poets
 Ought to be with what they do

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When, especially, they know it's
Read by such a girl as you.
I who sing of you would marry
Just the kind of girl you are—
One who doesn't care to carry
Her poetic taste too far—
One whose fancy is a bright one,
Who is fond of poems fine,
And appreciates a light one
Such as mine.

Love's Seasons

'Twas spring when I first found it out;
'Twas autumn when I told it;
The gloomy winter made me doubt,
And summer scarce could hold it.
"She loves," the mating robins sang
In sweet, delicious trebles,
And through the brooks the echo rang
In music o'er the pebbles.

The fresh air, filled with fragrant scent
Of blossoms, softly hinted
The selfsame song; where'er I went
I found the message printed
On bud and leaf, on earth and sky,
Through sun and rain it glistened,
And though I never reasoned why,
I always read or listened.

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The summer dawned, and still the birds
Sang in their tree-top glory,
And something seemed to make their words
A sequel to my story:
“You love,” they twittered in the trees,
Whene’er the light wind stirred them.
Distracting words! on every breeze
They fluttered, and I heard them.

At last the mellow autumn came,
And all the leaves were turning,
The fields and forests were aflame
In golden sunlight burning;
The parting birds sang out again
A sentimental message:
“Go tell her,” whispered they, and then
I thought ’twas love’s first presage.

Oh timid-hearted twenty-four,
To faint and lose your courage,
Or half-reluctantly implore
A pretty girl at her age!
For when I stammered what they’d sung,
And all their secrets told her,
She said the birds were right, and hung
Her head upon my shoulder.

—“*Madrigals and Catches.*”

Frank Dempster Sherman

In Parenthesis

I READ the verses from my copy,
A bunch of fancies culled from Keats,
A rime of rose and drowsy poppy,
Of maiden, song, and other sweets:
The lines—so patiently I penned them,
Without one sable blot or blur—
I knew had music to commend them
And all their secret thoughts to her.

She heard the rhythmical romanza,
And made a comment there and here;
I read on to the final stanza,
Where timid love had made me fear.
A long parenthesis; the meter
Went lamely on without a foot,
Because the sentiment was sweeter
Than love emboldened me to put.

Alas, I tried to fill the bracket;
The truant thought refused to come!
The point—to think the rime should lack it!
My wakeful conscience struck me dumb.
She took the little leaf a minute—
Ah, what a happy time was this!
The bracket soon had something in it—
I kissed her in parenthesis.

—“*Madrigals and Catches.*”

Charlotte Perkins Stetson

Similar Cases

THERE was once a little animal,
No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered
Over Tertiary rocks.
They called him Eohippus,
And they called him very small,
And they thought him of no value,
When they thought of him at all;
For the lumpish old Dinoceras
And Coryphodon so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy
In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus,
"I am going to be a horse,
And on my middle finger-nails
To run my earthly course.
I'm going to have a flowing tail;
I'm going to have a mane;
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high
On the psychozoic plain!"

The Coryphodon was horrified,
The Dinoceras was shocked,
And they chased young Eohippus,
But he skipped away and mocked.

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Then they laughed enormous laughter,
And they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus
Go view his father's bones.
Said they: "You always were as small
And mean as now we see,
And that's conclusive evidence
That you're always going to be."
"What! be a great, tall, handsome beast,
With hoofs to gallop on?
Why! you'd have to change your nature!"
Said the Loxolophodon.
They considered him disposed of,
And retired with gait serene;
That was the way they argued
In "the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape,
Far smarter than the rest,
And everything that they could do
He always did the best;
So they naturally disliked him,
And they gave him shoulders cool,
And when they had to mention him
They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day,
"I'm going to be a Man,
And stand upright, and hunt, and fight
And conquer all I can;

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I'm going to cut down forest trees,
To make my houses higher;
I'm going to kill the Mastodon;
I'm going to make a fire!"

Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes
With laughter wild and gay;
They tried to catch that boastful one,
But he always got away.
So they yelled at him in chorus,
Which he minded not a whit;
And they pelted him with coconuts,
Which didn't seem to hit.
And then they gave him reasons
Which they thought of much avail,
To prove how his preposterous
Attempt was sure to fail.
Said the sages, "In the first place,
The thing cannot be done;
And, second, if it *could* be,
It would not be any fun.
And, third, and most conclusive,
And admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature!
We should like to see you try."
They chuckled then triumphantly,
These lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments
With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man,
An enterprising wight,

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Who made his chopping implements
Unusually bright;
Unusually clever he,
Unusually brave,
And he drew delightful Mammoths
On the borders of his cave.
To his Neolithic neighbors,
Who were startled and surprised,
Said he: "My friends, in course of time
We shall be civilized;
We are going to live in cities;
We are going to fight in wars;
We are going to eat three times a day
Without the natural cause;
We are going to turn life upside down
About a thing called gold;
We are going to want the earth, and take
As much as we can hold;
We are going to wear great piles of stuff
Outside our proper skins;
We are going to have Diseases!
And Accomplishments!! And Sins!!!"

Then they all rose up in fury
Against their boastful friend,
For prehistoric patience
Cometh quickly to an end.
Said one, "This is chimerical!
Utopian! Absurd!"
Said another, "What a stupid life!
Too dull, upon my word!"

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Cried all, "Before such things can come,
You idiotic child,
You must alter Human Nature!"
And they all sat back and smiled.
Thought they, "An answer to that last
It will be hard to find!"
It was a clinching argument
To the Neolithic Mind!

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman (Mary E.
Wilkins)

Timothy Samson, the Wise Man

TIMOTHY SAMSON is not a college graduate; not more than three men in this village are. I never heard that he was remarkable as a boy for his standing in the district school, but he is the village sage. Nobody disputes it. The doctor, the lawyer, and the minister all have to give precedence to him. The doctor may know something about physic, the lawyer about law, and the minister about theology, but Timothy Samson knows something about everything.

The doctor's practise suffers through Timothy. If any of the neighbors or their children are ill, they are very apt to call in Timothy instead of the doctor. For one reason, they have nearly as much confidence in him; for another reason, it saves the doctor's fee.

Timothy Samson seems able to tell almost at a glance whether a child is coming down with a simple cold or the whooping-cough, with measles or scarlet fever, with mumps or quinsy. He has a little stock of medicines in his chimney closet in his kitchen. Timothy's medicine bottles, which hold a good quart apiece, are always kept replenished. Nothing is ever lacking in case of need. Most of them he concocts himself, from roots and herbs, with a judicious use of stimulants. For this last he is forced to make a slight charge when medicine is taken in large quantities. "I ask jest enough to cover the cost of the stimulants," he says, and little enough it is—only a

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few cents upon a quart. Timothy's ministrations are simply for humanity's sake and love of the healing art, and not for gain.

He is a cobbler, a mender of the cheap rustic shoes that wear out their soles and stub their toes on our rough country roads. He used, until machine-work came in vogue, to make all the shoes for the neighborhood by hand. Indeed, there are now some few conservative mothers of families who employ him twice a year to fit out their children with his coarse, faithful handiwork. Timothy owns his little cottage house, and his little garden, and his little apple orchard. He paid for them long ago with his small savings, and now he earns just enough by cobbling to pay his taxes and keep himself and his old wife in their plain and simple necessities of life.

Timothy's shoe-shop forms a tiny L of his tiny house. In it he has a little rusty box-stove, which is usually red-hot through the winter months, for Timothy is a chilly man; his work-bench with its sagging leather seat, a rude table heaped with lasts, and three or four stools and backless chairs for callers. The hot air is stifling with leather and the reek of ancient tobacco-smoke, for Timothy smokes a pipe. A strange atmosphere, it seems, for wisdom to thrive in.

Often an anxious mother is seen to scuttle down the road with her shawl thrown over her head, and disappear from the eyes of neighbors in Timothy's shoe-shop, and reappear with Timothy ambling at her heels.

Timothy is a small, spare old man, and he has a curious gait, but he gets over the ground rapidly when he goes on such errands.

The children like Timothy; they are not as afraid of him as of the doctor. Sometimes one sets up a doleful lament when the doctor is proposed, but is comforted when his mother says:

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

"Well, I'll run over an' get Timothy Samson. I guess he'll do jest about as well."

The children run out their tongues quite readily for Timothy to inspect; they even stretch their mouths obediently for his potent doses. There may, however, be reasons for their preference. All of Timothy's medicines are tinctured high with flavors which are pleasant and even delectable to childish palates, and they are well sweetened. So much peppermint and sassafras and wintergreen; indeed, does Timothy infuse in his remedies that the doctor has been known to be very sarcastic over it. "Might as well take sassafras-tea and done with it," he said once with a sniff at the dregs of Timothy's medicine when Mrs. Harrison White called him in to see her Tommy, after Timothy had attended him for two weeks. But the doctor was three weeks curing Tommy after that, and she called in Timothy the next time the child was sick.

Aside from the pleasant flavors of Timothy's medicines there is another inducement for taking them. Always after the patient has swallowed his dose he tucks into his mouth a most delicious little molasses drop made by Mrs. Timothy.

She makes these drops as no one in the village can; indeed, she holds jealously to the receipt, and cannot be coaxed to disclose it. She keeps her husband's pockets filled with the drops; for some occult reason they never seem to stick, even in hot weather.

Mrs. Timothy is a tall, shy, pale old woman, who scarcely ever speaks unless she is asked a direct question. There is a curious lack of active individuality about her. At times she seems like nothing so much as a sort of spiritual looking-glass for the reflection of Timothy, and yet he is not an imperious or unpleasantly self-assertive man. Still, great self-confidence he undoubtedly has, and that may eliminate a weaker nature

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without designing to do so. Perhaps the whole village reflects Timothy more or less, after the manner of his wife.

Many a tale is told of a triumph of his sagacity over the doctors, and people listen with pride and chuckling delight. The doctor is a surly, gruff, and not very popular old man, and everybody loves to relate how "the doctor said Mis' Nehemiah Stockwell had erysipelas, and doctored her for that several months, and she got worse. Then they called in Timothy Samson on the sly, and he said, jest as soon as he see her, 'twa'n't erysipelas; 'twas poison ivy, an' put on plantain leaves and castor oil, and cured her right up."

Timothy Samson's triumphs in law and theology are even greater than in medicine. He draws up wills, free of charge, which stand without a question; he collects bills with wonderful success. Everybody knows how he made Mr. Samuel Paine pay the twenty-five dollars and sixty-three cents which he had been owing John Leavitt over a year for wood. John had asked and asked, but he began to think he should never get a cent. Samuel Paine is one of the most prosperous men in the village, too; he owns the grist-mill. Finally poor John Leavitt sought aid from Timothy Samson, who bestowed it.

Mrs. Samuel Paine had company to tea that afternoon—the minister and his wife, and some out-of-town cousins of hers who have married well. They wore stiff black silks trimmed with jet, and carried gold watches; the neighbors saw them out in the yard.

They had taken their seats at the tea-table, which Mrs. Paine had bedecked with her best linen and china; the minister had asked the blessing, and Mrs. Paine was about to pour the tea, and Mr. Paine to pass the biscuits, when Timothy Samson walked in without knocking.

He bade the company "Good day," and then, with no preface

at all, addressed Mr. Samuel Paine upon the subject of his long-standing debt to John Leavitt. He told him that John Leavitt was a poor man, and in sore need of a barrel of flour.

"Poor John Leavitt, he can't afford to have no sech fine company as you've got to-night, an' give 'em no sech hot biscuits an' peach sauce, an' frosted cake," said Timothy, pitilessly eying the table; "he can't have what he actu'ly needs, 'cause you don't pay your just debt."

Samuel Paine, thus admonished, turned red, then white, but said not a word, only pulled his old leather wallet stiffly out of his pocket, and poor John Leavitt had his barrel of flour that night.

And all the village knows how Timothy settled the dispute between Lysander Mann and Anson White. Anson's hens encroached upon Lysander's young garden; he would not shut them up, and Lysander threatened to go to law. They had hot words about it. But Timothy said to Lysander, with that inimitably shrewd wink of his handsome blue eyes, which must have been seen by everybody hearing the story who knows Timothy, "Why don't you fix up a nice leetle coop, an' some nice leetle nests in your yard, Lysander?"

And Lysander did, and Anson shut up his hens when they took to laying eggs upon his neighbor's premises instead of scratching up his peas and beans.

When theology is in question there is a popular belief in the village that the minister is indebted to Timothy for many a good point in his sermon.

In fact, the minister, who is an old and somewhat prosy man, seldom gets credit among many of his congregation for any bright and original thought of his own. People nod meaningly at each other, as much as to say, "That's Timothy Samson." It is universally conceded that if Timothy had been properly

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educated he would have made a much better parson than the parson. Timothy is especially gifted in prayer, and often seems to bear the whole burden of the conference-meeting upon his shoulders.

He is one of the deacons, and he passes the sacramental bread and wine with the stately and solemn bearing of an apostle. Indeed, there is something which approaches the apostolic ideal in the appearance of Timothy Samson, with his handsome, benignantly beaming old face, and his waving gray locks. There is only one thing which conflicts with it, and that is the twinkle of acute worldly wisdom and shrewdness in his blue eyes. One cannot imagine an apostle twinkling upon his fellow men after that fashion.

Besides the wisdom comprised under the three heads of medicine, law, and theology, Timothy has more of varied kinds in stock. He is strangely weatherwise. He seems to read the clouds and the winds like the chapters of a book. We all believe he could write an almanac as good as the "Old Farmers'" if he were so disposed. If the Sunday-school thinks of having a picnic, Timothy is consulted, and the day he selects is invariably fair. He has even been known to name the wedding-day instead of the bride.

Not a woman in the village dreams of going abroad in best bonnet and gown if Timothy Samson says it will storm. On the other hand, one sets forth in her finest array, and carries no umbrella, no matter how lowering the clouds are, if Timothy gives the word that it will be fair.

Timothy knows when there will be a drought and when a frost. Often we should lose our grapes or our melons were it not for Timothy's timely warning to cover them before night-fall with old blankets and carpets. Timothy is a master gardener, and knows well how to make refractory plants bud

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and blossom. He grafts sour and stubborn old fruit-trees into sweet and luscious bearing; he knows how to prune vines and hedges and rose-bushes.

Timothy always knows where the blueberries and blackberries grow thickest, and pilots the children thither; and he knows the haunt of the partridge if an invalid has a longing for delicate wild meat.

Timothy's wisdom can apply itself to small matters as well as great, and fit the minutest needs of daily life. If a housewife's carpet will not go down, if her curtains will not roll up, if the stove-pipe will not fit, his aid is sought and never fails. If any one of the thousand little household difficulties beset her, Timothy runs over in his shoemaker's apron and sets the matter right.

If there is any matter which Timothy's wisdom can fail to cover, we have yet to find it.

If this sage did not live in our village, what should we all be? Should we ever go anywhere without spoiling our best bonnets? Should we have any wisdom at all unless we paid the highest market price for it? And we could not do that, because we are all poor. What shall we do when our wise man is gathered to his fathers? We dare not contemplate that.

—“*The People of Our Neighborhood.*”





